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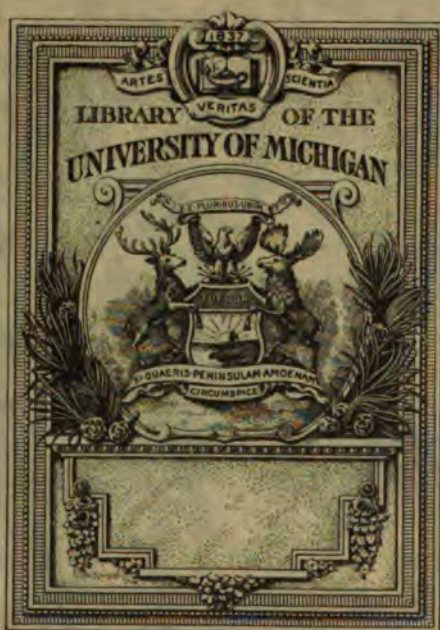
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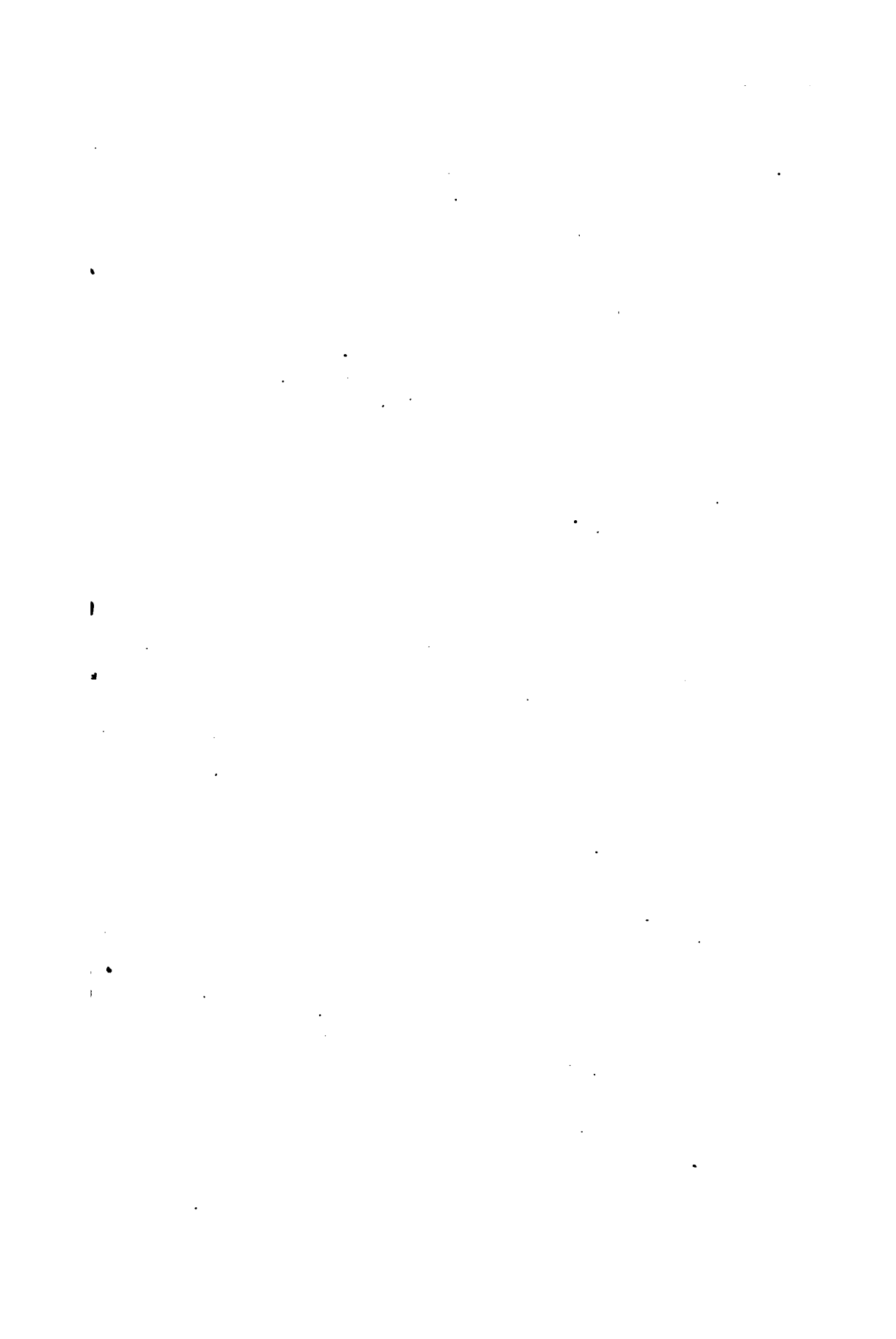
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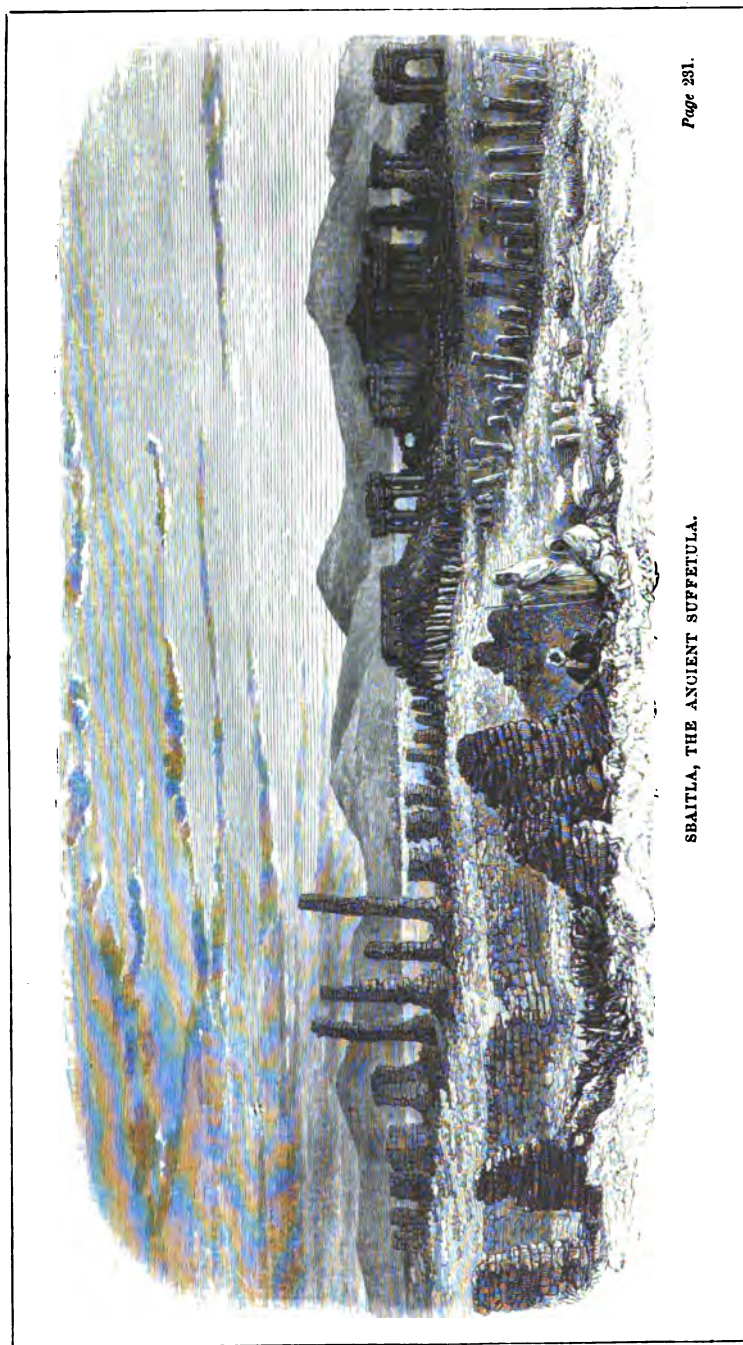
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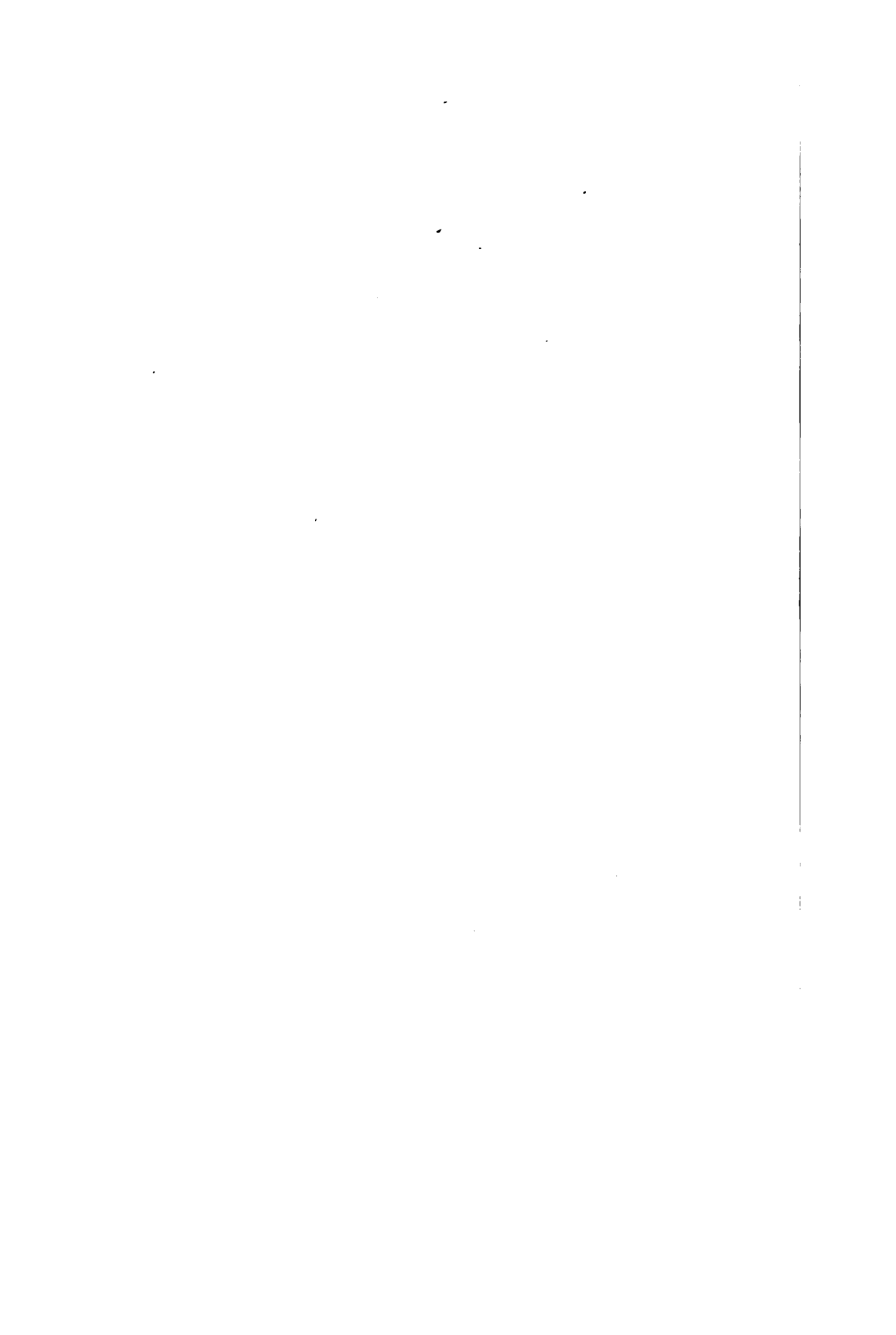


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SBAITLA, THE ANCIENT SUPPETULA.



RUINED CITIES

WITHIN

244884

NUMIDIAN AND CARTHAGINIAN TERRITORIES.

By N. ^{Northen} DAVIS.



MAUSOLEUM AT CARTHAGE.

Page 194.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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1862.

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This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED,

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS VISIT TO THE MOST EMINENT OF

AFRIC'S RUINED CITIES,

DURING THE PERIOD WHEN SOME OF ITS VENERABLE

REMAINS WERE BEING EXCAVATED,

BY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MOST HUMBLE AND

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.



TEBESSA, THE ANCIENT THEBES.

Page 160.

PREFACE.

THE country to which the reader's attention is directed in the following pages was partly visited by Dr. Shaw in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and is the same portion of the world which first proved attractive to the great Abyssinian traveller. In 1763, or just a century ago, Lord Halifax, on assuming the reins of Government which Lord Chatham had resigned, proposed to Bruce a plan for exploring the classical portions of North Africa. He wished that traveller to be the first in the reign of His Majesty George III. to "set an example by procuring interesting information, and by making additions to the royal col-

lection" of drawings of ancient cities and monuments. As an encouragement, his Lordship pledged himself to be the supporter and patron of the dauntless Scot, promising him substantial reward for services to his country in this field. As an official position was calculated to facilitate the enterprise, his Lordship offered him the post of British Consul at Algiers, giving him, at the same time, full permission to appoint a vice-consul to attend to the business of the office.

Bruce did not accomplish much in this part of Africa, for this simple reason—he was bent upon solving a mighty problem which had for ages baffled the learned of many countries, and preferred a triumph at the "mysterious" sources of the Nile.

The prevalence of piracy, the fierce and lawless character of the inhabitants of the Barbary coast, and the fanatical jealousy of their piratic governments, as well as other causes, combined in contributing towards keeping the civilized world in ignorance of the real character of ancient remains which are dispersed throughout a country highly interesting for its association with the chequered history of Carthage, "the ocean's earliest queen"—a country famous also, among other great events, for the struggle with Jugurtha, in which the ambitious tyrants Marius and Sylla were engaged, and for the campaign of Julius Cæsar, which terminated in the defeat of the Republican party, headed by Scipio and Cato—a defeat which led to the inauguration of the Imperial Government of Rome.

After the conquest of a large portion of the North African continent by France, Moslem fanaticism was so far staggered, that a European was able to venture a little distance into the interior, and explore the vestiges of ancient civilization. The one who then made the attempt (and this was in 1834) was Colonel Sir Grenville Temple. His book, however, which really deserves to be better known, has, from some cause or other, scarcely seen the light of day. But neither he, nor Shaw, nor Bruce have achieved much; and, I may add, even now there are more ruined cities in Numidia, in Africa Proper, in the territories of Tripoli and Pentapolis, which have not been described by the traveller, than those with which the public has been made acquainted. For more information, and for more tangible results, we must wait till encouragement shall again be given to enterprises eminently so useful.

It will be observed that in my intercourse with the Arabs (the present "lords of the soil" of classical Africa), with whom I came in contact in these migrations, I made them, wherever it was practicable, the exponents of their moral depravities and of their redeeming qualities. The reader is thus placed in a position to form his own estimate of their real character. Moreover, if his imagination is only sufficiently ardent, he can wander with me, participate in my toils and in my pleasures, in my privations and in my enjoyments, and that with this agreeable difference—he is able to give a degree of reality to the illusion of the one, while he can, at his option, readily dissipate the other. And with reference

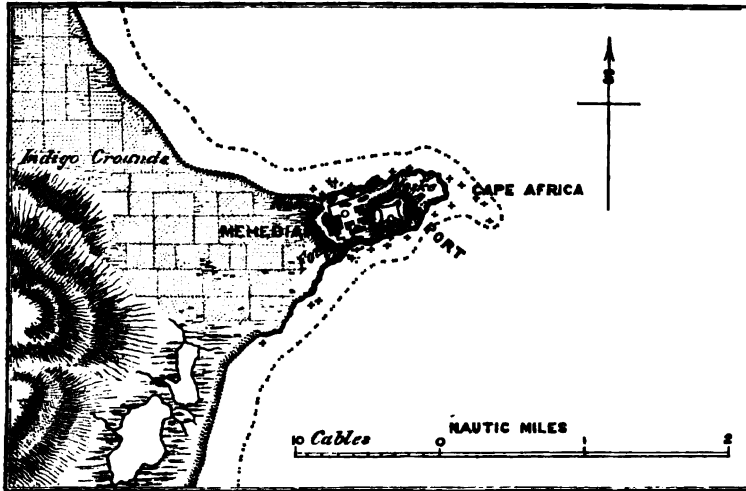
to the task which, like other authors, I have voluntarily imposed on myself, I will add—"If I have done well, and as is befitting the story, it is that which I aimed at ; if not, it is all I could achieve."

N. DAVIS.

25, THE CEDARS, PUTNEY.



ARCH AT HAMMAM—ANCIENT ASSURA.



CAPE AFRICA.

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RUINED CITIES IN AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

OUR LADY OF BENT SAIDAN.

Lilla Aysha—The Golden Horse—Preparations for the Journey—Discouragements—Departure—First Troubles—The Temple of Zucchara—Death of our Cicerone—Moorish Etiquette—Collegiate Course—Our Lady of Bent Saidan—Fate of Government Officials—A Professor mistaken—A Piteous Situation—Necessity's Law—Treachery of our Protector.

BEFORE quitting the scene of my labours at Carthage, I formed the resolution to return to Africa, in order to visit a number of ruined cities, dispersed over a vast stretch of country, which once formed part of the dominion of a mighty empire. In accordance with that resolution I embarked at Leghorn; after numerous disappointments caused by boisterous weather, and, contrary to my expectation, after a very pleasant passage of two days, I found myself again at Cagliari, in the society of my excellent, and learned, friend, the Commendatore Canonico Spano. The proto-archæologist of the Island of Sardinia was in perfect ecstasy of joy on learning the purport of my voyage.

"Carissimo Davis!" he exclaimed, "gladly would I accompany you on a tour so interesting, but—" and here he paused, removing his clerical skull-cap, and scratching his head—"but," he continued, after a brief interval, "I cannot cherish

the idea of exposing myself to the mercy of those savage Arabs. I must forego the pleasure of traversing that classic land, for I do not possess your dauntless courage. I had enough of Arabs during my visit to the ruins of Carthage," he added, shaking his head.

Having visited other literary friends, as well as His Excellency the Governor, to whom I am greatly indebted for much kindness, I returned to the vessel, which steamed off for Tunis the same evening. The following day, about 3 P.M., I was again in sight of the peninsula of Carthage, and shortly after we hugged its shore, having a clear view of its few solitary ruins, amidst which I toiled and roamed for four years, during which it was my lot to experience numerous vexatious disappointments, as well as the realisation of many hopes, which afforded me gratifying satisfaction and pleasure.

We came to anchor too late to enable me to proceed to the capital of this Regency the same evening, for its gates are closed after sunset, when, according to an absurd regulation, ingress and egress are alike disallowed. I therefore resolved to spend the night on board, and so did several of the other passengers.

Early the following morning my friend and fellow-traveller, the U. S. Consul, came off to conduct me to his hospitable residence, where I was invited to take up my abode until our departure for the interior. My effects, saddle, weapons, and instruments, were speedily deposited in the boat, and in a few minutes we glided past the custom-house, defying the scrutiny and intrusion of its greedy officials, for above us floated the glorious, but now agitated, stars and stripes! Having landed at the Goletta, "the stronghold" of this Regency, where I met with a cordial welcome from my former acquaintances, among whom were the admiral of the port and the pro-consular agent, the worthy successor of my late friend Cav. Gaspary, we entered the carriage which was

waiting for us, and drove towards "the verdant city," *Tunis el Khadra*.

Except in derision, the epithet *khadra*, "green," is inapplicable to a city which has the appearance of a vast necropolis, partly in ruins and devoid of all verdure; in a figurative sense it is even less true, for none are more shrewd, artful, and cunning, than the inhabitants of this metropolis. Equally objectionable is Tasso's description of this city. It is only in a satirical sense that I can understand the line—

"Tunisi ricca ed onorata sede."

The road from the Goletta to Tunis runs over the tongue of land which is washed to the right by the Mediterranean, and to the left by the lake. Anciently it was called the *Taenia*, and on its extremity the road diverges, that to the left, following the margin of the lake, leads to the capital, and the one to the right to the ruins of Carthage.

If there is a spot on this globe which has to me a greater attraction than all the rest, it is the site of the prostrate ruins of the once lofty Carthage. Every man (and every woman, too) has some hobby, which, however, all have not the candour to confess. I have mine, and I frankly avow that every stone, and every fragment, of the remains of the city of Dido, has to my eyes a fascination and a charm, and possesses a value which defies the power of exact definition. Imbued with such sentiments (or call it by whatever other term you please) could I be expected to pursue my way to a dilapidated Moorish town, when the *hic jacet* of the colossal tomb of Carthage presented itself to my view in unmistakeable and large relief?

My friend saw the reasonableness of my suggestion, and the coachman was forthwith directed to drive in the direction of the ruins, and to the ruins he accordingly drove.

On reaching *Dowar Eshrutt*, a village built on the

peninsula (and where during the progress of the excavations I resided a whole year), some of my former labourers and neighbours flocked round me to welcome me back, and among these *Lilla* Aysha was very conspicuous. This "lady" Aysha is the wife of an Arab named Hawaej, in whose field I dug the first trenches, and having had something in the shape of an encounter with him in consequence, we became afterwards great friends. The *lilla* is very corpulent, very short, very loquacious, very litigious, and, poor thing, very industrious. She took a great interest in my researches, and repeatedly related to me the dreams with which she was favoured, and they were all in connection with my work.

"Welcome! welcome!" she exclaimed, whilst waddling towards me as fast as her obesity would permit. "I knew you would come back, for I dreamt of you only three nights ago. Now, I am aware," she continued, "you will say this is only an invention of mine, but I swear by the head of my daughters, by the head of my lord, by my head, by your head, and by the head of the Prophet himself, that I dreamt that I was present when you dug up the golden horse. I saw you most distinctly, as usual, with your whip in your hand, directing the workmen who were engaged in clearing away the earth from the glittering steed. O! the joy that was depicted on your countenance I shall never forget; and in your joy I and the workmen participated. By the Prophet! it was a sight to behold that animal when disencumbered from the earth which till then kept it from the view of man. It only required the breath of life in order to curvet and exhibit the powers which were so clearly developed in its whole formation. Who could estimate its value? What basha, or consul, could afford to purchase it? The rumour of this discovery rapidly spread throughout the country, and vast multitudes flocked to see it. My joy was excessive, and I skipped about like a playful kid, for I

knew you would be faithful to your word, and present me with the two thousand piastres you promised to give me whenever you should discover the golden horse. But, alas ! I awoke and found the whole was only a dream : but dig, dig, my child, for I feel confident you will yet find the golden horse. *Allah* has undoubtedly brought you here to place you in possession of it, and my dream confirms *Allah's* design."

My reluctance to accept Aysha's advice was perceptible to her and to those who, with me, listened to her dream. She regretted this, and so did some of the bystanders, for they were under the impression that I had returned to resume excavations, and would have gladly entered again into my service.

But the one who was sincerely glad to see me back was my famous foreman, Ali Kareema. Knowing what would give me real pleasure, he took me to one of my own excavations, which, after my departure, he continued to explore.

"What have you found here?" I asked him, after examining the locality.

"Nothing, master," he replied, "but stones which I sell for building purposes. Hundreds of *Hajaara* have been at work among the ruins since your departure, and not one has found the least object worth notice. Nothing was found here before you came, and nothing has been found since you left. You have unlocked these mysterious mounds, taken out of them what was valuable, and by your magic touch closed them again, to be re-opened at your option. Ba-ba-ba ! great, indeed, is the knowledge you possess of the wonderful book which indicates the precise spots where the remains of the works of the ancients are to be found."

I smiled, and my friend, Mr. Nicholson, laughed right out when I translated to him Ali's words ! but the Arab declared that he had only stated what he believed to be the honest

truth, and added that my Carthaginian exploits formed the frequent topic of conversation among the *Hajaara* (stone-searchers) at their re-unions in the café of Dowar Eshutt!

The shrines of favourite madonnas, and the relics of patron saints, cannot possibly be visited, by the most devout votaries, with greater fondness, regard, and ardour, than I visited my favourite ruins. I lingered among them for some time, and at last reluctantly resumed my seat in the carriage, and amidst the shouts of *bislama*, "go in peace," from my Arab friends, we drove off towards the city of Tunis.

The improvements I witnessed in the capital of the only Barbary state which has, to a certain extent, maintained its independence, reminded me forcibly of some of those strange anomalies one meets with in the course of one's peregrinations—such as, e. g. a savage in tattered rags and a gaudy cocked hat, or another whose attire consists in a shirt collar and a pair of spurs; or, to come nearer home, of an aged fop who seeks to renovate his wasted frame by paint, artificial teeth, a shining curly black wig, and other adjuncts of a similar nature. We have now in this "verdant" city, where one may, by chance, meet with some consumptive shrub, a piece of well-paved street, flanked by miserable mud cottages; a magnificent edifice rising amidst crumbling huts; some well-built houses surrounded by heaps of worthless ruins; a few excellent mansions of European architecture, in whose immediate proximity are rivers and lakes of mud and filth, whose stench is insupportable. It is a mere waste of property to attempt to improve a city, ill situated, ill built, and laid out without any regard to order, and the majority of whose houses are in a fearful state of dilapidation. But what is worse than all is, that the remains of Carthage are pulled to pieces in order to *improve* this wretched Moorish metropolis!

Taking into consideration the proverbial apathy and

indolence of the people of this country, I made an allowance of ten days which I sacrificed for completing the preparations for the journey. But I miscalculated, for this time did actually not suffice, and we wasted no less than a whole month in what could easily have been accomplished in three days in any civilised country.

During this interval I spent much of my time with Arabs who were acquainted with parts of the country over which I intended to travel, and from them I gathered some useful information. Among the Europeans there was only one who had visited parts of the interior, and that was Col. Caligaris, an Italian whom despotism had driven from his native country, and who found liberty and employment in Barbary! During the reign of Ahmed Basha, Signor Caligaris was sent to survey a district near the French frontier, and this work brought him as far as the ruins of Hydra. He strongly advised me to take a large escort on account of the lawless character of the border Arabs, who neither recognise the authority of the Basha nor that of the French, who live upon plunder, and murder indiscriminately the subjects of both governments. He had a whole company of regular troops for his protection, and notwithstanding this force he was attacked. "Another enemy," he added (I presume as an additional encouragement), "you will have to encounter at Hydra is the lion—an animal very plentiful in that neighbourhood. We were only half an hour encamped when some of my men came to inform me that they had discovered one near the river. I instantly ordered the necessary preparations and marched my troop towards the enemy. I lodged a bullet in the brute's head before he had time to discover the danger in which he was involved. In the twinkling of an eye he bounded towards me, and rent the air with his terrific roar; but another bullet, which entered a vital part, checked his progress. He fell lashing violently his tail, and in his fierce rage, and dying agonies, he dug his claws into the

ground, tearing it up all round him with the sharp and enormous nails with which he was armed. It was a monstrous brute! I never came across a larger, and every one who saw the skin, which I carried off in triumph, pronounced it the most gigantic lion they had ever come in contact with."

It never rains but it pours. As if robbers, assassins, and lions were not sufficient to intimidate a poor mortal, we must yet have a combined plot of all "the faithful" of this part of Africa to exterminate the unbelieving Nazarenes. Such a report was officially transmitted to the consuls from Bizerta, Monasteer, and other places; and there certainly was some ground for alarm, for very shortly before, a fanatical Dervish preached a crusade, or rather a *cresenade*, against "the execrable and loathsome *Nassara*, the infidel dogs," who, according to Moslem charity, are doomed to hell fire. The zealous preacher was executed for his temerity at the instance of the European representatives; but the executioner could not possibly eradicate the lesson the Dervish had inculcated: and how could the "true believers" be expected to forget his lessons when they were so intimately interwoven with their temporal misery and wretchedness? "The oppression and injustice you suffer from your government," said the Dervish, "your want and starvation, your wretchedness and misery, are all to be ascribed to those who hate you and despise your religion."

It cannot be denied that there is some truth in this, for the government of Tunis has undergone a great change during the last few years. It is now, to speak more correctly, more autocratic in its form, and a Mamlook, named Mostafa or Mustapha, exercises absolute sway. Ostensibly this man is only a minister, but that he possesses unlimited, arbitrary and despotic power is an unquestionable fact. The Arabs groan under his yoke, and since M. Roche, the French consul, is his chief adviser, the Dervish naturally ascribed the

calamities which weigh so heavily on "the faithful" to Nazarene detestation and malevolence towards them. M. Roche's course has, no doubt, been very advantageous to himself personally, but that it is pregnant with gloomy forebodings, that it tends to some serious disaster, is equally certain.

In spite of all discouraging and terrifying reports we proceeded with our preparations. We purchased horses, procured tents, and obtained an escort of two mounted police. We limited ourselves to this number on account of the difficulty we anticipated in procuring provisions for our men and barley for our horses. We resigned ourselves to our fate, and were prepared to encounter dangers from robbers, assassins, lions, and even from fanatical "believers;" but the contemplation of there being even a remote probability that our horses might starve for want of barley we could not endure, and yet we knew that we had to pass through some very poor districts. In such a country the traveller's first consideration ought to be his horse; he ought then carefully to avoid unnecessary encumbrances—luxuries, unless they fall in his way, he should never even think of, and he should be particularly certain as to the goodness and quality of his ammunition and weapons.

Having completed our arrangements we sent one *hamba* (gendarme) named Hamed, our cook Said, and Sadek, a kind of janissary attached to the American consulate, and a groom, with our baggage, tents, and saddle horses to Jugaar, or Zugaar as it is written on some maps, with instructions to wait for us there. Two days after, on April 15th, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Henry Ferriere, and myself followed in a carriage, accompanied by the second *hamba*.

The morning was particularly pleasant, and we were already some miles from Tunis when we were reminded that, on this very day the year previous, we started on a similar expedition, the particulars of which are recorded in "Carthage

and Her Remains." Just as we were reminded of this coincident our hamba rode up to inform us that his name was *Machfuad*, and added, *yechfadna Allah*—"may Allah protect us!" This was a play upon his own name, which signifies *protection*, and the way in which this personage protected us will appear in the sequel.

We pressed forward, and for some time kept near the lofty arches of the majestic aqueduct which conveyed the water from Jugar to Carthage. Numerous bands of French workmen were busily engaged, in different parts, in restoring this stupendous hydraulic monument of Carthage; but their attention was chiefly confined to those portions which perforate the hills. The arches which span the plains are not to be used, but in their stead iron pipes are substituted, and these are of so frail a nature that, according to the information I possess, the contractor himself only warrants them for three years. And yet the poor and miserable Arabs are to pay for this preposterous enterprise no less a sum than 7,000,000 of francs!

On our way we passed several ruins on either side of the road, and near the bridge which spans the *Miliana*, the *Catada* of antiquity, and at *Hansheer Elgasbaat*, close to *St. Bo-Hameda*, there are ancient remains of greater extent, but of no great interest.

We only halted once on the road and reached our destination a little before sunset, having travelled about forty-five miles.

But behold the beginning of the accomplishment of the unlucky presages we noticed above! Our party was encamped near the famous saintess *Bent Sidaa*, and in a miserable plight we found them. *Said*, the cook, was laid up with a burning fever. *Sadek*, the janissary, naturally stupid, was now thoroughly bewildered at the prospect of starvation, for the *wokeel*, the agent of the saintess, refused to give the requisite supplies. *Hamed*, the hamba, sulked after some

serious altercations he had had with the *wokeel*. The lazy groom stood by the famished horses resigned to any fate, while the horses exhibited unmistakeable signs of having been grossly neglected. The Arab who led my bay, and on the road attempted to ride him, lay covered up in his *burnous* suffering from the effects of a fall and a kick. In short, wherever we turned our ears and our eyes we were assailed by a tale of woe and misery.

In addition to all this the tents were badly pitched, and in a locality so ill-chosen, that we were exposed to the blasts of a bleak wind, although there were lovely spots, well sheltered, not thirty yards further off. But our courageous *gendarme*, Hamed, was induced to encamp where he did from motives of safety and a dread of robbers, with which, he told us, this part was infested. We felt the cold very acutely, for the thermometer had fallen from 71° Fahrenheit to 50°, caused chiefly by the difference of elevation at which we now were; for whilst the barometer stood at 29 $\frac{7}{8}$ ° at Tunis, it was here at 28 $\frac{1}{8}$ °.

We had ample means to counteract the difference of temperature, and to this, on alighting from the carriage, we immediately attended; but how to feed a number of hungry men, and twelve starving horses, in a place where nothing could be purchased for money, and where a government order to supply us gratuitously was disregarded, was rather embarrassing.

I suspected some treachery on the part of Hamed, for I knew the *wokeel* was a timid man, having visited him once before. He was not likely to set at defiance a mandate bearing the seal of the chief magistrate, unless he had very tangible reasons to offer in his justification. At the same time I had no proof against the *hamba*, and I was, moreover, unwilling to break with him so soon. But I was resolved not to open negotiations through the medium of our "protectors."

The *wakeel*, with several of his friends, was seated after Arab, or monkey, fashion, at the foot of the wall of the *Zowia*, "Sacred College," whence, carefully wrapped up in his cloak, he watched our movements. Without saying a word to any of our people, who were now busily engaged in putting our tent in order, I approached the dignitary, and without entering into any particulars, soon succeeded in making him see the necessity of supplying our immediate wants, deferring the investigation of the cause of his conduct to the following day.

Sacks of barley for the horses and a plentiful supply of straw, followed by an ample supper for us and our attendants, was the result of my negotiation. The sick were also attended to, and Mr. Ferriere volunteered to add to the skill of his pencil his knowledge of the medical science. Eight grains of calomel were administered to Said, and the condition of the patient on the following morning justified the dose, and served as a refutation of the opinion of those who had maintained that it was too large; but as the proof of the quality of the pudding is in the eating, so, I presume, the test of one who professes a knowledge of medical science must be its effect upon those on whom it is exercised. Said felt perfectly well; and long before we rose from our humble beds, he was already actively engaged in his culinary pursuits, and the *doctor* was proud of his success.

The morning was truly lovely, and the surrounding scenery was charming. Our tents were pitched on the brow of a chain of bold hills, having at our feet high table land, well cultivated, and promising to yield a rich harvest. We were all in excellent spirits, of which even our horses partook, and especially my bay, who was just as vicious as he was beautiful. Neither his own kind nor man could approach him without running the risk of being bit or kicked; and as to his rearing, he did it to perfection. With

great propriety did the Arabs dub him *Majnoon*, "Maniac;" and had I known his qualities a little better, I should certainly not have taken him on such an expedition, where a steady, quiet, and well-trained horse is a great comfort.

Having given the necessary directions for shifting our encampment, we started on foot for the temple built over the source which, together with the spring of Zoghwaan, supplied Carthage with water. The way to it is parallel with the aqueduct itself, which is here underground, but is sufficiently indicated by the ventilators, built like circular wells, and these are about fifty or sixty feet apart.

According to Shaw this temple, it would seem, has been of the Corinthian order; but as all its ornaments have disappeared, it is impossible to venture an opinion. Indeed, only little of the edifice itself is now left. The portal no longer exists, and of the inscription*, which, we are told, was on its frieze, no traces now remain.

Besides the portions of the wall which are now standing, the fane, built right over the spring and in a semicircular form, terminating in a half dome at the top, is yet in moderate preservation. It contains three niches, which, most likely, were ornamented by the statues of as many of those deities who presided over springs and fountains.

Before this is a large square basin, which received the water as it bubbled up from the spring, and at the opposite end of it is the channel through which it passed into the aqueduct. Here there was also an ingenious contrivance for supplying the inhabitants of *Zucchara* with water, which I observed on my previous visit to this place, but which has since been destroyed. Before the portal the channel divided into two branches, one running in the

* See Appendix, Inscription No. 1. For obvious reasons, and chiefly not to interrupt the narrative, the inscriptions found on this journey are given in Appendix No. I.

direction of the great aqueduct and the other towards the town. Within a couple of yards of the angle from which the channels separated, the grooves, cut in the solid stone, in which a kind of portcullis worked, still existed. By means of this sluice the Zuccharians obtained as much water as was requisite for the town and for the irrigation of its plantations, and the remainder was suffered to go to Carthage. No doubt similar contrivances existed along the whole line of country over which the majestic aqueduct runs, so that every city which stood in need of water obtained its regular supply. At the spring of Zoghwaan (though I perceived no traces of it when I visited that lovely spot) there must have existed a similar contrivance, which must likewise have served to turn the water off whenever the aqueduct required cleaning or repairs.

The temple is sixty-nine feet square, and is built of the materials of a much more ancient edifice. This is clearly proved by a cornice which now forms a component part of the plain wall at the entrance to the left.

Not far from the temple, at a farm belonging to a late minister of the Bey of Tunis, we found a stone which originally belonged to that structure, upon which is the fragment of inscription marked No. 2 in the Appendix No. I.

A little way further, but not more than a couple of hundred yards N.W. of the temple, an Arab pointed out to us a rude bas-relief, representing two fish quenching their thirst at what the artist may, perhaps, have intended for a marble fountain. What particular kind of fish the sculptor meant to indicate is equally doubtful; but I have no hesitation in saying that they were not "*thirsty souls*."

During our visit to the temple of *Zucchara*, the French were actively engaged in deepening the source, in the hope of obtaining a more plentiful supply of water; and the gentleman who here superintended the work was particularly

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attentive to us. He passed us the day before on a very fine iron-grey barb, near St. Bo-Hameda; but as we were strangers to each other, we seemed, by mutual consent, to agree that it was contrary to the rules of propriety to manifest any civility towards each other. But notwithstanding this apparent indifference, each party was anxious to be informed as to the condition of the other, his motive and object in visiting this unfrequented portion of the world; and just as we sent off our hamba to procure for us the particulars we wished to know from the Frenchman's servant, that very servant turned back upon a similar errand! How absurd frigid etiquette is when carried to extremes, and particularly when transplanted to a part where it is nothing but an uncomely exotic! What a ridiculous opinion, too, the Arabs employed on this mission must have formed, in their own minds, of "Nazarene" customs and manners!

But though we were alike guilty of such uncourteous conduct, the Frenchman at the temple now considered himself within his own domain, cordially welcomed us as his guests, and acted as our cicerone. We were very grateful for his affability, and regretted extremely when, very shortly after, we heard of his sudden death. The horse this gentleman mounted when we first saw him threw him, and dragged him over uneven ground and over stones, thereby mangling his body in the most frightful manner, and long before the furious brute was secured the poor man had already breathed his last.

The temple of Zucchara bears exactly E.N.E. of the centre of the elongated mountain of Zoghwaan, the *Zeugitanus mons* of the ancients, where there is likewise a fane erected over the spring, which was, undoubtedly, also consecrated to some one, or more, of the deities whose province, according to mythology, it was to preside over, and to protect, such spots. This temple is somewhat larger, and is in the form of a horse-shoe. Its *cella* is square, with a vaulted roof, but

the columns, as well as other ornaments, have all been removed, and the statues, whose numerous niches are now vacant, have very likely found their way to Europe, or they have been destroyed by the Moslem iconoclast. The former, however, is more probable, since not a vestige of those works of art could I discover, though I searched very diligently.

Soon after returning to our two tents, which were now pitched on the spot we indicated, we were favoured with a visit from the professor and several of the students of the *Zowia* (sacred college) of "our lady" Bent Saidaan.

It is considered a mark of good breeding among the Arabs never to allow the conversation to flag, and in the absence of anything interesting, which is frequently the case, the intervals must be filled up by complimentary sentences, or by a repetition of the usual salutations. An interview is often commenced, continued, and ended with these phrases: Welcome—I am delighted to see you—how are you? How is your state? May it please Allah to prevent all evil from affecting you—may evil be far removed from you. How is your house? &c. &c. If the party is very rapid in these affectionate inquiries and good wishes, you have only to reiterate your thanks; otherwise you are at liberty to take up any of those sentences at random, or repeat the very words of your loquacious visitor, or acquaintance. At the end of all this you know as much of his state as he knows of yours, and he cares just as much about you as you care about him. But, under no circumstances, ask how a man's wife or daughter is, unless you are resolved to expose your ignorance of etiquette, or are determined to give offence. Ask, if you desire to prolong the interesting interview, how his camels, horses, sheep, dogs, or cats are, but refrain from pronouncing the word *wife* or *daughter*; for these, it is understood, are comprised in the interrogatory, "How is your house?" But, note, what I have now endeavoured to inculcate has a

reference only to Arabs inhabiting stone houses, and is not applicable to those who lead a tent life, whose wives and daughters are not kept under lock and key.

The professor and the students, whose college was built of stone and mortar, adhered to the polite usages of the country, and as I was the spokesman of our party, and was in a peculiar mood at the time, I indulged my curiosity to test the duration of the interesting interview. The regular phrases were gone through, and repeated again and again; and as I was resolved not to be surpassed by them in courtesy and refinement, I either recommenced as soon as they ended, or persevered to the end when they recommenced. My perseverance met with its reward, for I actually gained the victory. The professor and the students rose to take their departure, and would have left under the impression that I was the most well-bred, most refined, and most polished man they had ever set their eyes on! Well has Terence, himself an African, said, *Ut homo est, ita morem gerat*—"As you find a man so treat him!" or, according to more authoritative ethics, "Answer a fool according to his folly."

But I stopped our visitors, begged them to continue their recumbent posture, and commenced an actual conversation by asking them what the course of study at the college of our lady Bent Saidan was?

"We study all sciences," answered the professor to my great astonishment.

"I presume then astronomy is among them, for the Arabs were formerly famous in that science: what book is your chief authority?"

"The Lamp of Light," replied the same personage.

"And for mathematics?" I asked.

"The Great Refiner."

"And for *montak*, logic?"

"*Elforkaan wahowa Elkoraan*—The Divider [between truth and error], or the Coran," the professor answered.

A flash of light suddenly crossed my mind, and lo! I discovered that the library of the famous college of our lady of Bent Saidaan contained only one book, and that book was the Coran. "Has the professor detected my artifice, and am I now to regard his replies in the light of retaliation?" I asked myself. Impossible! for the man's look was so artless, and so simple, that it would have been a violation of my own common sense had I persevered in entertaining such an opinion. He believed what he afterwards explained in these terms:—

"All sciences are contained in the Coran, and hence, in studying the Coran, we study all sciences." What wonder, then, that the propagators of the Moslem creed, under the direction of the Caliph Omar, should have destroyed the 700,000 volumes of the famous Alexandrian library, particularly since the materials were so usefully employed in heating the baths of "the faithful" during six complete revolutions of the moon, and when we also remember that the use of the bath is so strictly enjoined in the ritual of the religion of Islaam!

I strolled about among the cluster of huts which compose the famous *zowia*, and which are constructed of the ruins found in the vicinity. A fine slab of marble, which is now degraded into a door-post of one of these huts, and bears the letters given in Appendix I., under No. 3.

"Our lady" herself has a very unostentatious tomb, and though richly endowed to enable her to maintain a certain number of students, and to entertain travellers, the revenue of her seven large estates finds its way, in some unaccountable manner, into the pockets of the trustees and *wokeel* ("agent"). The students have dwindled down to six, and these informed me that their wants were not attended to, while the benighted traveller might starve if he depended upon the charity of "our lady's" agent.

"But what claims has *Bent Saidaan* to the exalted posi-

tion she occupies since her death?" I inquired of the learned professor who accompanied me in my rambles.

"Our lady Bent Saidan," he replied, after some hesitation, "led a holy life in the time of Ali Bey. That sovereign was at war with the Algerines, and was worsted in every engagement in which he encountered the enemy. He visited the tombs of every saint to implore assistance, and went even to the illustrious Sidy *Machres* to humble himself to the dust before his shrine, but the prince was still vanquished. In despair, Ali Bey resigned himself to his fate, expecting to lose his kingdom. Harassed and tormented in his mind by the impending evil, he one day fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and was favoured by Allah with a vision. He saw in his sleep the two armies contending, and his own, as before, on the point of being utterly routed, when suddenly appeared on the battle-field a woman, who by her supernatural valour completely changed the issue of the conflict. The Algerines had to sustain a terrible slaughter, and were completely defeated. Ali Bey awoke from his sleep greatly encouraged by this vision, and forthwith joined his army. An engagement took place, and, mark the power of Allah! all the particulars in the vision were literally accomplished. Wherever the battle was most fierce, and wherever the enemy showed the strongest front, there the mysterious combatant exhibited her intrepidity and prowess, and when the conflict ceased she vanished from the field! In vain was search made for her; she could nowhere be found. It was only some time after that she presented herself before the Bey, and the prince at once recognised her. She declined every gift he offered her while alive; but when she died, the grateful Ali had her interred here, being the place of her birth, and endowed her *zowia* with the revenue of seven large estates. Beneath that cupola the remains of the holy lady rest; and woe unto him who is guilty of a falsehood in their vicinity! By *Kodrat Allah*,"—"the omnipotence of

Allah,"—"the liar is sure to be struck dumb, or to be involved in some other calamity. Hence it is that people are brought to this *zowia* to take their oath in preference to proceeding to a civil tribunal."

"Then I suppose you mean to say that you are all very truthful here—do you not?" I asked.

"*In-sha-Allah*,"—"if it please Allah,"—"I may say we are," the professor rejoined.

"If falsehood meets really with such signal chastisement in the vicinity of the remains of Bent Saidaan, how is it that the 'agent' who has the management of all that appertains to the saintess, told us such a gross falsehood this morning? He swore by everything Moslems consider sacred—ay, even by the heads of the prophet and of Bent Saidaan, that he had no coffee, and yet, when we visited him, he treated us to a most excellent cup of that beverage."

"What I have said," rejoined my companion, "has no reference to agents, or to government officials. What this class of men are in other countries I cannot tell. Here we believe that they are excluded from Paradise, and hell even will refuse to give them admittance, lest those doomed to the torments of the burning regions should be contaminated by the gross wickedness of these miscreants."

The professor paused abruptly, and, looking me steadily in the face, continued after a few seconds—

"But tell me, Sidy Mohammed, are the class of men I mention better in *Bar Nessaara*, the land of the Nazarenes?"

I replied that I hoped they were better men, and then asked him—

"But what makes you address me by a name which is not mine? I am not called *Mohammed*; I am a Christian, and surely you know that Mohammed is not a Christian name."

"My friend," rejoined the erudite Moslem, assuming at the same time a very confidential air, "we are here alone, and no

one can overhear our conversation. You may, therefore, fearlessly avow to me your real belief. It may be to your interest not to profess the true religion openly, but tell me, are you not a Moslem in your heart?"

"A Moslem in my heart!" I exclaimed, greatly amused at the man's simplicity. "You are wonderfully mistaken. But pray tell me what could possibly have put such an idea into your head?"

"You, who take such an interest in all that relates to Bent Sidaa—*you*, who quote passages from the Coran—*you*, who write and read the Arabic language—*you* not a Moslem in your heart? Impossible! Deny it if you please, but you will never convince me that you do not believe that our lord Mohammed is the seal of the prophets and the apostle of *Allah*. I shall therefore persist in calling you, as I did, Mohammed."

I was dragged into the boisterous element of polemics by the professor's obstinacy, but long before the discussion terminated he was convinced, if not of some of the gross errors contained in the creed founded by the prophet of Mecca, at least that Mohammed, as applied to me, was a gross misnomer.

We had decided upon leaving Bent Sidaa in the course of the afternoon, but on observing the clouds which were gathering above us, we thought it more prudent to alter our resolution. The sky rapidly increased in assuming a gloomy aspect, and in an incredibly short time no traces of the loveliness of the former part of the day were left. The whole concave of the heavens was now overspread with one vast dark cloud, which was gradually and perceptibly lowering, until, owing to our elevated position, we found ourselves right in the very midst of it. A sudden and tremendous peal of thunder, which appeared to shake the very foundation of the mountain, rent the thick cloud, and was succeeded by a pelting rain. The deafening roar of the first had scarcely died away when

it was followed by another peal, while the blazing flashes of lightning pursued each other with such velocity that we seemed, at the same time, engulfed in and exposed to the fury of the hostile elements of fire and water.

We had taken the precaution, on observing the angry and threatening sky, to have a small trench dug round our tent to lead off the water ; but we had neglected to look after our canvas mansion itself, which we discovered, when it was too late to remedy the evil, to have been badly pitched. The cords were not sufficiently tightened, in consequence of which we were now deluged by the rain. Wrapped up in our cloaks, we sat with umbrellas over our heads, grumbling and laughing alternately, and this display of our feelings was quite in keeping with our piteous, and ridiculous, situation. In this wretched manner we passed the afternoon, the evening, and the whole night, and when we rose on the following morning we felt (strange to say) greatly refreshed, having, in spite of our miserable condition, slept most soundly.

The morning was not quite bright, but there were no immediate indications of more rain. Our *hambas* manifested a great desire to depart from Bent Saidaan, and as this quite harmonised with our own inclinations, marching orders were at once given. Everything was packed up, the tents were struck, and the horses saddled, when we discovered that we required an additional baggage animal, and that chiefly owing to the bad state of the roads, caused by the previous night's rain. We endeavoured in vain to purchase a horse, and were therefore now compelled to apply to the "agent" for the loan, or hire, of one. This individual had grown very rusty, and with whatever he supplied us he never failed to manifest a spirit of reluctance and ill-will, which ultimately lapsed into dogged obstinacy. He absolutely refused everything, and to avoid the chance of our convincing him, by some means or other, of the danger to which his conduct exposed him, he locked himself up and declined making his appearance ; and

since a Moslem's house is his castle, we were now at a loss what course to pursue.

That our *protectors* were the cause of all this I well knew, for on visiting the *wokeel* the day before he was very courteous, and readily promised to further our views and to aid us with everything in his power. He was likewise very communicative, and related to me the wonderful courage an English lady displayed in venturing to visit this wild and secluded part of the country, forgetting that I myself accompanied that very lady. Then, speaking of the amazing and astonishing things he had seen in the course of his long life, he instanced the marvellous beds of two travellers, whom, from his description, I recognised as Mr. Gregory, M.P. for Galway, and Sir Sandford Graham. "Those beds," the old man said, "were neither stuffed with wool, hair, or feathers; now let me see whether you can guess with what they were filled."

"With air," I replied.

"Wonder of wonders!" exclaimed the aged *wokeel*; "vast and prodigious is your knowledge. To hundreds of Arabs have I put this question, and not one of them was able to give the answer, whilst you guessed it at once. Strange and wonderful!"

Could I only now have had access to the old man, I feel sure I should have succeeded in peaceably obtaining from him what we required, but the course he adopted precluded this. Yet here we could not remain, and without the assistance of another horse we could not start. What was to be done? Necessity is generally lawless, and in a lawless country unless necessity is backed by firmness and boldness, there is but a poor chance of its ever being relieved. We could not force our way into the agent's house, but we had ready access to his stable, and from it we secured a very good horse. This was, however, not effected without a show of opposition; but our resolution prevailed. We led off our prize in triumph, and amidst the vociferations and incoherent protestations

from some thirty or forty Arabs, the horse had a very fair load placed on his back, and we were relieved from a very difficult and disagreeable situation.

Amidst this bustle and confusion an Arab made his appearance, declaring that the horse was his property and not that of the *wokeel*. We did not believe him then, nor do I believe it now ; but as he persisted in claiming to be the proprietor of the animal, we permitted him to accompany us to our next station, where we promised to restore it to him.

In this little scuffle, as well as in our discomforts at Bent Saidaan, we found Said particularly useful ; and, indeed, he clearly promised to be of great service to us during this journey. Of the praise we lavished on the cook Mr. Ferriere was particularly proud, for he maintained that had it not been for his eight grains of calomel we (Mr. N. and myself) should have sent the poor fellow back to Tunis in the very carriage that brought us here.

For our troubles we were decidedly indebted to the very persons who were sent with us for our protection, as well as to see that we were supplied with all we required conformably to the contents of the government order. We afterwards learnt that Hamed had handed the "order" over to the sheikh of the district, to whom it was addressed, for a certain sum of money, and then saddled us down upon the *wokeel*, the "steward" of the *zowia*. According to the order an account is afterwards made out against the government, and as we had nothing for the *wokeel*, he demurred supplying our wants ; and, indeed, we had no claim upon the charity which he dispenses, or rather ought to dispense. What the old man did for us was simply to prevent our causing any agitation, since he knew too well that it might have led to an investigation of the manner in which he discharged the stewardship of "our lady" of Bent Saidaan, and such a course would have proved ruinous to himself.

To avoid future troubles from the same cause, I took possession of all the *amraa's* "orders," addressed to the governors and officials through whose districts we had to pass. I had always given myself credit for being particularly sharp, but Hamed proved in this instance, and on several future occasions, that he was decidedly a *sharper*.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARAB PATRIARCH.

Mounting the "Maniac"—Halt at an Encampment—Ruins of Risca—Hospitalable Reception from Lord Feraj—Evening Prayer and Evening Meal—A Picture—Scenery—Search for Water, and Disappointment—Inscriptions at the Ruins of *Aqua*—Agriculture—A disconsolate Arab Maiden—Courage among Cowards—The Truth of Islaam—Effects of Despotism—Dread Arabs—Ain Furnah—Seat of Justice—Wisdom of a Judge.

It was past 10 A.M. before our baggage was fairly disposed on the animals destined to carry it. A concourse of Arabs congregated to witness the confused scene, but chiefly to gratify their curiosity in viewing the equestrian skill of the Nazarene travellers. Mr. Nicholson was mounted on a quiet grey horse, which felt more inclined to be a spectator than an actor, and Mr. Ferriere's little *jebali* (mountain horse) had long since passed the prime of life, and was now as unpretending as his rider was. All the fun the Ismaelites came for was therefore to be taken out of the *majnoon* (the "maniac"), which I was now to ride for the first time. He was held by a stout Arab, and was impatiently pawing the ground, neighing lustily, and exhibiting every sign of wicked restlessness. I was provided with a good pair of spurs as well as a stout whip, and when I approached him he made an unsuccessful attempt to bite and kick. I deliberately laid hold of the bridle, and had only just got my foot into the stirrup when the vicious brute shook himself free from the Arab's grasp and reared. I had a firm hold of his flowing mane and kept

to his side, whilst he, as if for the special gratification of his countrymen, took several paces backwards and forwards. No sooner did I perceive that he was about to assume his natural attitude than I wheeled into the saddle ; but at that very instant, and before his fore feet even touched the ground, he made a terrific bound, and this leap was succeeded by another and another. I was, however, secure and safe in my saddle, and felt that it was now my turn to convince him of the superiority of human, over brute, force. He capered, pranced, reared, leaped, and kicked ; but in all these feats he felt that he was under my control, for he could only continue them at my pleasure. Once persuaded of this, the "majnoon" recognised me as his master, and, though not perfectly submissive, he made no further attempts to rid himself of his rider. The Arabs applauded my horsemanship and frequently shouted *sachait!* ("well done!"); but I was not so much gratified by their approval as I was pleased, and satisfied, that I had escaped a serious accident to which I was exposed.

It is surprising with what respect a good horseman, well armed, inspires an Arab. In his eye nothing can surpass equestrian skill : it is the very height and perfection of everything. A good horseman is treated with deference, because it is taken for granted that he must be bold, brave, and a great warrior; and what qualifications can surpass these in a country where *might* is almost invariably synonymous with *right*?

Our original plan was to have gone direct from this place to Moghrawa; but the fame for hospitality, and generosity, of the proprietor of an estate called *Elcharoob* was so great a temptation to our greedy protectors, that they made us believe, and substantiated their assertion by the testimony of a number of Arabs, that it was on our route. Accordingly we went, or rather were led, down into the plain, and, having crossed the river Miliana (Catada), our course was

W. by N., and this we kept for nearly two hours, when we perceived evident signs that our guide had missed the path. We were, however, fortunate enough just then to meet with a party of travelling Arabs, and these pointed out to us the way to the *Hangaat Sulbeia*, a regular wilderness, thickly set with a variety of wild olive trees, stunted palms, and myrtles.

Before we reached this solitude Mr. F. had already had a very serious difference with his diminutive charger. What the exact nature of the dispute was I could not tell, for I was compelled to ride a good way ahead of the party, owing to the unsociable disposition, and combative nature, of my *majnoon*; but when I looked back I found they had parted company, and the poor little *jebali* was now groaning under the weight of the unwieldy janissary Sadek, whilst Mr. F. was comfortably seated on the outside of a baggage horse.

We had not been longer in the *hanga* than an hour when we missed our road again, and wandered about for some time amidst ravines, from which we extricated ourselves after a great deal of trouble. Soon afterwards we fell in with an encampment of Arabs, consisting of six tents, of a very poor and wretched description. They were pitched amidst mud and filth; and yet in these "houses of hair" we were forced to take shelter from the rain, which was then coming down pretty heavily. Fortunately, it did not last long; and, having partaken of some refreshments which we had brought with us, and drank a good draught of fresh goat's milk, which the women brought us, we recommenced our journey, much to the annoyance of our Moslem companions, who had prevailed upon these poor people to kill a kid for them.

The experience we now had of the ignorance of our guides induced us to request our hosts to send some one with us to show us the way; but as they declined this, we left it to their choice, either to comply, or to supply us with our wants for the night. The fear of our billeting ourselves

upon them prompted one to volunteer to accompany us, and under his guidance we now started.

Before entering this wilderness we passed a saint, called *Sidy Elhaani*; and soon after leaving this encampment we came upon *Sidy Abd Elkareem*, "my lord the servant of the most generous," whose domed cupola stands among the ruins of an extensive place, but insignificant in point of merit. I observed here a double-walled fort and several Doric capitals, as well as a number of fractured stone columns, but met with no inscriptions. Besides these ruins, which I take to be those of the ancient *Risca*, we passed some others of even less note.

It took us some time before we emerged from the jungle; and when we reached the open verdant hills and observed the distant height on which were the ruins where we were to take up our night quarters, we were greatly annoyed to discover that we had again wandered from the right path. Our guide, however, assured us that such was not the case, and soon proved that he took a circuitous course in order to avoid a deep ravine; but why he told us that it would only take half an hour, instead of three hours, to bring us to our destination from his encampment, he could not explain. The reason, however, is, that the Arab has no exact idea of either time or distance.

At 5 p.m. we reached *Elcharoob*, having been six hours and a half in the saddle, and having made during that time about thirty miles.

The hospitable owner of this estate, *Sidy Feraj*, met us as we rode up the height on which his house stands, and gave us a very cordial welcome. His men, in obedience to their master's command, rushed to our horses, and helped us to dismount, whilst another set was busily occupied in unloading our baggage. On hearing me give directions for pitching the tents, he caught hold of my hand, and said:—

"No, no, my friend, you must pitch no tent here, besides

the one which you see is ready for your servants. The guest chamber is prepared for you, and whatever I possess is at your disposal. Make yourselves at home here, and the longer you will favour me with your visit the more grateful will it be to my own feelings."

"What a difference between the host we left this morning and the generous Sidy Feraj," interrupted the gruff voice of Machfood, addressing me, and through me the Arab patriarch. "Here you have a specimen of a true Arab. He gives with pleasure; and, blessed be Allah! he has always plenty."

"*Allah Kareem*,"—"Allah is generous,"—rejoined the Arab patriarch; "and if we desire to be acceptable in his sight, it ought to be our constant aim to have him for our example. In these heights, and in this solitude, I have constant tokens of Allah's bounty and mercy, and I thank him for the opportunity he gives me to manifest my gratitude towards him. You are quite right in saying, that the more I give the more I have; whilst it is not less true, that those who are niggardly, and parsimonious, are themselves always in want and misery. But we must not waste our time in words," he continued, "since our guests are fatigued. Here, follow me, my friends," addressing us and beckoning to us, "and I will show you your chamber."

Our amiable host led us into a long narrow chamber attached to his house, but which had no communication with it, since the door faced the open country. Clean mats, and upon them clean carpets, were spread all over that part destined as our dormitory; and upon this the patriarch ordered his servants to place mattresses, but with these we begged to dispense, giving the preference to our own.

Whatever we asked for was cheerfully granted; and not only were we perfectly satisfied with our accommodation and general treatment, but (which is much more) our attendants were in high glee, from which we concluded that they had not only obtained an abundant supply of the good things

from Sidy Feraj's kitchen, but that the Arab had exhibited his generosity towards them by an adequate donation of piastres. Indeed, the draught of flattery administered by old Machfood, immediately upon our arrival clearly showed the current of his thoughts. Flattery and violence are the ways and means by which *hambas* generally extort money on such journeys.

We passed our evening pleasantly enough, and were not a little pleased to find ourselves beneath a substantial roof, which sheltered us from the pelting rain; and our men, too, were well protected, for their tent was made of goat's hair and was quite waterproof. An immense fire which blazed before their tent, served the double purpose of keeping them warm and keeping wild beasts from them. Besides the leopard, which frequents these heights, the hyæna, the boar, and the jackal abound here; and the shrill voice of the latter, a kind of mockery upon the human, frequently assailed our ears during the night.

The evening prayer of "the faithful" and the evening meal are called by the same name. At dawn of morning the *Moadzan*—an ecclesiastical officer whose functions correspond with those of church bells in Nazarene lands—informs the "true believers" that prayer is better than sleep. Whether the practice of early rising so prevalent all over Moslem countries is to be ascribed to this lesson, I cannot tell; but of one thing I am certain, and that is, that very few rise for the purpose for which they are summoned; and in the evening, when the living bells announce *ashâ*, "the faithful" generally rush *en masse*, not to prayer, but to their supper. Whether this shows an intentional preference for the savoury *coscoso*, or whether it is the result of a mistake, caused by giving the same name to two things, I will not undertake to decide. I am, however, positive of this, that none of our men pleaded a mistake this particular evening. They took the

word *ashd* in the material sense. The monstrous dishes were seized on with avidity and devoured greedily, not by our own men alone, but by a number of other Arabs, who were attracted to the spot just as the prowling animal is attracted to a carcase. It was a strange picture, and a picture to which our artist would have done ample justice had he not been too fatigued from the exertions of the day's hard ride. The tent was large and commodious, and as black as the clouds above, which were now mercilessly discharging their contents; and by the monstrous blaze in front, at the door of the tent, the back-ground, composed of the ruins of a mausoleum, was clearly seen. Two lamps suspended from poles assisted in throwing out the figures of a dozen men in alto-rilievo, some seated and some reclining on the ground, fervently engaged with their spoonless, forkless, and knifeless hands at their *ashd*. Our own men looked wild enough, but those who had associated themselves with them were perfect mountain savages. To complete the picture, I must add a number of dogs crouching before the tent, patiently waiting for their share; and last, but by no means least, twice five horses drawn up in two files, and tied in such a manner as to form an avenue immediately before the fire, consoling themselves in their miserable and unsheltered situation with a plentiful supply of corn in their nose-bags, doing as much justice to it as the bipeds did to their *ashd* in the "house of hair."

We, too, had a hot supper—*hot* in a double sense, for the principal ingredient of an Arab dish, according to the most approved Arab culinary art, appears to be pepper; and the *artiste* who had the management of the patriarch's kitchen evidently partook of his master's generosity, for he savoured our dishes so profusely that I was the only one who could partake of them, and that most sparingly. My travelling companions were grievously disappointed, and were compelled to have recourse to coffee, milk, and bread to satisfy

their hunger, instead of feasting, as they thought they should, on a sumptuous *ashd*.

Never was I more astonished than I was in the morning at the surrounding scenery. On issuing from our room, instead of seeing a succession of hills, gradually diminishing in magnitude and stretching downwards in the direction of the vast plain, which we had traversed the previous day, I had before me, what distinctly appeared to be, a rolling ocean, whose undulating waves seemed to wash the mountain slopes at only a few hundred yards from the spot on which I stood. Numerous islands, varying in size, studded the extensive sea, while a great variety of boats, of a very strange and fanciful rig, ploughed its crested waves. The delusion was perfect. But when the sun reached the summit of the lofty Zoghwaan the spell of the enchantment was broken. The sea rapidly receded, and the exquisite scenery was restored to its natural condition of singular loveliness and beauty.

The situation of Elcharoob is more elevated than that of Bent Saidaan, for our Aneroid here indicated $277\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. In the view we have from here we embrace the enormous, and highly fruitful, plain of *Elfachs*, particularly famous for its prolific productiveness of excellent wheat. Beside the mountain of Zoghwaan (which bears from this almost due east), and which is, of course, a very prominent feature in the landscape, we have a good view of *Jebel Bo-Kornein* to the N.E. by E., the same mountain which Virgil notices by the peculiarity of its double peaks, *geminii scopuli*.

Our excellent host made his appearance as soon as he heard that we were up and stirring, and very civilly offered to conduct us over the ruins, as well as to point out to us the *khajar maktoob*, "stones with writing."

"I will aid you," he said, "in all that is in my power; and if you are equally kindly disposed towards me, you can render me a great service. You are versed in the know-

ledge of your progenitors, and by some indications you will undoubtedly discover where more springs are to be found. We had a plentiful supply of water before, but during the last few years it continues diminishing ; and I fear we shall, in the course of time, be left without water altogether. What water we have is most excellent, but we have only enough for domestic purposes, and but little to spare for irrigation ; whereas, formerly, there was such an abundance that my grandsire let it flow down into the plains below. Come, then, with me, and I will show you a stone on which there is writing, and which, I am credibly informed, mentions the locality of another spring."

We accompanied Sidy Feraj over some corn-fields, interspersed with ruins, and promised to give him a faithful translation of the inscription. He was in high glee in anticipation of the solution of the mysterious chronicle, and already spoke of the valuable present destined for us. After wading through the corn for some minutes, he brought us to a spot, and exultingly exclaimed—

"Here, my friends, is the stone !"

I looked at it, and shook my head ; and the poor patriarch at once understood the hint, as was evident from his dejected countenance. The stone, an oblong square, contained the sepulchral inscription marked No. 4.

From another stone I copied No. 5, and in the same vicinity we found another sepulchral monument, which bore the name of

FABIA

FVRNI

who died at the age of 25 years, 2 months, and 15 days.

Judging from the vast space which the ruins at Elcharoob occupy, it would appear that the city which stood here was one of considerable size ; though the fragments of ornaments we meet with by no means indicate its having been very opulent. Besides the mausoleum already referred to,

and whose architecture is very massive, we have the remains of a temple, portions of whose walls are still in good preservation, as well as part of a gate. We met with many rude bas-reliefs, and can also trace several streets, while the foundations of private dwellings are very numerous. El-charoob seems to occupy the site of the ancient *Aquæ*, and as far as situation goes, I can scarcely conceive a lovelier position for a town, possessing, at the same time, such excellent natural means of defence.

On our way back to our quarters Sidy Feraj pointed out to us what he considered "most curious." Near the ruins of the temple, and only a few yards from his own house, lay an altar at the foot of an olive tree. It appears to have rolled down from the temple, and to have been checked in its progress by the tree when it was yet young. It has since grown to a considerable size, and the altar seems to have grown into it, and now forms part of the tree itself.

During our stay at this place we saw a number of Feraj's retainers, his goat herds, his shepherds, and his domestics, but not a single woman made her appearance, although we were told that he had several wives and daughters, as well as many female servants. In respect of keeping the fair (?) sex in a state of confinement, our patriarch was a true Moslem, but he appeared to be free from all prejudice, and possessed none of the bigotry of his co-religionists. He was very courteous and affable, and took a great interest in the wonderful things he saw from *Bar-Nessaara*, "the land of the Nazarenes." Our weapons, but principally our revolvers, proved a great attraction to this mountain chief.

By the time we returned to our quarters, our baggage was nearly packed, and we were prepared for starting, notwithstanding our friendly entertainer frequently pressed us to sleep here another night. We thanked him for his hospitality, but insisted on adhering to our resolution. As we had sent the

horse we had pressed into our service back to its owner; Feraj readily lent us an excellent donkey, and of this Mr. Ferriere took immediate possession. The patriarch likewise sent one of his men with us to show us the road, and to bring back the animal.

We were now bound for Ain Furnah, which, according to the information we received from Feraj, and that corroborated by his people, was S.W. of Elcharoob.

Passing through a gap we came upon a path, following which we descended the heights of Elcharoob, and soon found ourselves in a rich, well-cultivated, table-land, the property of our wealthy patriarch. Here was also a good deal of rich pasture, and herds of cattle were seen grazing in every direction. In different barley fields some of his best horses were tethered, and with these my bay was particularly anxious to strike up a more intimate acquaintance. He was so bent upon a fight that he reared several times, and as he was pawing the air with his forefeet he clapped his hoofs together as if bidding defiance to all his kind in the vicinity. I felt rather uneasy, for some of the horses made a desperate effort to free themselves from their ropes, apparently resolved to accept the challenge. It was only by dint of spurs, and the free use of the whip, that I succeeded in restoring the equanimity of "majnoon," and in this way I avoided a conflict in which I, myself, might have been the greatest sufferer.

Descending still lower we came into an extensive plain, through which the Miliana flows. We first followed its serpentine course, crossing its numerous tributary streams, and then forded the river itself several times, when we again approached higher, but still level, land, very rich and in a very high state of cultivation; considering, of course, the condition of agriculture in this country, which is, upon the whole, very poor indeed. To an English farmer the soil we passed over this day is worth its weight in gold—to the Arab it is only

in lead. Beyond the cupola of Saint *Sidy Zaid* the soil is again poorer, and since nearly everything in this country is left to nature, the crops are very unpromising. The Arab ploughs, year after year, in good or in bad soil, to the depth of two inches, sows broadcast, and says, *Rabbi yaamel daleel*—"God will provide." He never thinks of manure, and ridicules the idea when it is suggested to him. The tares and the wheat grow up together, and this gives him but little or no concern at all.

It was in the vicinity of *Sidy Zaid*, and not far from the plain of *Ribby*, that I happened to be in advance of our party, and was just approaching a barren hillock, when a female voice, in the utmost distress, attracted my attention. I halted and looked round, but could see nothing. I then followed the sound, and was actually within five or six feet of the object of my search before I discovered her. She was seated on the ground, completely covered over with a kind of blanket, which so resembled the colour of the ground itself, that I could not distinguish the one from the other.

"Who has harmed you, my sister, or mother?" I asked her, for I could not tell whether she was young or old.

On hearing this question, instead of replying, her heart-rending lamentations increased, while she drew the blanket round her closer still.

"Tell me, what has happened to you, or who has injured you? If I can help you in any way I will do it," I addressed her again.

She gradually raised her head, and slowly removed the blanket from it, revealing the beautiful countenance, and very regular, and handsome, features of an Arab maiden of about sixteen, or seventeen, summers.

"You are no Moslem," she said, darting at me at the same time a look of surprise; while I discovered that her full jet black eyes were perfectly dry, notwithstanding her sobs, her

grief, and her lamentations. "You are no Moslem," she repeated, "and what makes you take an interest in me, an Arab woman?"

"Your cries of distress," I answered, "brought me to your assistance. What misfortune has happened to you?"

"Nothing, nothing," she rejoined, "it is only an affair of women, a little quarrel between women."

"Have you no husband, then, to take your part?" I inquired again.

"It is on my husband's account that I quarrelled with the woman."

"Was the quarrel accompanied by a scuffle and by blows?" my curiosity led me further to inquire.

She ridiculed the very thought of a fight, and laughed heartily at my simplicity. But no sooner did I leave her than the silly girl resumed her position beneath the blanket, and recommenced her strain of woe and grief just as if she had not been interrupted, and as if she had not laughed only a few seconds before!

A very little way further, by the side of a gulley, which we had to pass, I found half a dozen tents, or *beyoot eshaar*, "houses of hair," and here were the people to whom the woman belonged. She had not even been missed by them, and it gave them but little concern when they heard of her distressed situation.

"It is nothing," said an aged Arab, "it is only an affair of women."

"It is a great deal," interrupted a pert young woman of a very forbidding countenance, but painted to excess, and decked out in shells, copper, brass, and silver ornaments in great profusion. "It is a great deal," she shouted, "and if *lilla Chadoja* is to be permitted to give herself such airs, and to tell me that my lord is not as manly as hers is, then I declare I will return to my tribe," and into her tent she went sobbing in sad sorrow and grief.

"You see, I told you," resumed the Arab, addressing me again, "it is only an affair of women."

We passed this day at least twenty ruins, some of which were only Roman stations, others small places, but three or four were towns of a moderate size. They contained, however, no object worthy of special notice, nor could I discover a single inscription among them. The greater portion of these remains of antiquity are buried under ground, and many objects may, some day, be discovered here to reward the labour of excavation.

Towards four o'clock, in the plain of *Ribby*, we thought it prudent to look out for a convenient spot where to pitch our tents; and observing an encampment on a hill to our right, which we were informed is called *Ain Zikrah*, we bent our course in that direction.

On nearing the gloomy tents we were unexpectedly impeded in our progress by a deep ravine, and one of our attendants hallooed across to inquire of the women the direction of the path.

"We have nothing to give you," was the answer; "we have neither barley for your horses, nor fuel for your fire; neither have we any food to spare for you. We have no men with us. Continue your journey, and in less than *arba draj*,"—"four times five minutes,"—"you will reach a wealthy tribe, who will entertain you sumptuously."

We had no confidence in Arab veracity, and were not at all inclined to let our horses starve. We therefore followed the ravine a little way, and found the path which led us direct to the encampment. The women shouted, and entreated us to depart; and to their shrill voices was added an incessant barking of a number of dogs; neither of which did we heed. The horses were unloaded; and before our two tents were pitched the noise had subsided, and one man after another came forth from his place of concealment. They appeared to have given us credit for more "propriety"

than we really possessed; for they had taken for granted that we should depart on finding that there were only women and children in the tents. But the unceremonious reception with which the Arabs met from our *men in authority* soon convinced them of the absurdity and folly of their scheme. Several were knocked down, and sticks were actually being prepared for the liberal administration of the bastinado, conformably to the strict rules of the justice of the country. And now a confused scene ensued. Men were struggling and vociferating, the women were screaming, the children crying, the dogs yelling and barking: whilst the numerous donkeys, from some cause or other, joined in the discord, and considerably added to the confusion by incessant braying; and, as if all this did not suffice, the horses suddenly broke loose, and commenced a regular "stand-up" fight, accompanied with terrific neighing.

Since it was but too palpable that the Arabs of this encampment were great cowards, we took no part in the preliminary arrangements for our comfort. We were busily occupied in putting the interior of our tent in order, when suddenly half-a-dozen fellows rushed in, dragging Sadek, the American Consul's janissary, who, properly speaking, is styled *dragoman*, "interpreter," but who, in reality, only spoke his native language, the Arabic. This individual was brought before us to explain the state of confusion outside, with a view to ascertain whether the unreasonable demands made by our *hambas* were in conformity with our will and pleasure. But, since all that Sadek could interpret, either into English or into "American," was necessarily restricted to an imitation of some of the noises of the quadrupeds outside, or it amounted to a simple repetition, in Arabic, of what the Arabs stated, I saved him the trouble, and requested the deputation to retire and restore order outside, promising them to let them know the extent of our wants so soon as I could, with any degree of success, make myself audible.

Delighted to hear this, the Arabs ran out to their companions, and, by dint of great exertion, secured tranquillity. The brother of the *Khaleefa*, "lieutenant-governor," who had already been subjected to great insults, and who had even received several blows, came to call me, and I at once followed him.

In very few words I informed the assembled inhabitants of the village of *goats'-hair houses* "that I regretted extremely to find that the Arabs had degenerated and so totally departed from the practice of their forefathers. Instead of compelling the traveller to partake of their hospitality, as was anciently the case, they now treated him with contempt, and spurned him from their tents——"

"We will give you all you require," interrupted the *Khaleefa's* brother; "only the *hambas*——"

"Hold your tongue, you accursed son of a dog!" interposed Machfood, "or I shall strangle you this, this very instant."

"Silence, insolent fellow!" answered I, in a stern voice, "or I shall send you back to the place you came from this very instant. I shall take care that you commit no acts of injustice, or violence, in our name. We are not here to rob and oppress the poor. We are the *Basha's* guests, and whatever we require the *Basha* will pay for; but we are not marauders, and we will have no bandits in our company."

Machfood sneaked away, and the people exclaimed—

"Truly, the Nazarenes are more merciful than the true believers! *Amma rdjel*, what an excellent man! what a good man! *Alhamdo lillahi*, praised be Allah for having sent you to us!"

The Arabs now vied with each other in their efforts to supply our wants, in order to secure our approbation, and seemed quite delighted when we spoke a kind word to them.

Shortly after peace and tranquillity were restored, the *Khaleefa* himself, who had, it seems, been sent for, made his

appearance, mounted on a very excellent mule, and accompanied by several attendants. He feigned to remonstrate with us for pitching our tents near an encampment of poor Arabs, instead of partaking of his hospitality in his mountain home, only an hour's distance from this spot, and even now pretended to urge us to remove to his place. This we declined, not merely because we were convinced that he wished us, in his heart, anywhere but in his vicinity, but because we were here so much nearer to our line of road. We, however, thanked the "lieutenant-governor" in the choicest terms we could muster, and invited him into our own tent, an invitation which his excellency readily accepted.

The *Khaleefa* was a man above six feet in height, and of a herculean frame. His features, though swarthy, were regular; but there was a want of intelligence in the expression of his countenance; his eyes, too, were glassy and dead, whilst to his chin was appended a poor apology for a beard, only a few black hairs, amounting almost to a Moslem's humiliation, and disgrace, in point of personal appearance. He had, however, no mean notion of the dignity of his office, with which he did his utmost to impress us.

Our invitation was restricted to the *Khaleefa*, but some six or eight of his attendants followed, and literally so choked up our confined quarters that we were compelled to request them to retire, permitting only two at a time to squat down at the entrance. But about twenty took up their position close to the tent, where, though they could not gratify their sight, they could at least hear all that passed within.

The ever active, never wearied, and always cheerful Said served coffee, upon which our dignitary pronounced a most favourable opinion; but his pious feelings were outraged when Mr. Ferriere offered him a *petit verre de cognac*.

"Unholy and forbidden things," he observed emphatically,

"have never passed my lips, and *Inshallah* (if it please Allah), I hope they never will."

"You are perfectly right, sir," I replied, "strictly to adhere to the precepts of your creed; we only respect you the more for it."

"Then you believe in the truth of *Islaam*, do you?" he asked.

"By no means," said I. "We merely approve of every man's acting according to the dictates of his conscience. We respect every man's religion, but you cannot expect us to believe that every religion is true."

"No, no," he rejoined, "every religion is certainly not true. As there is only one God, so there is *only one* religion, and that religion is the *Islaam*."

"But how do you know this? What proof have you for your assertion?"

"Proof!" he exclaimed in amazement. "Why, ask any of those people [pointing to the Arabs], and they will, to a man, tell you that our Lord Mohammed is the apostle of Allah."

"Ah, but I can point out to you far more intelligent people who assert the very reverse. Indeed, there are many more who believe him to have been an impostor than those who declare that he was commissioned by the Almighty."

"But those who deny that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah," the *Khaleefu* replied, "are unbelievers, for whom hell-fire is kindling."

"The only authority you have for this assertion is the accident of birth, and the force of education. Suppose your parents had been, what you call, unbelievers, what would you now have been?"

"I presume an unbeliever too," he answered, after a slight hesitation.

"You see, then, you have received a creed, like so many others have done, without examining the evidences upon

which it is based. You are therefore unable, with any certainty, to assert its being true. Now, I have examined the evidences of my own creed, as well as investigated the authority upon which other religions are founded, and among these the one you profess; and the result of that investigation is, that I maintain that the *only true* religion is that of the Nazarenes."

"Then you believe the religion of Islaam to be false, and yet you approve of my acting conformably to its precepts?"

"Most decidedly," I rejoined; "for I consider a man with a false religion, if sincere, far better than one who has no religion at all."

Our conversation, which afterwards partook of a political character, was conducted in perfect good humour; indeed, so satisfied was the *Khaleefa* with the reception we gave him, and with all he heard, that, on taking leave of us, he promised to return early on the following morning to accompany us to *Ain Furnah*. He likewise undertook to procure for us another horse, of which we stood greatly in need.

The Arabs of this district are called *Rubbd Silyana*, and appear to be of a very peaceable disposition. Indeed, the greatest proof that they have no martial spirit about them is the conduct of our *hambas* towards them, for these officials would never have dared to act in the way they did had they not been aware of the quiet and timid character of those over whom they attempted to tyrannise. But, are not years of oppression, and of systematic spoliation, enough to cow down, to dishearten, and to depress any people? The arrogance and despotism of the Mamlook government, under which these people groan, has changed their very nature, and transformed them into so many dastardly cowards. Those Arabs who are further removed from the seat of injustice and mal-government have retained their manly bearing and native courage; and among those neither Machfood, nor Hamed, ventured to act in an inselent, or overbearing, manner.

We were delighted to find such an agreeable change in the temperature; but it was not unmingled with some dread at the prospect of excessive heat as we advance south. At sunset our thermometer stood in the tent at 68° Fahrenheit. It is true we were now in a lower situation than Elcharoob, our barometer indicating 28 $\frac{1}{10}$; but I ascribe the increase of warmth more to our having come some miles further south.

We started from *Ain Zikrah* at 7 A.M., accompanied by the *Khaleefa*, who had also the kindness to lend us a mule, and this enabled us to send the donkey back to the hospitable patriarch. Our want of faith in the veracity of the Arab women proved ill-founded; for we were scarcely "four times five minutes" on our way when we fell in with several encampments of Dreed Arabs; but whether these would have given us a very cordial reception is very questionable. Of one thing I am, however, very certain, and that is, that our "protectors" would not have taken any liberties with these warriors, for such the Dreed are. They claim to be descendants of the original conquerors of Africa, and are not a little proud of the traditions, carefully handed down to the present day, of the vengeance the tribe took on the unbelievers, and how they expelled the "Nazarenes" from this country. The Dreed claim even to this day certain privileges on account of the valour of their forefathers; and among these privileges I may mention that they are permitted to maintain a sitting posture in the presence of the reigning prince, whereas all other Arabs must stand before the despot.

A little way further on we came upon an encampment of Algerine Arabs, whose reluctance to be under the dominion of "infidels" induced them to migrate from their native desert, and to place themselves under the yoke, and the iron rule, of a "prince of the faithful," or rather under that of his mamlooks.

The *Khaleefa* was just giving me some information respecting the Algerines, when two Arabs, well mounted, approached

us; and, after saluting my Moslem companion, one of them turned towards me, and asked—

“Have you found your country?”

“What do you mean by your question?” I inquired in return.

“Nothing—nothing,” he replied, shaking his head and sighing mournfully. “Whatever is done is done by the permission of Allah, without whose aid neither power, nor might, can prevail.”

Having said this they rode off and left us.

One hour's ride brought us to *Ain Furnah*, undoubtedly the *Furnus* mentioned on the sepulchral monument we found at Elcharoob. The remains occupy an immense space, and the most prominent ruin is that of a fort which with some other public edifices appear to have been enclosed in a common wall, evidently thrown up by the Arabs during some of their civil wars when it served as a place of defence. No doubt, during those conflicts, which, at one period, were very numerous, many ancient monuments met with the rude fate in which we find them now involved.

I could only discover here one inscription, and that is No. 6; if there are any more similar monuments at Furnah, they were just then hid from view by the waving corn which concealed them.

We halted at *Furnah* till a little past 11 A.M. waiting for the horse which the *Khaleefa* ordered to be brought here. The animal at last came, and his *under excellency* had a fair opportunity to exhibit his skill in jockeyism. Although nothing unclean, and none of the food prohibited by the Coran had ever passed his pious lips, enough falsehoods issued from them in the course of a few minutes to last the gentlemen of the most celebrated turf a complete season. The bargain was, however, closed, I believe, to our mutual satisfaction, and we parted on good terms—he carrying home his money, and we leading off an excellent horse—a regular

charger—for only three hundred piasters, a sum equivalent to about £10 in English money!

The river Siliana flows here in the direction S.W. by W., and the highest peak of Zoghwaan bears N.N.E. Our road lay for some little distance near the river, and then separated from it into an immense, and well cultivated, plain. Before us we had Jebel-Esserj, so called from a peculiar formation on its summit, which resembles an Arab saddle; and to our left was the Jebel-Borgo, whilst to our right the plain was bounded, in the far distance, by the mountains of *Kef*. Having traversed this plain, we commenced a gradual ascent and came again upon some very rich table land, which promised fairly to repay a hundredfold for the labour, and expense, bestowed upon it. Passing this, we crossed some barren hills, and then descended into another plain, called *Bachairat Siliana*, and pitched our tents a little way from the river, within the *Zemala* of the *Oulaad Aoon*, having this day performed a distance of about twenty-four miles.

Oulaad Aoon is the name of a large tribe of Arabs, which, according to the statement of some of their chiefs, can bring 4000 mounted warriors into the field. The *Zemala* is an assembly of sheikhs, and here there are congregated about forty of those chiefs. Their tents, of goat's hair, are large and spacious, and are pitched in the form of an oblong square, in the centre of which is that belonging to the *Khaleefa*, the "lieutenant-governor," and near it is another tent, which serves the purpose of an audience hall. The *Caid*, the real governor, being a mamlook, but seldom visits the tribe, so that the weight of responsibility is upon his *sub*, who discharges all the functions of the office, and, not like our friend who accompanied us to Furnah, supports his dignity with becoming gravity, and even pomp.

The tribe is divided into so many sections, over every one of which a sheikh rules, and whatever disputes, or litigations, arise, are brought before the chief. Should the question

prove too complicated for his decision he calls in the aid of his neighbours; and if it is too difficult even for them, or if the disputants are dissatisfied with the decision, then the case is referred to the *Khaleefa*, or to the governor assembled in council; and from this court even there is an appeal to the supreme authority—the Basha, or to the *Sherra*, ecclesiastical court.

This concentration of the administrators of justice is a very ancient practice, and appears to have its origin in Carthaginian times; for we find still in this country the ruins of a city, the Punic signification of whose name corresponds with that of *Zemala*. I allude to *Spaitla*, the ancient *Sufetula*, the seat of *Sufetim*, or judges, whose remains we shall visit as we proceed.

On our arrival the *sub* was engaged in a consultation at the *assembly hall* with a number of the sheikhs, and as we rode up to that goats' hair edifice, the dogs telegraphed our approach, and immediately all eyes were turned towards us. The important business was postponed, and his under-excellency, followed by some twenty of the elders of the people, came out to welcome us to the *zemala*, the seat of justice.

Our tents were pitched in the centre of the square, near that of the *Khaleefa*, and every sheikh was called upon to contribute his share of barley, fowls, milk, bread, &c., to form our rations during our stay at this seat of wisdom, and every one readily complied with the demand.

Much of the attention we met with here I ascribe to my being an intimate friend of Sidy Hamed Elmorali, a mamlook with whom I formerly travelled to Jereed, the ancient *Gaetulia*, and who now holds the office of *Caid* (governor) of the Oulaad Aoon. He was the bosom companion of General Yosof of Algiers, with whom he was in a *kind* of slavery to the Bash-mamlook (chief mamlook) of Mostapha Basha. Yosof is, I believe, a Tuscan by birth, and Elmorali a

Circassian, and, though the former has now returned to the religion of his fathers, his friend, a strict Moslem, is still much attached to him, and never neglects an opportunity of inquiring after him.

At this *Zemala* too, and near the river, are architectural remains of a former race which swayed the sceptre in this part of Africa. The principal ruin, however, and the only one worth noticing, is that of a fort, built of massive stone, and put together without any cement. The Khaleefa and a number of sheikhs conducted us to this structure of "our progenitors," as they were pleased to designate it; but they readily confessed the superiority which it exhibits over everything they are able to do.

"Your progenitors were wise in their day," said one of the aged judges, rather jocularly disposed, in addressing us, "and so are you now; but they were strangers to the *true religion*; and you, although you found your way here, are still ignorant of the way to heaven."

On our way back to the tents the sheikhs discussed the magnitude of a lion that was killed in the vicinity a few days before, and this conversation was gradually so shaped till it reached the important question of the noble animal's moral abilities, when the same learned judge thus delivered his opinion:—

"Whether the lion is a true believer or an infidel, I am not able to decide; but that he understands all that is said to him is true beyond all doubt, and the man who denies this denies a positive truth."

He then corroborated his assertion by numerous examples, which had the effect of producing a thorough conviction in the minds of his audience, excepting only in those of the hardened "unbelievers;" but since they rejected even the evidences upon which the *Islaam* itself is founded, what wonder that they should disbelieve the statement of the old sheikh!

In the evening a number of the rulers of the Oulaad Aoon assembled before our tent, with whom we conversed freely for some time. The weather was perceptibly warmer. Our thermometer indicated 76° Fahrenheit before sunset; but the night was pleasant, and towards 8 P.M. it was so cool, that when we retired, an hour after, we found our heavy blankets very acceptable.

CHAPTER III.

THREE SPARE BULLETS.

A Challenge—The Enchanted Horse—The Idol Destroyed—Venerable Remains of Moghrawa—Domiciliary Search for Antiquities—A Trial—The Sentence Reversed—A Difficult Pass—Ruins of Hammam—Three Spare Bullets—Another Adventure—A Semicircular Gun—A Naval Hero and his large Key.

A GREAT temptation held out by the old *shoush* of the *zemala* to induce us to stay longer was the approaching fair, which is held here weekly. The *shoush* is at the head of the police force of the *zemala*, and the police force is comprised in the *shoush* himself. But in cases of emergency the sheikhs are not too proud to extend to him their assistance. The old man was desirous to turn us to a little account, for we were in want of another horse (my bay being disabled by lameness), and he declared that we might pick up an excellent animal for very little money; but he appeared too anxious for our good, and his great concern on our behalf failed to inspire us with confidence in him. I therefore preferred mounting the black we bought the day before, and this enabled us to start for Moghrawa at 7.30 A.M.

After travelling an hour and a half, or about six miles from our starting point, we approached the *Waad Mossool*, which name bears too great an affinity to the *Muthul*, mentioned by Sallust in his history of the Jugurthine war*, not

* Sall. Bell. Jug. § 48.

to be recognised as the same river. It empties itself into the Siliana.

Our road lay between the hills through which the river winds. It assumed occasionally the character of the picturesque, particularly when it passed through verdant dales, teeming with wild flowers of every hue, and bounded by graceful elevations covered with a variety of trees of spontaneous growth. Having traversed these we commenced to ascend the rugged heights, and by 11 A.M. we came upon what had the appearance of a truncated conical hill, on the flat surface of which, in the midst of a rich crop of barley, we found a mausoleum, to which the Arabs have given the name of *Twaal Ezaamel*, "the horse's tether," and by this strange name this whole district is known.

This structure, in the immediate vicinity of which are the foundations, and prostrate remains, of other buildings, had originally three storeys, the upper one of which has since fallen. It stands upon three pyramidal steps, and is ornamented with fluted pilasters, surmounted by Corinthian capitals. Its entrance is perfect, but it bears no inscription, nor could we find any among the heap of ruins from its upper storey.

This plateau is situated amidst a perfect sea of hills, varying in shape as they do in dimensions. It is an awful solitude, the perfect stillness of which is only occasionally broken by the singing of birds, by the shrill notes of a Bedouin shepherd, or the ringing neigh of some splendid Arab steed, secreted in a lonely ravine to prevent its proving a temptation to the grasping and greedy Mamlooks, the devastating rulers of this country, who might unscrupulously appropriate it at an optional price, or deprive its legitimate owner of it without even offering him a price at all.

We halted here about an hour, and whilst I was rambling about on the brow of the hill I was unexpectedly accosted

by an Arab. I was just then transferring some passing thoughts to my note-book when the *stranger* uttered these words :—

“Are you noting down the affairs of this country in order that the Nazarenes might come to take possession of it? Everything that appertains to this world is transitory. You ruled here before, and you are to rule here again. When will you come to redeem us from our bondage, and free us from the injustice with which we are oppressed by our wicked rulers? May Allah be merciful to us, and speedily guide you here! I have been to your country in the west [Algeria], where the Arabs breathe freely. There they live and enjoy what Allah has given them, but here we are in constant trepidation of soul, and always in danger of being plundered of the little we have, and that not by strangers, but by those who ought to protect us!”

This Arab was just returning from one of the secluded spots amidst the mountains, where he kept several good horses, which he hoped to take to Algeria to sell to the French.

On resuming our journey we fell in with an Arab travelling with his wife, and as they had but one horse between them, they alternately walked and rode. When we overtook them the lady was mounted in the big Moorish saddle, seated astride after the fashion of man, with her feet in the monstrous stirrups, while the long Arab gun was slung across her shoulders. Her lord walked by her side. Apprehending probably, that some of our party might feel inclined to indulge in some sarcastic remark at an exhibition so unusual in this country, he shrewdly resolved to have the initiative, and no sooner were we within hearing distance than he shouted at the top of his voice —

“Advance, horsemen, this warrior defies you all, either in the use of fire-arms, in horsemanship, or in single combat. Who accepts the challenge? I stake 2000 piastres against

500 in favour of my champion. Advance, my friends, advance!"

He thought this a capital joke, for he laughed heartily, and we could not help giving him credit for good sense; for had he not acted in the way he did, our people would, undoubtedly, have indulged in a little frolic at his expense. But he also showed his good judgment by speedily changing the topic altogether, and this he did in a way he knew would be most agreeable to the *Nassaara*, Nazarene travellers.

"You have visited yonder building of your ancestors, have you not?" he asked me, pointing back to *Twaal Ezaamel*.

"We have," I replied.

"But I trow you have not seen the *horse* after which it is called?"

"No," I replied, "we have seen there no horses except our own. But, tell me, what horse do you allude to?"

"In times gone by," the Arab commenced, in reply to my question, "that palace [so he called the mausoleum] was inhabited by the spirit of one of your ancient *Sultaans*. He was frequently seen in broad daylight, riding over these hills, followed by a long retinue of attendants in very gaudy attire. He himself was always dressed in purple velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and studded over with the most precious stones. On his head he wore a black cap surmounted by a large white plume, and in front he had an ornament, composed of four immense emeralds, and in the centre a diamond of the size of an egg. The whole was in the form of a *saleeb* [cross], and from this it was known that he was not a *jaahel* [pagan], but a *Nasserani*, Nazarene. He was very tall in stature, comely to look at, and of a very benevolent expression of countenance. The horse he always rode was of the purest white, without a blemish, and perfect in all its points. Except when the *Sultaan* mounted him that animal was invariably seen grazing in front of the palace, fastened to a thick golden chain, secured by a massive ring, of the same

metal, round his right forefoot. Though the palace was always empty, as it now is, yet the horse was always there, and besides this animal not a single living being was seen in the vicinity. The *Sultaan* and his suite were repeatedly seen entering the palace, and though people ran in immediately after, from curiosity to see him, yet not a soul did they find there. The horse alone was at its accustomed place, grazing just like any other horse would, and when riders passed he would neigh, paw the ground, and exhibit the same restlessness that your horse, or mine, would. To all appearance he was a real horse, and yet he was nothing of the kind. People came from all parts, far and near, to view this extraordinary animal, and returned to their homes in amazement, not so much at his astonishing beauty as his supernatural character. Many Arabs approached him, attempting to caress him, but they only caressed the air; and though his golden tether was before their eyes, and at their very feet, when they desired to handle it they handled only the air. In short, they could pass and repass right through the body of the animal, just as one passes through a cloud, or through smoke, for it was not corporeal but immaterial.

"Crowds of Arabs flocked regularly to this place, not so much to gratify their curiosity as to obtain substantial benefits from their visits to the enchanted horse, for such it undoubtedly must have been. Innumerable individuals came here without a single *file* [a small copper coin] in their pockets, and returned to their homes with those receptacles well stored with gold, real gold, tangible gold, the gold coin, not of Nazarene lands, but the genuine Moslem coin of the period of the Basha who then reigned. But the wonderful part was the strange and mysterious manner in which that gold came into their possession, for no one handed it to them, nor did they pick it up, but it suddenly found its way into their pockets, and they became only conscious of the fact by perceiving its sudden weight. What was also very extraordinary is that

this benefit, or this charity, was confined to the real poor, the needy, the honest, the upright, the deserving, and this proved that it was administered with discretion by an intelligent being, possessing good judgment as well as a benevolent disposition and tender compassion. But this great good was not unaccompanied by evil consequences. Many wicked and lawless fellows, whose greedy desire for gold was left unsatisfied, waylaid the more favoured, robbed, plundered, and often assassinated them. This state of things reached the authorities, and the ecclesiastics particularly resolved to put a stop to it, for they foresaw fearful consequences to the *Islaam*, the true religion, because all the good people receiving such blessings, as they thought, from the enchanted horse, regarded that animal with such awe and reverence as amounted to actual adoration. The *Mufties*, the *Cadies*, and all the ecclesiastical dignitaries, looked upon this as a grand scheme of *Shaitaan* [the devil] to draw the *true believers* away from *Allah*, and sink them in the mire of idolatry. Moved by pious resolutions, many of those holy men repaired to this place, and as they approached it they were horrified at the vast numbers of Moslems who performed regular pilgrimages to the enchanted horse; and when they heard in what terms people spoke of the idol, they rent their garments, and called upon Allah to lift up his mighty arm for the protection of the *Islaam*.

"The *Mufties*, the *Cadies*, and the other priests who accompanied them, humbled themselves in the sight of Allah, and, in the presence of the multitude, walked in procession thrice round the building, bearing the holy Coran uplifted, and then entered the palace. For three long days and nights did these *Abaad Allah* [servants of Allah] chant the Coran in that ancient edifice. On the third day the figure of the enchanted horse grew gradually, but perceptibly, dimmer; and towards evening of the same day, just at the time for the prayer of *Aaser*, a tremendous crash took place

in the palace itself, which brought down the upper part of the edifice, and in the same instant the horse vanished ! The people, assembled outside, uttered an awful shriek of horror at the occurrence, and loudly bewailed, and lamented, the fate of the zealous servants of Allah. But, to their intense joy, they beheld, but a few minutes after, the *Mufties*, the *Cadies*, and all the other priests, issue forth from the palace perfectly unconcerned, not having sustained the least injury ! The people saw that this was the work of Allah, and all simultaneously shouted, '*La ela ill' Allah Mohammed rasool' Allah*,' [There is no deity but Allah, and Mohammed is the apostle of Allah !]

"From that day the palace has been left in the state you now find it in ; and neither the enchanted horse, nor the *Sultaan*, nor any of his people, have since been seen. Solitude and silence alone now reign here."

By the time my Arab informant had finished the traditional legend of the "enchanted horse" of *Twaal Ezaamel*, my party was a long way ahead of us. I therefore thanked him for his communicativeness ; and, wishing him and his Amazon companion a prosperous journey, I hastened to rejoin my fellow travellers.

Our road now lay through a plain, bounded by low hills ; and having passed these, we had to traverse several dales, as well as the rugged heights by which they were enclosed, till we reached a cluster of olive-trees, near which a rippling brook was struggling, amidst torn rocks, to maintain its rapid course down into the *Mossool*. Here the ascent to *Moghrawa* commenced to follow the left margin of a ravine ; and this path, over masses of loose stones, proved a great trial to our horses' shoes.

Continuing the winding course of the ravine, and just as we came in sight of the houses of *Moghrawa*, we observed, on the other side of it, a structure, which unmistakeably proclaims its prior antiquity to that of the Roman, if not even

of that of Carthaginian, occupation of this country. But I had to defer examining it more closely to a later hour, as it was impossible to halt with our baggage horses where we then were; and we could not send them up to the "town" without having first the usual interview, and the usual squabbles, with the authorities; and this important duty always devolved on me.

The town of Moghrawa is the seat of the governor of the tribe of *Oulaad Ayaar*, and it contains a *Daar Elbey*, a palace. The governor was away at a marriage of a son of one of the most opulent chiefs of the country, and his *locum tenens* was likewise from home. But the latter was at no great distance, and a messenger was instantly sent off by the other authorities to fetch him. Meanwhile, these officials offered us quarters in the *palace* itself; but (will it be believed?) we were already barbarous enough to prefer our tent to a sovereign's mansion! The concourse of citizens, whom our arrival attracted to the open space before the principal edifice of the town, were amazed at our want of taste, but we continued unshaken. Regardless of the praise they lavished on the building we declined to occupy, we not only persisted in adhering to our original resolution, but never even expressed a desire to examine its interior. Yes, the outside satisfied our curiosity; and it was a simple glance at its exterior that induced us to order the erection of our two canvas houses.

The spot we selected for our tents faced the palace. A cluster of luxuriant trees and a lovely green carpet formed too great an attraction to us to allow ourselves to be inveigled into a filthy house, swarming with vermin of every description. The people, on finding we were bent on having our own way, offered us every assistance; so that in a very few minutes our horses were unloaded, our baggage arranged, and our tents pitched.

A cup of coffee! A cup of coffee after a good dinner is,

perhaps, an unnecessary luxury ; but a cup of coffee after a hard day's ride over bad ground, and under a burning sun,—who can estimate its value ? And yet our attentive, and kind-hearted, *Said* never failed to furnish us with that dainty within a very few minutes after reaching our destination. How he procured it, or manufactured it, with such speed, under the most unfavourable circumstances, is a mystery known to himself alone.

The ancient remains at Moghrawa are but few, and yet what there is inspires the traveller with a degree of reverence and awe which other ruins do not always do. A sumptuous triumphal arch, a chaste edifice, a graceful column, elaborate ornaments, or exquisite statuary, call forth our admiration, but they limit, or fix, the period of their own origin. They are associated with a definite age of Rome, or of Greece, which classic writers have made familiar to us. We have literature, we have works of art, and we have medals belonging to the same period. The lapse of centuries which has intervened between the recorded past and our own day is annihilated, and we find ourselves quite at home among those ruins, and fancy ourselves in the very company of those worthies, those heroes, those sages, those artists, who have paced the very ground on which we stand, and who have graced with their presence the very structure which we admire. But to what period do yonder massive stones, planted in the ground by human hands, belong ? For what purpose were those monuments raised ? Do those immense rude, and unhewn, stones represent the idols of a religion with the nature of which we are totally unacquainted ? Are they the remains of a religious edifice ? Or have they been placed there to commemorate some particular event in the history of a nation, the very name of which has not even been handed down to us ? Some such conjecture is possible, but only probable.

Several of these stones were within a dozen yards of our tent. One stood about ten feet above ground ; and how

much of it was interred I am unable to tell. No sign of an inscription could we trace on either of them, but hoary age has left its unmistakeable impress upon them ; so that it does not require much ingenuity to tell that they stood where they now are before the invasion of the Arabs, anterior to the conquests of the Romans, and even prior to the arrival of the Carthaginians.

Accompanied by Mr. Ferriere and Machfood, I retraced my steps to the strange and peculiar remains I noticed in the ravine. The character of this structure, like the stones at Moghrawa, baffles one's understanding. Whether it is a receptacle for the dead, or whether it was intended for the performance of some religious rites, is difficult to say. It is twenty-eight feet square (measuring from the roof), while the inside is no more than about twelve feet square, and this would give a thickness of wall of eight feet ; but as the stones on the roof project, the real thickness of the wall is no more than about six feet. On portions of the walls, as also in the interior, we can clearly discern more recent repairs and restorations ; but the real interest which is attached to it consists in its original remains. The walls are composed of large, and not very regularly shaped, masses of rock, while the interstices, instead of being cemented, are only filled up with fragments of shapeless stone. On the top of the walls are large slabs of unhewn stones ; and one, which I measured, was fifteen feet in length. These are placed on the angles, so that each is supported by two walls. Four disposed in this manner form together the outer parts of the roof, while the unevenness, and fissures, of the central portion are closed in by another block, thirteen feet square and one foot six inches in thickness, which rests upon them, and whose rough angles correspond with the cardinal points of the compass. This brief description, or the imperfect sketch Mr. F. was able to make of it under very unfavourable circumstances, (owing partly to its position in the

ravine, which prevented him from obtaining a good point of view, and partly on account of its being, to a certain depth, imbedded in the earth,) may convey some idea of this structure, to which I assign a Cyclopean character.

By the time we returned to our tents the *Khaleefa* had already arrived. He was a very amiable man, and readily agreed to accompany us on a visit of research through the place. Every house which contained a stone *maktoob* (with an inscription) was thrown open to us, due notice of our approach having been previously given to its female inmates, to enable them, if they were religiously disposed, to hide themselves from our view. The aged and the ugly were very scrupulous in complying with the prophet's injunction; but every pretty girl stood her ground unveiled, and by so doing boldly protested against the absurd, and barbarous, prohibition of their licentious legislator. We had many a hearty laugh at these precautionary measures, and were greatly amused at the manner in which advantage was taken of the notice, and more so still in the instances in which it was disregarded. The numerous Arabs who accompanied us in these domiciliary visits entered into the spirit of it, and seemed quite as anxious to direct our attention to an unveiled handsome female countenance as they were zealous in pointing out to us some of the ancient treasures contained in their houses.

The manner in which our views were seconded at Moghrawa may be estimated from the fact that part of a garden wall was actually pulled down in order to enable me to obtain a complete view of a bas-relief, a small portion of which was only projecting. On expressing our gratitude for such willing, and disinterested, services, the lieutenant-governor replied :—

“Do not mention it, I pray you; it is but little we can do for you, and why should we not do that little cheerfully? Ask what you want, and should you even desire to view the

stones which form the foundation of any of our houses, tell me, and those houses shall be pulled down in order to gratify your desire."

I made a vain effort to acknowledge this compliment, for such it really only was, and was compelled to have recourse to one of those expressive Arab gestures, which readily accomplished what the sluggish tongue failed to do.

Among the different objects which our research brought to light were two bas-reliefs, which seem to belong to a less remote period in the history of this place. The inscriptions, which they evidently bore, are entirely obliterated, and what the precise symbolical import of the different figures is, I will not venture to say.

Moghrawa was also colonised by the Romans, as is evident from the inscriptions which we found here.*

The name *Moghrawa*, or, as it may also be written, *Moggarawa*, is of Punic, or Numidian, origin, and signifies a dwelling, a settlement. Its original name must have been *Magara*, or *Megoria*; and since the Arabs have, with very slight alteration, retained it, it is evident that such was its appellation during the Roman occupation also.

Within a few minutes after our return to our encampment, where the *Khaleefa* left us to attend to his own affairs, we heard a very confused noise of contention at no great distance from us, but which was gradually nearing, and the altercation became more audible. In this wrangling and disputation a dozen voices simultaneously struggled for a hearing, and in the midst of these the gruff voice of Machfood, and the shrill notes of the sanctimonious Hamed were clearly discernible.

From the door of our tent, and only about twenty paces from the spot where I stood, I saw a crowd of about sixty persons, and this was rapidly swelling by a number of boys

* See Appendix I., Nos. 7, 8, 9.

hastening, at full speed, to the scene of contention. The *Khaleefa* was seated beneath a tree, and near him were several of the most respectable persons of the place. Immediately in front, forming a semicircle, was the crowd of spectators. Facing the judge, and with their backs to the crowd, were our two *hambas*, holding in their custody a personage of no less standing than the notary, the only lawyer of Moghrawa and its vicinity!

"*Rabbi yehennek*, may the Lord direct you in your decision," roared Machfood, addressing the *Khaleefa*, and accompanying his words with violent gestures. "We passed this man and saluted him in civil terms, but he, instead of acknowledging our salutation, assailed us with opprobrious terms, heaping, at the same time, curses on the heads of the distinguished persons whom we have the honour to conduct through the country, and whom, by the aid of *Allah*, we have brought safely here to you. Are the persons under our charge of mean standing that they should submit to insults? Are they mere Maltese? Are they Nazarenes of a common class? Does not the fate of empires depend upon their will and pleasure? And has the *Sultaan* of Africa in vain enjoined us to guard them as we do the apple of the eye? By the head of the prophet! I conjure you to inflict the severest chastisement on this person, through whose indiscretion the most awful calamities might otherwise befall our country. Let him be bastonadoed, imprisoned, and sent, in chains, to the seat of justice, there to be treated according to his merits. This is what we ask of you, and this alone can avert the impending evil."

Hamed next made his speech, which in manner was less violent, but in point of matter far more effective; for it was full of canting and hypocritical sentences, strongly savoured with the names of saints, of the prophet, and even of *Allah*.

These appeals made the poor notary tremble, and his

friends who desired to intercede, as well as himself, who made several efforts to state his own case, were effectually silenced by the authoritative, and overbearing, manner of our government officials.

"*Naal eshaitaan*—cursed be the devil! Be silent, old sinner," Hamed admonished his prisoner, "you have not blushed repeatedly to deny your criminal act before us, and will you now, in the presence of these people, and in that of the *Khaleefa* himself, as well as in the hearing of the distinguished guests, add more falsehood to the insults you have heaped upon them? Refrain! in the name of the prophet, I bid you refrain from denying your guilt! Confess it, and *Allah* may put it into our hearts, and into that of the strangers, to deal mercifully with you."

The friends of the prisoner ceased to make further efforts on his behalf, the people were indignant at his conduct, the judge expressed his entire readiness to comply with the *hambas'* demands, the *hambas* were elated with joy at the success which attended their case, and the old notary himself even seemed as if convinced of his guilt, and was fully resigned to his fate.

The assembly was about breaking up, and the old man was being dragged off by the rude hands of the *Khaleefa's* servants, who acted as constables, when I quietly approached the judge. But before I had time to say a word the lieutenant-governor commenced to apologise for the rude conduct of the accused; and those persons near him, who had acted as a kind of jury, re-echoed his sentiments, expressing their indignation that one of their townsmen should have acted in so unbecoming a manner towards guests sent to them by their lord and master, the *Basha* himself.

"If you are not satisfied with the sentence I have pronounced upon the miscreant (cursed be his father), then tell me what you wish me to add, and your word shall be my law," said the merciful dispenser of justice.

"I am most dissatisfied," I replied, "and beg you, therefore, to order the prisoner to be brought back."

This request was instantly complied with, and whilst some ran off to convey the judge's order to the gaoler, the people indulged in various remarks as to the probability of the additional clause on which I should insist, but they had not the remotest idea of my real intention. I knew the character of the plaintiffs too well, and through Sadek, the American janissary, I had made inquiries as to the general character of the defendant. His report was very satisfactory; and as he, moreover, brought me the information that the notary was considered the richest man in the place, my eyes were opened to our *hambas'* real policy. Their great concern and zeal for our honour were concentrated in the inordinate desire they had to acquire a portion of the lawyer's worldly goods!

When the prisoner was brought back I asked the judge to send for the witnesses, but he told me that there were none. I then desired Machfood to be removed to some distance off, and questioned the "pious" Hamed as to the precise terms the notary had made use of, as well as to the exact locality where the scene occurred. When old Machfood was recalled, his version, just as I had anticipated, contradicted that of his worthy companion.

"You see now," I addressed the *Khaleefa*, and those with him, "the party to be punished is not the accused but the atrocious accusers;" and having said this, I returned to my tent amidst the applause of the whole assembly.

The old lawyer was instantly liberated, and his joy at having had this narrow escape did not surpass his gratitude, the ebullition of which I had no desire to witness.

This little incident shows how an African traveller, ignorant of the language of the country through which he passes, may repeatedly become a party to the most glaring acts of injustice, through the cupidity, and avarice, of the

unprincipled persons by whom he is conducted. He is exposed to the hatred, and resentment, of a people, who naturally entertain an antipathy for him, through the acts of plunder and pillage of the men who are sent to protect him. He is made to sanction and approve what he does not understand, and often countenances deeds from which he would shrink, and recoil, if he were only aware of their nature. His *protectors* make him pass through the country not as a friendly stranger, but as a bugbear, backed by the despotic local government. He acts as death's head and cross-bones to the *hambas*. He steals, he plunders, he robs, levies taxes, and enforces contributions, without knowing it. He breathes fire, and spreads terror and consternation wherever he goes, though he may be ever so peaceably disposed. A knowledge of the language will not always shelter and free him from this false position, for his cunning and crafty companions have means to throw the hideous mask over him in a variety of ways; but in extremes, in cases of emergency, it enables him to tear away the disguise, and stand forth in his real character. To a want of knowledge of the Arabic I ascribe most of the accidents, and dangers, which have befallen African travellers.

On our arrival at Moghrawa at 3 p.m., the thermometer stood at 79°, and on starting at 7 on the following morning, it was 68° whilst our barometer indicated 26 $\frac{1}{8}$, a strong southerly wind blowing at the same time which gave to the atmosphere a very hazy appearance.

Our original intention was to proceed direct from this to *Mokthar*, but as we had heard a good deal from the Arabs about some ruins at Hammam, we now resolved to visit them, particularly as we were at no great distance from that place. But we were strongly advised not to take our baggage horses with us, on account of the extreme badness of the road, and therefore we dispatched those animals under the charge of our men, accompanied by a guide, whilst we,

escorted only by Hamed and another guide, took the road to Hammam.

The bearing of Mokthar from Moghrawa is S. by E., whilst that of Hammam is S.W. by W., so that it was entirely out of our regular course; but as our friends declared that our trouble would be amply rewarded, we ran the risk of separating from our baggage, a practice which ought always to be avoided in countries like these.

Accustomed to give the Arabs credit for exaggeration, I must confess I was not prepared to be led over such terrific passes as our guide took us this day, and had we had the remotest idea of the real state of things, I doubt very much whether Hammam would ever have been visited by us. The Tyrian Ladder in Syria is considered a bad pass, and the path which doubles Râs Elabyad, or the *Candidum promontorium* in this country, is regarded as most terrific, but they are nothing in comparison with the "road," as the natives call it, over which we were conducted on the present occasion. We were sometimes on a narrow ledge, not more than one foot in breadth with a perpendicular wall of rock on one side, and on the other a yawning chasm. We were only just consoling ourselves at having cleared this safely, when we suddenly found ourselves on the summit and sharp backbone of a steep height, with deep precipices on either side; and as if we had been professional rope dancers, and resolved to vie with M. Blondin in his famous Niagara feat, our guide unexpectedly brought us to a narrow ridge of rock over which the mountain torrent rushed. Over this slippery bridge formed by nature, with its splashing, roaring, and deafening fall on one side, and the huge masses of loose stones reposing in the torrent's bed on the other, we had no alternative but to pass.

The ever twisting, and constantly winding, course which we had to take prevented us from seeing the dreadful parts of our way until we were right upon them, when to retrace

our steps would have been attended with much more danger than to advance, and the hope that every difficulty surmounted was the last, kept up our spirits and enabled us to press forward.

Having given expression to our astonishment once and again, we pushed on in deep and solemn silence, prepared for the worst, or, as Mr. F. said, "never expecting to reach our destination with sound limbs." Hamed alone was talkative, and strange to relate, the burden of his discourse was "integrity and honesty"! He was lecturing our guide, whom we proposed to take into our service, and instilled into him the necessity of cultivating those virtues if he wished to prosper in this world.

"Remember," said he, "the saying of the *ouleyaay* [ancients] '*Essedek walemaan yedakhlak fe eddar essoltaan* [uprightness and truthfulness will procure you admittance even into the house of the Sultan.]"

It was during the delivery of such ethical sentences that I very narrowly escaped being hurled down a tremendous precipice: I was engaged in jotting down one of the proverbs Hamed had quoted, when my horse, following the path, unexpectedly turned an abrupt angle to the left, by which I was not only thrown out of the equilibrium, but was almost unseated, swinging already partly over the dreadful abyss to the right. In the effort to regain my position in the saddle, I unintentionally jerked my horse's bridle, and as his mouth was very tender, he suddenly moved backwards and partially raised himself on his hind feet. But fortunately I was then already erect in the saddle, and as the horse was not really vicious, I readily succeeded in inducing him quietly to continue the regular, or rather irregular and crooked, line of march.

Our delight on arriving at Hammam after only an hour's ride over such ground was intense, and though the remains we found here by no means repaid us for the risk we ran,

still our having reached it in safety made us pleased, and satisfied, with everything we saw.

The ruins of Hammam occupy a circumference of about three miles, and are dispersed not only on the hill on which the triumphal arch stands, but also on the adjoining heights, in the ravines, and on the other side of the rivulet which flows at the foot of the principal hill. In the vicinity of the arch, which is not very imposing, we have the remains of several other public edifices of very massive construction, and among these are the foundations of a temple, and of another structure which appears to have been a Christian church. But the whole surface is covered with ruins of private dwellings, which proves this to have been a very populous city, though there is nothing to show that it was ever adorned with costly monuments or sumptuous ornaments.

Not far from the arch Mr. N. discovered the fragment of an inscription marked No. 10; and in rambling over the ruins on the other side of the rivulet, and within a recess of its lofty banks, I found another (No. 11), which was surmounted by a kind of rudely cut animal resembling a cat. The stone, which was regularly and well shaped, was partly imbedded in the ground, and a great portion of the inscription itself is obliterated.

The present position of this monument is not its original one. It evidently was placed on the slope above, when the bed of the rivulet, or mountain torrent, was much narrower. The force of the water has brought down masses of earth, and with it all that was built upon it. This is not only proved by the quantities of ruins now within the bed, but likewise by a building, half of which still stands on the edge of the bank, while the other half lies, in shattered fragments, in the water. In the fall these ruins were, undoubtedly, at first buried beneath the earth; but in the course of time the torrent cleared them from the incumbrance, and left them exposed in the condition in which they now are.

The way down to these ruins is through a thick olive grove. It is a very solitary and wild spot, and is perfectly adapted as a haunt for the lawless, for here the grossest crimes can be perpetrated with impunity and without fear of discovery; or, if detected, the criminal has numerous ways, amidst the ravines and caverns, to effect his escape. I was occupied in copying the inscription, and was under the impression that I was the only human being in that locality, when the sound of footsteps struck on my ears. I looked round and perceived an Arab cautiously approaching me from the further part of the recess. He saluted me, and I returned his salute; but, as he appeared anxious to have a little chat, I desired him to wait, promising him to gratify his curiosity after completing my task, to which arrangement he appeared to agree.

In a few seconds I heard more footsteps from the same direction, and very soon after I was accosted by two more Arabs. These likewise saluted me, and I saluted them also in return; but I deliberately requested the whole three to stand on the other side of the monument, with the inscription of which I was occupied, my object in doing this being to have them in view so as to enable me to observe all their movements. They readily complied, but frequently endeavoured to alter their position, attempting to get behind me, and assigning as a reason for so doing their desire to see me copying the *tasweera* (painting). I, however, insisted on their remaining in the place I had indicated, promising to let them see the "painting" when finished. They demurred, but I was determined; they insisted upon leaving their post; but I resolutely ordered them not to stir from it till I had finished my task.

That these men were treacherously disposed, and that they were up to no good, I was convinced from the first moment I saw them. Their countenances indicated the disposition of their hearts, and their whole appearance betrayed their desperate profession.

Suspecting that my motive in continuing my work was simply to gain a little time till the arrival of some one of my companions, they were resolved to bring their contemplated enterprise to an issue.

"Come, come," said one of them, "we will not be kept waiting any longer. We know what you are up to. You have some people with you, and want them to come to your assistance."

"What do you mean by this language?" I inquired.

"I mean what I say," the same man answered in a resolute tone of voice; "and, without any further delay, I bid you satisfy our demands! You shall not trifle with us and keep us here like dogs till some of your people come to your rescue."

"And what is it you want?" I very deliberately asked.

"Are you so dull as not to know what we want?" rejoined another of the trio. "We want money. Give us money and we will do you no harm. Satisfy our demands, and you may go in peace."

"Satisfy your demands and give you money!" I exclaimed, darting at them a look of contempt, "and what for?"

"You are to give us what we demand," the first replied; "because we are three to one: do you understand this, you Nazarene?"

"You say, because you are three to one is a sufficient reason why I am to give you money. Look, you cowards, and (drawing my revolver from its case beneath my coat) see, here I have a bullet for each of you and *three to spare*. Do *you* now understand what *I* say, you scoundrels? Stand! and tell me which of you is to receive the first shot?" and, as I said this, I pointed the magic piece alternately from the head of the one to that of the other.

"*Maad Allah!*" (Allah forbid!) the terrified wretches exclaimed. "Have mercy on us! We meant no harm.

Khashaak, may all harm be far removed from you! Put down your weapon, master; spare us, we entreat you to have mercy on us!"

"I do spare you," I rejoined; "for I will not waste three bullets upon such worthless scamps as you are. But by your intrusion you have interrupted me in my work, and this you shall now make good. Here, dig away the earth from this stone."

"But, may Allah bless you, master, we have nothing to dig with."

"Then dig with your hands, and that speedily."

In silent despair the work was accomplished; and, fortunately for them, the depth was not greater than about four or five inches. They were now most anxious to depart, for they observed Hamed making his way towards me through the olive grove, and they fully expected me to hand them over into his custody; but as I had pardoned them, I was not going to act a treacherous part. Besides, we had enough to do in attending to our own work to add to it the task of bringing the highwaymen of the country to justice, particularly among a people where the evidence of a Christian is not admissible against a *true believer*.

"I am amazed at your imprudence, sir," said Hamed, addressing me, as we were returning together towards the triumphal arch, "to expose yourself in the way you do. You will get us into a serious scrape with the *Basha*, if you continue to go to such secluded spots by yourself. Those Arabs who were with you were up to no good; and, had they not seen me in the distance coming towards you, I feel quite sure they would have murdered you. And what would have become of me and of Sidy [my lord] Machfood? Why, the gallows, or the sword of the executioner, would have been our lot. Abstain from such a course, I pray you. Be advised by one who knows the whole of this country as he knows the palm of his hand. Do not plunge us into

unnecessary calamities, for we are heads of families. Think of our little ones, I pray you."

This is not the first adventure I had with a trio. I had one before, which terminated more ludicrously still, though the only weapon I had at the time was a good horsewhip.

I was riding quite alone, just towards dusk, when I observed three very suspicious looking fellows, seated beneath a cluster of trees, watching my movements very closely. I kept a steady eye upon them, having resolved in my own mind to make use of the fleetness of my horse so soon as I should have reached in safety a certain point; for one to three is at all times an unequal combat: but what is one unarmed to three handling, as I distinctly saw, one of those Moorish guns, some seven feet in length? One of my chances of escape was in their allowing me to reach the desired point, when I felt pretty sure my nimble animal would not fail to frustrate their aim. The next was that their gun (fortunately, they had only one) would miss fire; and in this chance I had even more confidence than in the first; for I well knew an Arab's gun seldom goes off the first time, there being generally a regular barrier of corrosion between the powder in the pan of their flint-locks and the charge in the barrel. The communication being thus entirely cut off, they sometimes replenish the pan three or four times before they discover the real cause, and have recourse to some clumsy pin, or the point of a nail, with which they remove the obstruction.

I neared the villains lying in ambush for me. I saw one of them level the deadly weapon and take deliberate aim. The trigger was pulled, and I distinctly heard the ominous sound of the hissing powder and saw its flash, but it was only the flash from the pan. In an instant I rushed up to the murderous set, and in the next instant they stood on their feet, to avoid being trampled under my horse's hoofs. My whip was in active play, and they scampered about, shouting

and screaming for mercy. But my eye was all the time upon the long gun, which I wished to secure and carry off as a trophy, while my horse, always surprisingly obedient to the slightest touch of the bridle, seconded my wish. The fellow who held the weapon kept up a brisk curvilinear race, which he now and then changed into a circular one, in the hope of baffling me in my endeavour to overtake him; but my tractable steed, always at his heels, brought him to a stand. He apologised, and begged me not to strike him, but he never suspected my real motive. The opportunity presented itself, and I seized hold at the muzzle of his gun, while he had as firm a grasp at its butt-end. In the most piteous terms he now implored me not to deprive him of his property, maintaining, at the same time, the struggle with great resolution. In the scuffle the central part of the gun came, by mere accident, to rest on the horse's chest, the Arab pulling one way and I the other. But, as he was a very powerful man, and too eager to retain possession of the object in dispute, I took advantage of its position, abandoning all hopes of securing it. I urged my horse forward; and as the Arab was determined not to give way, he facilitated my resolution to destroy the weapon. The sudden forward bound of the horse bent the long barrel into a regular curve; and on observing this, I let go. When I turned round I was amused to see my adversary, with a downcast countenance, holding his semi-circular gun in his hands, deeply lamenting its fate.

"Do you see what you have done?" he asked me mournfully, holding the crooked gun up to my view.

"I do," I replied, laughing heartily; "and you ought to thank me for it; for it will now serve you to fire round corners, a feat which you cannot perform with any other gun."

I rode off slowly from the field of battle, thoroughly delighted with my victory; when I looked back I saw his two

companions had rejoined the dejected warrior, handling the ill-fated weapon, and no doubt sympathising with him. When I was some distance off I heard the three, at the top of their voices, uttering the most select curses of the country, among which "*naal bo jeddek!*" (cursed be the father of your grandfather) was the most predominant. But I was not inclined to renew the combat on behalf of my "father's grandfather," and therefore continued my journey.

An incident of a somewhat similar nature occurred to a person of my acquaintance, but with very different results. He was a great sportsman, and his eagerness for game sometimes brought him to remote, and lonely, parts, frequented by notorious vagabonds. But he invariably took the precaution, whenever he found himself in such localities, to have one of his barrels loaded with ball. On such an occasion, and within a few seconds after he had fired at a quail, he heard the snapping of a trigger at no great distance from him. He looked round, but could discover no one, when suddenly an Arab rose from amidst the high grass (where he had evidently been priming his gun anew), and took deliberate aim at him. But the sportsman anticipated him, and the assassin paid with his life for his contemplated murder. "I fired," said the individual himself, in relating the circumstance to me, "and the ball struck the Arab's heart. He uttered a terrific shriek, then made a regular summersault, and fell down dead!"

My bloodless adventures have certainly the advantage over such a deed, which borders, if not upon actual murder, at least upon manslaughter. No doubt the European—or, let me speak more freely, the Englishman, for such he was—fired in self-defence. He saw his own life in danger, and therefore slew his intended murderer. But, I fully believe, a little demonstration of resolute courage might have enabled him to disarm the Arab. No such effort, however, was made. Might not the Arab's gun have been unloaded? and

might not his real aim have only been to frighten the Nazarene into disbursing a few piastres? This is more than probable; and this has been practised upon numerous Europeans, not without advantage to the daring Moslem. Indeed, the proverb of the country is: "A loaded weapon frightens one, and an unloaded one frightens ten;" and in the course of my wanderings I have repeatedly taken advantage of the lesson it inculcates.

This calls to my mind a story of the late famous Commodore Porter, of the United States navy. Whilst representing his Government at the court of Constantinople, he went to Tunis, on a visit to his brother-in-law, the late Dr. Heap, the highly respected, and much lamented, consul near the *Basha* of this regency, for a period of nearly thirty years. The gallant sailor, during his stay at Tunis, was in the habit of taking long rides, and one day found himself assailed by a number of Arabs. He had no pistols, but he had a large key in his pocket; and this he pulled out with such determination, and presented it in so threatening an attitude, accompanied by a few thundering sentences of such pure "American," that the Arabs took to their heels, and left him complete master of the field!

This ridiculous scene, however, serves to illustrate the fact, that the Arab has the most unbounded confidence in European, or, as he calls them, "Nazarene," weapons, whilst he is never sure of his own. Anything like an arm of defence in the hands of a European inspires him with respect; and hence, a European ought to be very slow in using it. Threaten, and threaten with effect; but, if possible to avoid it, never fire.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONTEST, OR THE UNKNOWN HERO.

Petrifactions—Ruins of Mokthar—The Sheikh of the Hamaada—The Cane Steeple—The Unknown Hero—Visitors—The Refractory Chief—Ride to Elmedad—An Arab Taxpayer—Tombs and Ruins of Elmedad—A Lady in a Cage—Another Victim to our “Police.”—Disappointment.

SOON after I rejoined my companions we left Hammam, the city built upon hills, and which, I feel pretty sure, had, in the days of its glory, a better approach to it than the present *taneah essoltaneah* (sultan's highway), as the execrable path I have described is pompously called by the present lords of the soil. Mr. N. was fortunate enough in making here a small collection of petrifactions, which he picked up among the ruins, in which the star-fish predominated, and they were decidedly the finest specimens of the kind that have ever fallen under my notice. These fossils must have been imbedded in the sandstone of the various edifices of this ancient city, and when those crumbled to fragments, the petrifactions, being more durable, were freed from their incarceration, and now lie about disencumbered amidst the masses of ruin, or on the surface of the soil.

The distance from Hammam to Mokthar is about ten miles, which we performed in two hours and a half. The road is by no means good, but we were quite pleased with it after the specimen over which we came from Moghrawa. Indeed, the first part alone can be classed under the denomination of bad roads in this country, and that even was free

from actually dangerous passes. It was, moreover, greatly diversified by hill and dale, studded with oleander, dwarf pine, the wild olive, and, occasionally, by a majestic *caroob* tree, the *Ceratonia siliqua*. We likewise passed several minor ruins, which, though unimportant in themselves, tended to keep the great fact before our minds, that we were traversing a country which was once thickly peopled by a superior race—an intellectual and flourishing population—in all respects diametrically the reverse to the present.

On reaching Mokthar we were amazed at the immense extent of its ruins. The city of Tunis has, besides its native Moslem and Jewish population, some five thousand European inhabitants, not one of whom had even heard of the existence of Mokthar, and yet this ancient city, only a few days' journey from Tunis, had a circumference of no less than about six miles ! But the same may be said of nearly every other of the numerous ruined cities dispersed throughout this country. The European residents know nothing about them.

Our men had not the remotest idea of the picturesque in connection with an encampment. The first attractive object in approaching Mokthar from the part we entered it, is a stately triumphal arch, built on a slight eminence, at the foot of which there is a small olive grove, and close to it a spring of delicious water. A spot better adapted for a tent cannot possibly be conceived. It not only possessed all the charms of the romantic, but it comprised, what is essentially useful, good water and shelter from heat and wind. But instead of finding our tents pitched here, our men had gone close to the filthy huts of the few people who now inhabit Mokthar ; and the reasons assigned for so doing were, protection from robbers and proximity to the sheikh's kitchen. These reasons were not satisfactory to our minds, and therefore our canvas homes were transferred and pitched in the grove beneath the triumphal arch.

Whilst our men were busy in securing the horses, and in making things as comfortable as possible within our tents, we occupied ourselves in examining the monument immediately above us.

The triumphal arch, of the Corinthian order, is built of very massive materials, and the ornaments with which it is embellished are highly elaborate, though most of them are now among the immense heap of stones at its foot, among which may probably also be found the statues which were contained in the two niches. It measures nearly forty-five feet in width, and twelve feet six inches in thickness, whilst the chord of the arch is somewhat more than seventeen feet. Its inscription has disappeared, or may likewise be hid among the fallen ruins of its upper portions. It stands on the very edge of a ravine, or rather a water-course; and, as some remains of a paved road are still traced on the opposite side, it is evident that a bridge anciently connected that road with the gateway of the arch itself. Some few remains of this can still be traced, whilst the greatest portions must have been swept away by the rapid winter torrents.

Facing the *door* of our tent, but upon more elevated ground, stands a mausoleum, the upper portion of which has fallen in. It contains two lengthy laudatory inscriptions, one relating to Giulius Proculus Fortunatianus (see No. 12), and the other to Pallia Saturnina.

At no great distance from this mausoleum, and in an easterly direction, we came upon another triumphal arch, but smaller in proportions than the one I have already mentioned. It is likewise of the Corinthian order, but its decorations are few and simple. A fragment of an inscription (No. 13) on its architrave shows that it was dedicated to the emperor Trajan. I found here another inscription (No. 14), of which I could only decipher a few words.

Near this triumphal arch are numerous buildings of very solid construction, some of which must have been used for

public purposes. From one of these I copied inscription No. 15.

Whole streets, as well as the foundations of the houses which lined the same, can be traced at Mokthar. We likewise here found a small amphitheatre, and the ruins of a temple near the first triumphal arch, amidst which stands the cupola of saint Sidy Ali ben Amor. The columns, or rather shafts, of this temple, measuring from two to two and a half feet in diameter, are composed of a concretion of small shells, so highly polished that at a distance they have the appearance of grey granite. There seem to be quarries of such petrifactions in this vicinity, and we ourselves came upon a regular stratum which closely resembled that of the columns. Near our tents, and by the spring, we found some of those shafts sawn into regular blocks of a couple of feet in thickness, which were evidently intended to be conveyed hence on the backs of camels, but which project was, from some cause or other, abandoned. Very likely they were intended to ornament some palace of a Bey, or of a Mamlook, who was either strangled, died a natural death, or fell into disgrace before the completion of the edifice; in either of which cases, according to the custom of the country, based upon the dogmas of orthodox superstition, it is unlucky to proceed with a building. Hence the numerous unfinished houses, and modern ruins, of Moslem cities.

Another of the most prominent, and best preserved, monuments of Mokthar is what the Arabs denominate *sommat elkesab* (the cane steeple). By this name they call a mausoleum situated towards the south. It is built upon a pyramidal base, has two storeys, is ornamented in front with two graceful Corinthian columns, and terminates in a kind of pyramidal steeple, not unlike those of some churches one occasionally meets with. Over the entrance there was a bas-relief, but it is now so effaced that it is difficult even to guess its nature. Its inscription, too, is obliterated, nothing



MOKTHAR, THE ANCIENT TUCCA TEREBENTHINA.



remaining legible except the D.M.S., and these letters are nearly a foot in size.

The situation of Mokthar is beautiful. It stands upon high land, and is surrounded by valleys, plains, and meadows, as also excellent arable soil. The whole is bounded by verdant hills, affording, at least during the winter months, good pasture for cattle. From the western heights the town received an additional supply of water, as is evident from the remains of a well-built and massive aqueduct.

Mokthar would appear to be the *Tucca Terebenthina*, distant, according to ancient geographers, from *Assura* twelve miles, and from *Sufetibus* twenty. These three towns, we are told, stood on the road from Carthage to *Sufetula*, the modern *Spaitla*, of which we shall speak hereafter. The distance from Hammam, which I take to be *Assura*, corresponds exactly, and therefore the next town in a line of march to *Sufetula* is the modern *Sabea*, famous for its ruins, which must be those of *Sufibus*, or *Sufetibus*, and is very nearly twenty miles south of Mokthar, or *Terebenthina*.

As we were approaching the ruins of Mokthar we were accosted by an Arab, who introduced himself as a countryman of ours.

"I am one of yourselves," he shouted, as he came running towards us, "for I have been to *bar Romi*, the land of the Roman [meaning Algiers], and I know you look for stones with writing. I have one—a very good one—in my tent. Am I to bring it to you?"

We told him to do so, and the poor fellow scampered off at full speed, highly delighted at the prospect of a remunerative transaction. He soon after rejoined us with a slab about a foot square, bearing the sepulchral inscription which will be found in the Appendix under No. 16, and for which we gave him a trifling present, which quite satisfied him.

We were still inspecting this inscription when sheikh Mohammed, mounted on a splendid chestnut horse, arrived to

welcome us to the *Hamaada Oulaad Ayaar*, as this district is called. The sheikh was a short spare man, with small but sharp features, his diminutive eyes were deeply set, while a bad expression played on his swarthy countenance. He wore a great quantity of clothing, in which not only his complete body but his head too was enveloped, and this gave him the appearance of a stumpy bag placed upon a saddle. He was, however, an expert rider, and managed his fiery steed with astonishing dexterity. I scarcely knew which to admire most, whether the horse or the rider, as they came sweeping along up hill and down, over broken shafts of columns, immense blocks of stones, and heaps of other ruins. How the sheikh could venture at such a speed over such ground I could not conceive, and how the lovely chesnut maintained his footing was truly surprising.

The sheikh in very few words told us that we were his masters, and might dispose of him, and of his people, in any way we thought proper.

"*Amarni wesemad wataḍ*" (command me, and hearing shall be followed by obeying), said the chief.

But he very shortly after manifested symptoms which clearly proved that his obedience was confined to hearing, and of this sense he was even extremely defective. We could not only not leave the supply of our wants to his generosity, but we were compelled to have recourse to absolute threats before we obtained what we really required. Fortunately for us he never contemplated our want of means to carry our threats into execution, for had he done so, we, and our horses, might have starved at the foot of the triumphal arch in our romantic *bivouac*. Some forty or fifty of his own people—powerful men—were with him, and what could our small force—by no means very brave at any time—accomplish against such odds, had our threats really provoked a *mêlée*.

Among the numerous visitors, with whose presence we

were honoured from the neighbouring encampments, was a notary, who, having heard that we were in want of horses, came to offer us a fine grey colt, but as it was too young for our purpose we declined purchasing it.

Having come from some distance, this individual appeared unwilling to leave without, at least, gratifying his loquacious powers.

"*Billahi alaik*—may Allah incline you to answer"—said the lawyer to me, "how is it that while all three of you are Nazarenes, you are the only one who speaks our language, and that *benakho* [grammatically]?"

"Simply because I have learnt it, and they have not," I replied.

"Then you are a *taleb Elm* [student of science], let me therefore test your knowledge. What interesting history is connected with *sommat elkesab* [the cane steeple]?"

I had to confess my ignorance, and this was followed by a loud burst of laughter from the Arab audience.

"Ah, Sidi Ali has got him there!" exclaimed several voices at the same time, shaking their heads triumphantly and ridiculing my ignorance.

"But," I resumed, "the kind of knowledge you allude to is what I have come here to learn. Had I known it I should have stayed at home. Now, you who are profoundly skilled in the sayings of the ancients, will, of course, remember the one that teaches—'Learn from him who knows, and teach him who does not know; in doing this you will acquire what you did not know, and have impressed on your memory what you do know.' I therefore ask you to enlighten my mind on the history of the *cane steeple*."

"And with this request," the notary rejoined, "I most willingly comply."

"Know then, O Nazarene," the learned gentleman continued, "that this immense city, whose ruins are now before you, was governed by a wise and a judicious king, but who

came to the throne by foul means. In a public tumult he rose and slew the rightful sovereign, and ordered his only son, the heir, to follow the fate of his unfortunate father. But this was the only crime of which he was guilty, for on assuming the reins of government he became an equitable dispenser of justice, a protector of the poor, a liberal patron of the learned, and an avenger of all that even savoured of evil. The country flourished, the people were happy and content, while the fame of the king spread far and wide, not only for his virtues and his immense wealth, but also for the great strength which he possessed. For, you see, he was not like our present rulers, who are hated, owing to the oppression and injustice under which the people groan, but he was beloved, so that in time of emergency every one flew to arms, for they loved the king and looked upon his cause as their cause, and upon his quarrel as their quarrel. He ruled in the hearts of his people, so that in time of war the people rose with the king as one man, and fought valiantly to avenge one common cause.

"But though happy in his public character, he was far from being so in private life. He had no heir, no successor to the throne! He had only one daughter, and she, of course, could not aspire to the sceptre. On this account the people were as much afflicted as the king himself was. A council of the elders of the land was held to deliberate on this business, not so much to satisfy the country as to relieve the king's distress, for his happiness was the people's chief concern.

"It was the unanimous opinion of the council, after long consultation, that the prince who marries the daughter should be regarded as the king's adopted son, and eligible to succeed him to the throne. This decision pleased the king, and his spirit revived. He became again cheerful and happy, and the people rejoiced with him.

"The report of these transactions reached the uttermost

parts of the earth, so that proposals came flocking in from every quarter; for here was an empire to be gained together with a lady of surpassing beauty.

"These numerous proposals for the princess's hand gave the king great uneasiness and perplexity of mind, which harassed him so much that fresh grief seized his heart. He was now not only concerned for his daughter's happiness, but for the well-being of the people, and he feared that by his selection he might incur the resentment of many states which might form an alliance against his country, and involve it in the calamity of war. The king mourned and the people mourned with him.

"Another assembly of the elders was summoned, which, after a long conference, concluded that a contest of skill in the art of war should decide whose hand the lady was to accept. The result of this deliberation was acceptable to the king, and he applauded the wisdom of his councillors. The king's heart again gladdened with joy and happiness, and the people were happy with him.

"The day for the contest arrived, and great preparations were made, not merely to welcome, and entertain, the numerous princes who had intimated their desire to obtain the great prize, but also for the festivities of a sumptuous and splendid marriage. The town was crowded, and everywhere were displays of cheerfulness and gaiety, pomp and magnificence.

"Among the strangers, and before the palace where the foreign princes were assembled, was observed the well-known noble figure of an unknown person, who only made his appearance in the city on special occasions. In time of war he always accompanied the king, fought by his side, and invariably exhibited such valour that he attracted the attention of all, and though he often received the thanks of the king for his heroic deeds, he was as unknown to the king as he was to the people generally. His attachment to the

king and his services to the country were so much appreciated by the people, that his presence was always regarded as a lucky omen, and wherever he went he met with every demonstration of respect. No one attempted to infringe on the privilege he claimed of remaining unknown, and he was uniformly known by the name of the *Unknown Hero*. Indeed the common belief among the people was, that his only motive for keeping his face constantly covered was some personal deformity which he was unwilling to expose.

"The contest of skill the council decided on was now announced to the anxious princes. A cane was secured at the summit of the *sommat elkesab*, and whoever should hit it first was to be proclaimed as the fortunate and accepted lover of the king's daughter. The order of firing was to be decided by lot.

"The contest commenced, and the hundred princes who were present fired in succession, but the cane remained untouched. The *Unknown Hero* now stepped forward, and the people shouted for joy, for they now for the first time discovered his high rank and condition, since only a prince could enter the list of competitors. He levelled his bow, and the arrow went forth with such precision that it took a portion of the cane clean off. But not satisfied with this exhibition of his skill he discharged another arrow, with which he cut down another portion, and then with the third he removed the remainder of the cane !

"The exultation of the people at the result of the contest was boundless, and so highly did the foreign princes appreciate the dexterity of the *Unknown Hero*, that they themselves proclaimed him victor, and carried him cheerfully in triumph before the king and his daughter, who were spectators of the scene from the window of their palace which was just opposite the *sommat elkesab*.

"The king participated in the universal joy which the issue of the contest produced, but the joy of both people and

king soon after gave way to despondency, for they remembered the prevalent opinion as to the reason why the unknown hero never exposed his countenance. They regretted that a princess of such exquisite beauty should be united in marriage to a deformed, or disfigured, person.

"When the *Unknown Hero* appeared before the king to claim his prize, he was highly complimented on his skill. The king, his daughter, and all the princes present praised and applauded his extraordinary powers when, to the astonishment of the whole assembly, he replied—

"'I became an expert marksman by dint of practice, and my motive for incessant practice was because I contemplated to conspire against thee, O king, and take thy life!'

"These words caused great excitement, and a sudden rush was made towards the speaker with a view to avenge the insult. But the king checked this demonstration, and replied :—

"'Thou didst contemplate to take my life, and yet it is to thee I am indebted for the preservation of it in several instances. How, then, am I to understand thy words?'

"'In all the conflicts in which I have been engaged,' the *Unknown Hero* answered, 'I have received but one wound, and that wound I received in my arm when that arm was stretched out in defence of thy life, O king. I would then, as I would since, have readily sacrificed my life in order to preserve thine. But before that time I had reason to hate thee. I harboured a spirit of revenge, and I prepared to gratify it. My love of country, however, surpassed the hatred I bore thee. By thy prudence and discretion, by thine equity and justice, thou didst not only disarm me, but didst eradicate the vindictive feelings by which I was actuated. I fought for thee—I became thy friend—I love thee.'

"'The discrimination which thou hast manifested prove the nobility, and the generosity of thy sentiments, my son,' the king rejoined. 'Thou hast restrained thy evil passions

and learnt to look upon him as thy friend whom thou didst consider thine enemy. But, tell me, in what did I injure thee; for integrity and justice have been the principles by which I have invariably been prompted in all my dealings, and to this all my people can testify?

“‘The injury thou didst inflict on me is pardoned; but thou didst injure me, for thou hast slain thy predecessor, and now’—here the *Unknown Hero* threw off his disguise—‘behold in this countenance the features of his only son! A large sum of money proved a sufficient inducement to the executioner, to whom thou didst consign me, to spare my life, and to the prince, thy neighbour, I have been indebted for shelter ever since.’

“The surprise and amazement this revelation produced were intense, while the king was so overwhelmed by what he had just heard that he remained for some time speechless. Construing this silence into an unfavourable disposition of the king towards him, the prince declared his readiness to relinquish his prize, if, according to the judgment of the sovereign and of the council, it was considered better for the country that another should be preferred to him.

“‘No, no!’ exclaimed the king, ‘a more wise, a more noble, and a more generous prince than thou art cannot be found to rule over my people. My love of country alone, and not any personal hatred towards thy father, prompted me to the step which placed me on the throne; and thou hast manifested similar, if not greater, love of country. Thou art worthy to rule over this people. This instant I abdicate in thy favour. Accept thy reward, and all I request is to be considered by thee as one of thy most loyal and most dutiful subjects.’

“Such,” the notary concluded, “is the interesting history connected with the *sommat elkesab* [the cane steeple].”

Among our other visitors was a young man who had a very peculiar request to make, and who was very persevering in

it. This young man desired me to aid him in a deliberate forgery. He produced what is regarded as a legal document, from which he desired to have a name erased with a view to substituting his own instead. I tried hard to persuade him of the immorality of the act; but in this, I am afraid, I was utterly unsuccessful. He considered me very disobliging, and attributed my unwillingness to comply with his request to an antipathy to Moslems, or to my being so wealthy that the remuneration he offered me was not an ample temptation. His importunity became at last intolerable: I was compelled to order him to quit our premises, and this I had to accompany with a threat to hand him over to the sheikh before I could fairly rid myself of him.

But our principal visitors were jockeys, who were anxious to dispose of their horses, and some which they brought were beautiful animals. We exchanged one, and purchased a colt, two years old, for only 6*l.*, which I rode during the greatest part of our journey, and found him particularly perfect in his walking paces. He promised to become a large and well-built horse in the course of another year.

With scarcely any premonitory signs the evening set in rainy, accompanied by thunder and lightning. On our arrival here at 2 P.M. our barometer stood at 26 $\frac{1}{10}$, and our thermometer was at 79°. The former continued stationary, and the latter fell towards night to 70°, while the wind continued to blow from the S.E. which, among the Arabs, is denominated *Kibli*, and is the same as the *Sirocco*. It is the common opinion in this country that it seldom rains during the prevalence of this wind; but if it does rain at all it is sure to pour. We were, therefore, under the apprehension that we should be detained here for some time on account of the weather, and this was rather a gloomy prospect; for by night the little sheikh had become refractory, and occasionally even obstreperous. Fortunately for us, his people had all been driven by the rain to their

respective encampments, so that we now mustered sufficiently strong to enforce our reasonable demands.

After some considerable altercations the dispute assumed this form:—

"Do you, O sheikh! agree to supply us with what we require, or do you still refuse?"

"I have given you," he answered, "what I consider an ample supply of everything, and will give you no more."

"Then you shall be sent bound hand and foot to those whose authority you despise, and upon whose order you trample."

Machfood, Hamed, Sadek, and Said were on the point of executing the first part of the sentence with a horse's halter, when the sheikh entreated for mercy.

"I comply," he exclaimed. "In the name of Allah, leave me; let my horse be brought, and I shall ride home to fetch what you ask for."

"No, no; you have already deceived us twice; we cannot rely on your word. Send one of your men for the barley and the fowls, and until we are satisfied you stay here as our hostage. If the supplies come you may depart in peace, otherwise you start early in the morning to those who will not fail to teach you your duties."

After a little more debate, a little more contention, and an immense deal more vociferation, the desired objects were produced, and the sheikh resumed his friendly intercourse with us as if nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of our relations. He partook of a cup of tea with us, chewed—not a weed—but a couple of Cooper's pills, notwithstanding we gave him directions, and explained a hundred times, that those *coraat* (bullets) ought to be swallowed whole and entire. He made the most hideous grimaces which by no means improved his naturally ugly countenance. We were amused at these distortions, while he alternately smiled and scolded the people for daring to ridicule him.

Contrary to the universal opinion, the rain did not last

long, and in the morning we had only a few drenching showers, during the intervals of which the sun shone brightly. We rode over the ruins once more, and then Mr. N. and myself started in an easterly direction, under the guidance of an Arab, to visit, what he called, the *Bab elmedina* (the gate of the city). According to his account, the "gate" was close by; but we rode some miles without meeting with it, and at last we were compelled to abandon our project, partly owing to the heavy showers of rain, and partly because we were anxious to start on our journey. From our guide's account, corroborated by the testimony of many Arabs, the "gate" is either a triumphal arch or another mausoleum; the latter seems more probable. At any rate, it appears certain that there is some ruin in the indicated direction.

There was an end to our pleasures and to our squabbles at Mokthar also, and we started for *Medad*.

Riding about a couple of miles we came upon a mausoleum, built on a slight eminence, a little to the left of the road. It contains two chambers, and has several columbaria; but is, upon the whole, more remarkable for the solidity and massiveness of the materials with which it is built than for the beauty or elegance of its architecture, though it is ornamented with several rather graceful Corinthian pilasters. One stone which I measured was no less than sixteen feet in length.

Speaking of the columbaria in these mausolea, I would observe that they appear to me to be rather niches for sepulchral lamps than for urns containing the ashes of the dead, since they are generally not more than five inches by four in size. The urns may either have been placed on the ground, or on benches, or pedestals, prepared for the purpose, and may have been either of stone or of a less durable substance.

In the vicinity of this mausoleum are the foundations of other buildings, and if these ruins form still a portion of Mokthar, then the size of the city which stood here was much

larger than I stated. It must have been nearly twelve miles in circumference.

As we continued our journey, the sirocco suddenly ceased, a cold northerly wind began to blow, and momentarily increased in force. Our cloaks were at once in requisition, and we hurried over the ground with as much speed as our baggage-horses would permit us. In the plains we were not so much incommoded by cold; but when we ascended the heights we felt the blast very keenly. On the brow of one of these hills we met an Arab, thinly clad, holding an infant, in a state of complete nudity, in his arms, doing his utmost to shelter the little creature from cold with his own scanty rags. He asked no charity, but saluted us civilly.

"Why do you not convey the child to a tent, where he will be more comfortable than here?" I asked him.

"Would to *Allah* he were dead!" the man replied with a deep sigh; "for then he would be out of misery. I can neither clothe him nor feed him, and yet I am now harassed to pay the government tax of thirty-six piastres (1*l.*), and all I possess in this world is not worth half that sum."

I had compassion on the poor fellow, for whatever failings Arabs may have, they certainly are not guilty of cruelty to their children: on the contrary, they are passionately fond of them, and regard them as the best, and most precious, gift *Allah* can bestow on them. I, therefore, presented him with a small sum, and offered to take him into our service, which offer he accepted most gratefully. He ran to convey the child to its mother, and in an instant joined us, and took charge of one of our baggage horses.

The weather appeared far from being settled. In the course of one hour the wind had veered round all the points of the compass, and every change was followed by a slight shower. When we reached the gap, which opened to us the ruins of Medad, the ancient *Macrinus*, the deranged and agitated state of the atmosphere seemed to be brought to a

culminating point, for suddenly a tremendous clap of thunder burst right over our heads, and in such close proximity to us that we actually appeared to feel, and not only hear, its effect. A treble repetition of similar peals was followed by a dense shower of rain, during which we sheltered ourselves, as well as we could, by the side of a mausoleum, much shattered, but built very similarly to the one I noticed at *Tewaal Ezamel*. Fortunately for us the rain only lasted a few minutes, and when it ceased we were favoured by a clear sky and a bright sun; the benefit of which was, however, much detracted in consequence of the prevalence of a bleak northerly wind, which now increased to a steady gale.

Besides the mausoleum just referred to, we have at Medad, or Elmedad, the ruins of a temple, of a small theatre, and of several public edifices, the greatest portions of which lie either prostrate on the ground, or are buried in the soil. Among the remains of the temple I found the inscription No. 17.

But the most curious remains of this place are decidedly the tombs on a hillock, at a short distance from the mausoleum. These are composed of large slabs of unhewn stone, placed in the ground on their edges, so as to form oblong squares, varying in size, some measuring twelve feet by five, and others only seven feet by three and a half. About four feet of these squares are above ground, and the top, or roof, is closed in by one immense slab. They have the appearance of vast stone boxes, and to the eye of the Arab of *tables*, whence the modern name of the place, *Elmedad*, "the tables."

Several of these tombs, which bear no inscriptions, have evident marks of having been meddled with by Arab treasure-hunters and gold-seekers; who, however, had not the courage to prosecute their task from fear of *the turning of the tables*. Some of them have certainly a very unsteady appearance, but if left to the mercy of time exclusively, they are likely to remain in their present position for centuries

longer. I confess I felt very much tempted to *dive* into these graves, but I had neither the time nor the means to gratify my curiosity. The antiquity of these tombs is undoubtedly anterior to any of the other remains we meet with at Elmedad.

Compelled by the lateness of the hour, as well as by hunger and cold, we now began to think seriously of our night quarters. Elmedad being uninhabited, we had instructed our "protectors" to provide for us, so as to enable us to pitch our tents among the ruins. Some miles the other side of this place we met the *Khaleefa* of the district with his lady on horseback, accompanied by the other members of his family, and followed by a long train of servants. We stopped the cavalcade, or rather we desired our *hambas* to do so, and requested the *locum tenens* to have the condescension to send us a supply of provisions, and barley for our horses, to Elmedad. After some little delay one of our messengers returned with the answer, that the *Khaleefa* will be most happy to entertain us, and that sumptuously, at his own tents, but that he could not send anything to the ruins, where, if we resolved to sleep, it was the duty of another official to think for us and for our animals.

As I had reason to rely on the information I had received, that there was no such official in that locality, I stated my opinion to the lieutenant-governor, but he persisted in maintaining that there was one. At last he agreed to send one of his men, mounted on a mule, with us, with the distinct understanding that he was to return to him in case we found no supplies, when he solemnly undertook to send us all we required.

We then bade him, and his lady, *salaam*, and continued our journey.

The lady of the lieutenant-governor of the tribe of *Oulaad Ayaar* mounted on horseback! These words, unless explained, are likely to convey a very erroneous idea to the

general reader's mind. He will at once picture to himself some majestic female in one of our parks, or some belle manipulating, with great skill and marvellous dexterity, the bridle of her prancing steed. But there is no affinity between these and the lady of the lieutenant-governor of the *Oulaad Ayaar*, except that she is a female and so are they, and that she was seated on a horse, and so are they. The lady of the lieutenant-governor of the tribe *Oulaad Ayaar* might pass and re-pass Rotten Row a thousand times without it being discovered, even by the most scrutinising observer, whether she belongs to the fair sex at all. How she looked, whether she was young or old, whether she came up to the complete standard and criterion of Barbary beauty—extreme obesity ; whether she approached nearer the classic dimensions and lines of gracefulness, and whether her dress was gaudy or otherwise, I am unable to tell : and for this simple reason—I never saw her. A fine grey horse, led by two servants, had on its back a kind of machine resembling the hood of a cabriolet, having a curtain carefully closed in front. Within this hood, and behind the curtain, I was told was seated the veritable lady of the lieutenant-governor of the *Oulaad Ayaar*. The being in the hood I saluted, and the only proof I had of the real presence of life within was the shrill reply *bislama*, “go in peace !”

I know I was guilty of an act of great indecency in saluting a lady within her cage ; but I could not help it, nor could she, as was apparent from her acknowledging my politeness. But certainly an Arab would never have been guilty of such a breach of etiquette—etiquette, do I call it ? I ought rather to have said a breach of a religious precept, based on the authority of Mohammed himself !

On approaching Elmedad, the man whom the *Khaleefa* had sent with us stopped at a solitary tent, and desired our people to remain with him, whilst my companions proceeded with me to the ruins.

Having completed our researches among the ruins, we were now anxiously looking for our tents to shelter ourselves from the cold, but not a sign of them, or of our people, could we discover anywhere. After waiting some twenty minutes longer, a poor miserable Arab, the owner of the solitary tent, made his appearance, and entreated us, with tears in his eyes, to have mercy on him, and not to consume his store of provisions, which was to last him and his family a whole year, in the course of one night.

"Depart from me," he cried, "or my children will starve. Be propitious to me, I entreat you, and leave me the little I have."

The poor fellow was in such an agitated state that it took me some minutes before I could discover what he really wanted. It appeared that the man on the mule had billeted us down on this Arab, who, with his scanty means, was to feed us and our twelve hungry horses. I at once relieved his mind, and told him to hasten back and convey the instructions to our people that we were waiting for them—that they were immediately to repair to the spot where we then were with tents, baggage, and all.

But the day was rapidly hastening to a close, and we found ourselves in a regular fix how, and where, to obtain our supplies. Following a stream on the abrupt side of a hill to our left we observed a cottage, built of stone from the ruins at Medad, to which we directed our course. Before it we found a tattered tent, the owner of which—a desperate looking fellow, with a most forbidding countenance—ordered us, in the roughest and rudest manner possible, not to approach. He shouted, screamed, threatened, and his dogs barked, but we heeded neither. We rode into a small square courtyard, where, notwithstanding his foaming with rage, we dismounted and secured our horses by the iron bars of the window of the cottage.

It never took me so long a time to mesmerise an Arab as

it did on the present occasion ; but I finally succeeded ; the savage was tamed, and became communicative. Several more Arabs of the same stamp made their appearance shortly after, and finding the first in friendly conversation with us, they joined. As we were compelled to pass the night in the vicinity of these cut-throats, I thought it necessary to turn our interview to the subject of weapons, with a view of exhibiting to them our revolvers ; and when I had explained to them the peculiarity of those pistols, the first Arab appeared quite thankful at having escaped our resentment.

It was evident that these people had not the means to supply our wants. The cottage, or box, belonged to the *Khaleefa* who farmed in this neighbourhood, and makes use of it during harvest time ; but it was locked, and if there was even barley within we could have no access to it, unless we had recourse to absolute violence, which we, of course, would not do. But these people (probably to rid themselves of our company) volunteered to lead us to an encampment of a wealthy Arab, named Abdallah, who, they declared, had everything in abundance ; and when our baggage arrived they at once started to show us the way to his tents.

Crossing the beaten track, they conducted us over several hills intersected by dales, and in one of these, near a ravine of no great depth, we observed the six tents belonging to Abdallah. When our guides had brought us sufficiently near, they, without saying a single word to any of us, scampered off at the top of their speed. The reason of their sudden departure I could not devise, unless they feared our *hambas*, who, they might have thought, would levy some contribution from them.

And now a fresh scene opened. We halted, as is customary, about twenty paces from the tents, and Sidy (lord) Abdallah was summoned to approach in the gruffest growl Machfood could muster, and that merely to exhibit our im-

portance. A tall, very stately, Arab answered to the name, and instantly obeyed the summons.

I was much prepossessed in favour of this Arab, for he had a very good expression of countenance. His features were regular and handsome, while his large jet black eyes bespoke gentleness of disposition and benevolence of heart. His flowing beard, whose pure raven hue was displayed to great advantage on his white robe, might have been envied by *Ameer Elmomansen*, "the prince of the faithful," himself.

"Peace to you, strangers! welcome. What is your request?" he asked, in a kind tone, but in a very drawling manner, after the style of certain Scotch preachers.

"These personages of lofty and exalted rank, under the special protection of our lord and master, whom we have the honour to conduct through the kingdom, have come to pass the night here. They, and we, and our horses, and our servants, will have to depend upon your generosity," replied Machfood.

"You are welcome," rejoined Abdallah, "but, I regret to say, I have only arrived here this morning, and do not possess the means to entertain such distinguished guests."

"We will pitch our tents," the *hamba* muttered in an angry tone, "and then we shall see what you have."

Owing to the hurricane which was blowing at the time, we preferred pitching our tents in the ravine, against which Abdallah tried hard to dissuade us.

"The weather is threatening," he said, "and if the rain descends, as I expect it will, then you will be swept away by the torrent. Listen to my counsel, and pitch here near me."

But notwithstanding this advice we pitched in the ravine, preferring to remedy present evils to contemplating probable future disasters. We found a very snug place, where we were sheltered from the chilling blasts of the north wind, and

where there was no fear of the foundations of our canvas house—the pegs and cords—being torn up, and ourselves smothered by the fall of its *walls*.

Abdallah showed, by his quiet, humble, and unassuming manner, that he was a fit subject for the domineering, arrogant, and presuming spirits of our cowardly *hambas* (police). Scarcely were our tents pitched, and our horses secured, than the bullying system commenced. What the Arab declared he had not, that they insisted on his producing, and what he stated he had, and willingly offered, that they refused to accept. Had he exhibited the least signs of courage, our snarling heroes would have desisted, but as he continued to manifest the same meek and gentle disposition, pocketing all their insults, they persevered and became more bold.

“Do you, or do you not, mean to respect the order of the sultan of Africa?” asked Machfood.

“I am willing to comply with his order proportionately to my abilities,” Abdallah rejoined.

“Then since you refuse, I shall enforce that order,” roared the *hamba*. “Dogs! cursed be you, you have the good things of this world, but you greedily keep them to yourselves!”

“*Ya Mislem*, O Moslem!” ejaculated Abdallah, “call not true believers dogs. Be not guilty of such indiscretion. Remember I am not a Jew, or an unbeliever of a different class; I testify that Mohammed is the Apostle of Allah.”

“Scum of the earth! basest of dogs!” roared old Machfood, grinning like an hyena, and darting at his victim a look of consummate contempt. “You speak like a mufti, and mean to check my indignation with your canting phrases. I shall teach you your duty, since you have ventured to teach me mine. Here, Hamed, bring a rope and assist me in showing this fellow a lesson of civility.”

Hamed appeared to have obeyed him instantly, for by the

time I came out of the tent the rope was already round Abdallah's neck, and the two officers of *justice* were jostling him about from side to side, or, rather, they were making every exertion to "tug" him, but with little chance of success. Abdallah did not only tower above them in stature, but his whole frame was of herculean proportions, and it required more strength to injure him than Machfood and Hamed could muster. The powerful Arab held the rope with both his hands, which prevented the noose from injuring him, notwithstanding they employed all their force to tighten it round his neck.

The real object the *hambas* had in view was neither to secure greater comfort for us, nor had they the least intention to strangle Abdallah, although they repeatedly swore that they were resolved upon this. Their sole desire was to squeeze money out of the rich Arab, and this was a difficult task. They blustered, they threatened, while Abdallah only rebuked them in meek and mild words.

"Desist, *ya oulaad*, ye children," he said repeatedly to his tormentors, "and stay your evil course. Has shame entirely abandoned you, and is there no modesty at all within you? *Naal Eshaitaan*, cursed be the devil! Desist, O Moslems! Be directed by the fear of Allah, O ye children!"

In spite of such remonstrance Machfood and Hamed maintained their hold, and continued pulling away at the rope without, however, gaining an inch, simply because the powerful grasp of Abdallah defied them.

How long this struggle might have lasted, or how it might have terminated I cannot tell, but I put an abrupt stop to it. I could not bear to see the stately Arab any longer in his humiliated position, though in my own heart I blamed him for allowing himself to be placed in that position at all.

A certain class of people may ask why I did not put a stop to this scene before? A man is not expected to answer every

question, and this is one to which I decline making a reply. But, in the words of Ovid—

*Quid vetat a magnis ad res exempla minores
Sumere?*

which I would take the liberty to render—"What prevents me from comparing great things with small ones?" I might therefore as well venture to ask that class in return some such question as this:—Why does not England co-operate to terminate the unjust and unnatural struggle now raging on the other side of the Atlantic? The aggression there is, in a magnified form, as culpable as that of our *hambas* was. England stands by and looks on. She, no doubt, has her reasons for so doing, which she does not think proper to blaze abroad. But will she

Abdallah was very grateful for what I did for him, and later in the evening he came into our tent to beg that I might again interfere on his behalf, and put a stop to the abusive language with which the *hambas* were now constantly assailing him.

"I am conscious of my own strength," he said, "and can, were I so disposed, grind those fellows to dust, but I refrain from acts of violence because you are my guests, and I loathe the very thought of being guilty of a breach of hospitality."

I complied with this request also, and on speaking to old Machfood on the subject, he stroked his grizzly beard, and shook his head from side to side, looking the very picture of injured innocence.

"We exert ourselves to the utmost to inspire these people with respect for you," he said, "and you, by your interference, throw dirt on our beards, and frustrate the object we have in view, which is to secure your comfort. *Ayeb aleik*, it is unbecoming in you to act towards us in the way you do. Do you really think your conduct is just?"

I almost fancied I heard him add—

Hic pietatis honos?

and if he did it not in words, his dejected look, and expressive gestures, unmistakeably conveyed the question to my mind—

“Is it thus you reward our faithful services? And is this the recompence for our integrity?”

In this ravine we slept for the first time with our loaded revolvers beneath our pillows, and that not from any fear of Abdallah's people, but as a precautionary measure against the possibility of an assault from the vagabonds who conducted us to him. That they bore a bad character was amply confirmed by our host, but on seeing our stand of arms—rifles and double-barreled guns—secured round the centre pole of our tent, he felt persuaded that they would meet with a very warm reception in case they had the imprudence to venture into the vicinity of our premises.

The night was terribly cold, and at six in the morning, although the weather appeared calm and the atmosphere quite serene, we found that our thermometer had fallen to 48°, but what we really regretted was to discover that the barometer had made a backward stride from 26 $\frac{1}{10}$ to 24 $\frac{1}{10}$. What was in store for us remained to be seen.

Although we rose at 5 a.m., it occupied nearly two hours before we were fairly *en route*. Whilst our men were busily engaged in packing I took these bearings—*Thala*, for which we were now starting, W. by S.; highest peak of *Jebel Shektema*, S.W. by S.; *K'soor*, or *Kisr*, or *Kisser* (which Shaw took for the ancient *Assurus*), W.N.W.; *Jebel Sera Wortaan*, in the plain of the same name, W.

We crossed the rivulet—the Waad Eshabba—which flows through Medad. On its banks we observed a stratum of petrifications similar to that of which the columns we noticed at *Mokthar* are composed. After an hour's ride, we reached

the boundary which divides the territories claimed by the tribe *Oulaad Ayaar* from those of the *Maajer Arabs*, whose domains we were now entering. The boundary is the extensive plain *Gioof*, through which flows a *waad* of the same name. The southern half of this plain is called *Kaf-Errai*.

Near the boundary we found a few tents still belonging to the *Oulaad Ayaar*, and observed one of the men hastening towards us, beckoning as if he had some important communication to make. When within hearing distance he shouted—

“*Ya faares*—O! horseman, where do you come from? where are you going to? and what is the news?”

Instead of satisfying the inquisitive Arab, our *hambas* were on the point of belabouring him with their sticks for having detained us; but the fellow escaped their resentment, for which he was indebted partly to his own fleetness, but chiefly to the badness of the road, by which our “officials,” who were so incensed that the man “wanted to know,” were prevented from pursuing him. There is “*red tape*” in Barbary, as well as barbarism in red tape.

CHAPTER V.

A PRINCELY RECEPTION.

The River Tana—A Natural Flower-Garden—Taxation—Barometrical and Superstitious Indications—The Moalem *versus* Nazarene Rule—A Watery March—Narrow Escape—Moslem Reformer—A Princely Reception—Deceitfulness—Thala, Jugurtha's Stronghold—Its Modern Population—Weakness of the Thalian Fair Sex—Prison and Crime.

THE plain *Gioof* is divided from another by a chain of low hills. It is not very fertile, but it possesses a much richer soil about two feet from the surface, as is evident from the strata seen in the ravines and in the steep banks of the river. But no portion of that soil will ever come in contact with Arab agricultural implements. Through this plain also passes the *Waad Serrai* besides the *Waad Gioof*. The former is, however, much nearer *Thala*, and as there is no other running stream between it and that town, it is not improbable that this is the river mentioned by Sallust, from which Metellus took a supply of water on his expedition against that town. Sir Grenville Temple calls the river *Tana*; but I cannot find the name, in the Jugurthine War, in connection with any of the campaigns of Metellus. Such a river is mentioned as being about* three days', or rather three nights' march from Capsa, and from that river Marius took his

* Leaving the Tana, Sallust says: "Dein tertia, multo ante lucis adventum pervenit in locum tumultuosum, ab Capsea non amplius duum millium intervallo."—"On the third night, a good deal before daylight, he arrived at a hilly place, not more than a distance of two miles from Capsea."—Sall. Bell. Jug. § 90.

supply for his army on his march against that unfortunate city. Shaw is inclined to identify the Tana with "a large brook called *Waad el Thainee*,"* near Sfax, a maritime town. Sir G. Temple, however, positively denies the existence of such a brook, and adds, "The Tana I afterwards found in a very different and remote part of the country."† He then tells us that he *imagines* the river Tana "to be the present Wady Serrat."

On carefully examining Sallust it will appear that Marius marched upon Capsa from somewhere near *Cirta*, the modern Constantina, and, therefore, the Tana could not have been where Shaw has laid it down. To have approached the *Seraat*, or *Serrat*, according to Sir G. Temple, the Roman consul would not only have considerably deviated from his direct route, but he would have uselessly burdened his troops with loads of water, since, in that line of march, from the *Seraat* to Capsa, he was within reach of other rivers, numerous brooks, and springs, every few hours in the day. His real route lay *viâ* Tebeste, the modern Tebessa. In the vicinity of this place, or at no great distance from it, we must look for the river Tana. It may have been the modern *Waad el ma Elabyad*, between which and Capsa there is a barren "waste, uncultivated and destitute of water," just as Sallust describes the country. The distance is from forty to fifty miles; and when we bear in mind that Marius only marched at night, and that over very difficult and unknown ground, he is not likely to have accomplished more in the three nights, which it took him to go from the Tana to Capsa.

But the river from which Metellus took his supply of water was not the Tana. Sallust simply tells us, "Thala and the next river—a distance of forty miles—was a dry and desolate

* Travels, vol. i. p. 212.

† Excursions, vol. ii. pp. 119, 221.

space."* Now, Metellus marched upon Thala from somewhere near Vacca, the modern Baja; and, therefore, found himself on our present line of route. The *Waad Serrai* is the nearest from which his army could have obtained their supply, and it also approximates in distance with that mentioned by Sallust. But the *Waad Seraat* is not only too near to Thala, but it flows in a direction contrary to that indicated by the historian of the Jugurthine war—it flows on the other side of Thala, and hence could it not have been the river "out of which Metellus loaded his beasts of burden?"

This side of the *Waad Serrai* we came upon the first encampment of the *Maajer Arabs*, and what we saw of them was not calculated to inspire us with respect either for their bravery or for their courage. The men scampered off in every direction to hide themselves in the ravines, leaving the tents in charge of the women, the children, and the dogs. They may have mistaken us for a recruiting party, tax collectors, or, what is more probable, they may have thought that we intended to invite ourselves to a liberal share of their stores. But all we asked for was a drink of milk, and this the women freely granted. Our *hambas* manifested a great desire to linger behind; but this we prevented. We understood each other now so well that a single gesture sufficed to convey to them the intimation—you are not to rob these people!

These few tents of *Maajer* were pitched on a lovely flower-bed, and such a variety of rich hues one seldom meets with in the finest cultivated gardens. The beauty of the spot, the clear sky, the brilliant sunshine, and the rippling stream held out great temptations to bivouac here, and our men, who had fared badly the previous night, as well as our horses, whose repast consisted only of grass, would have gladly seconded such a resolution. The fugitive *Maajer* might have been coaxed into a compliance with our moderate demands,

* Bell. Jug. § 75.

and their women would soon have submitted to the task of preparing our feast of *Coscoco*. But, as Hamed afterwards said, it was *maktoob* (pre-ordained) that we should prosecute our journey; and, ignorant of what was before us, we blindly pushed on, turning our backs on this luxuriant spot.

Between the tents of the *Maajer* and the *Waad Serrai*, only a little way to the right of the road, and in the part called *Hansheer Elhamaima*, we came upon the ruins of what would seem to have been a large village, or a small town. We have here the remains of a little temple and the foundations of some other buildings, but no inscriptions.

The river Serrai flows only a few hundred feet from these ruins. Here we watered our horses, and entered immediately upon a vast barren plain, in which we halted, about noon, to recruit the spirits both of man and beast. Near us was another *Maajer* encampment, from which we obtained a present of a jar of butter-milk. The men assailed us with the usual questions as to governmental reforms, but chiefly whether the "*Thirty-six*" was abolished. This is a tax of so many piastres, amounting to 1*l.*, sterling, which every Arab has to pay. It is an indiscriminate tax, for the poor and the rich are obliged to pay it, and upon the former it weighs very heavily. The Arab is opposed to direct taxation altogether; and when it is borne in mind that probably a fourth of the population do not earn, in the course of the whole year, six times thirty-six piastres, the injustice of the "*Thirty-six*," as regards this class, will be apparent.

Those deeply versed in all the profoundness of superstition know full well that it is the height of imprudence to talk, in a careless way, about calamities of any kind. They are, moreover, aware that some evil is sure to follow an undue disregard to the caution which the mother of ignorance inculcates. Machfood, Said, Hamed and Sadek, and every good Moslem, would have rebuked Mr. Ferriere for the manner in which he talked of dislocated shoulders, and broken

arms, whilst we were seated on a green grass plot partaking of our luncheon. We, however, only laughed at our *surgeon's* remarks, particularly at his concluding sentence—"Wait till an accident does occur, when you will see how I can set a fractured limb, and then you will appreciate my surgical skill, notwithstanding I am not a professed practitioner."

This ominous conversation was not yet ended when our attention was attracted to the overcast sky immediately above us.

"Truly that *mongala* of yours," observed Machfood just then, "is wonderful. You said this morning that I was wrong in asserting that we should now have fine weather. I did not believe in your *mongala* then; but *binnabi*, by the prophet! I have now changed my mind. What a marvellous *mongala* that is, ba-ba-ba!"

The Arab's reminding me of the indication of the barometer (for it was to that instrument he alluded under the name *mongala*, which properly signifies "a watch") roused me to the reality of an impending change of the weather. By one o'clock we were again fairly on our way, our party having been swelled by two Algerines, who, as they expressed it, "would not serve the unbelievers, and, therefore, fled to a land under the rule of a prince of the faithful." A few years of experience under a Moslem government so far reconciled them to Nazarenes that they now even held our horses whilst we were mounting. The report they had received from their friends of the proceedings, and impartial justice, of the French has opened their eyes to the folly of expatriating themselves needlessly. They were now deliberately leaving the benign rule of a "prince of the faithful," in order to place themselves under the government, and protection, of the Nazarenes—the present masters of Algeria.

We were scarcely more than an hour in our saddles when a perfect hurricane, charged with hail, came sweeping down

from the south-west with a tremendous fury. At its first onset our horses made a perfect stand, apparently unable to make head against the storm; but, in reality, on account of their being almost blinded by the hail. It beat against our faces and hands with great violence, causing us excruciating pain. It required a considerable effort to weather this storm, and we had no alternative but to do so. The hail was succeeded by a heavy rain, so dense that we seemed to ride through a perfect mass of water, which the fierce wind soon caused to perforate every stitch of clothing we wore. To have thought of making any attempt to shelter ourselves in such a deluge, and under such circumstances, would have amounted to a folly bordering upon a species of insanity. We therefore resigned ourselves to our fate and patiently waded through this conglomerate of ice, air, and water, sliding from side to side as we ploughed the *Bar Maajnah* (the land of clay), as the district is correctly called. Occasionally the opaque masses of water through which we were working our way, became sufficiently transparent to enable us to obtain a glimpse of *Jebel Khennaash*, the extreme point, or spur, of which was our landmark. But of this comfort we were also deprived; our beacon vanished and we wandered about without anything to direct us. At intervals I asked our guide, or rather our pilot—for nautical terms, in our aquatic situation, were more appropriate—whether we were on our right course, and his invariable reply was, "*Inshallah* [if it please Allah] we are." This answer is at no time very satisfactory, and as it gradually became more faint and feeble, I expressed my doubts in distinct terms, and desired him positively to state whether he knew where we were.

"Allah alone can lead us into the right path," he rejoined, "but I cannot, since I know not where I myself am."

In our saturated, benumbed, and forlorn condition we could get hold of no compass. We deliberated a few minutes as to what plan we were to adopt: to pitch our tents in clay

knee-deep was impossible. The yells, the shouts, and the curses our people heaped upon the pilot, amidst the roar of the conflicting elements, could not extricate us from our wretched situation. To retrace our steps, or to advance, was a course equally uncertain, so far as our knowledge went. Just then a momentary transparency occurred, and the guide suggested a way, or path, which we followed. A few hundred yards, however, brought us again to a stand. A wide ravine was right before us, down which we observed numerous winding tracks, which it was, however, impossible for us to take, not so much on account of their steepness as their slippery condition. We were now directed to follow the windings of the ravine, turning off to the left. Twenty minutes' ride brought us to an abrupt shallow part, which we crossed, with perfect ease, and then continued hugging the opposite edge.

Mr. Nicholson, who, enveloped in his cloak, happened to be the last of the file, and a good way in the rear, had not noticed the spot where we traversed the ravine ; and finding us, on chancing to look up, on the opposite bank, where we halted for him, took for granted that we had crossed where he then was. Without examining its extreme steepness and depth, he suddenly turned his horse's head to face the chasm. Before the word of warning could issue from our lips, the animal's forefeet were already a considerable way down the almost perpendicular muddy bank. The rider made a vain effort to check him, and the horse, as if conscious of the perilous position, made a convulsive attempt to obey his master. But to regain the top was now impossible. The horse's own weight, on the slippery steep, forced him down. A more anxious, and a more exciting, moment for the safety of a friend I do not remember to have experienced before. Ten thousand forms of conceivable accidents, and even death in all its horrid, grim, and distorted shapes, flashed across my mind. The suspense of seconds increased into hours of

duration. With breathless anxiety, and deep concern, did we watch this terrible scene. The horse reached the middle of the bank and his forefeet rested on a narrow ledge of clay, by which his progress was temporarily arrested. During these few seconds his efforts to extricate himself from the mire, into which his hoofs were fast sinking, endangered his position more, for he was now in the predicament of losing his balance and being capsized. An awful moment this was! But the ledge gave way—the sliding recommenced, and to our intense satisfaction, both horse and rider reached the bottom in perfect safety.

To say the least, a narrower escape from falling into our “surgeon’s” clutches Mr. N. never had; and I sincerely hope, if he ever takes it into his head to have a similar slide (which he is not very likely to do), it may not be attended with worse consequences, should he even be ever so well disposed to patronise our amiable artist’s “surgical skill.”

We resumed our journey and reached the *burj* (the seat) of Sidy Elarbi, the *Caid*, or governor, of the *Maajer* tribe, a little after 5 P.M.; and, extraordinary to relate, we were scarcely five minutes here when the deluge ceased, and in a few minutes after we had a clear and lovely sky above us, as well as a perfect calm.

To this governor we had a special *amra* (order), and he gave us a specially cordial reception. Some twenty men were instantly ordered to unload our horses, to unpack our tents, and to assist us in any way we desired. A large *bait eshadr* (house of hair), usually used as the justice hall, was cleaned, and our two canvas houses pitched within. Dry mats were spread upon the ground, and over them were laid dry carpets. Our waterproof cases furnished us with dry clothing. An abundant supply of good coffee, served in richly gilt cups, helped to revive our spirits. We cheered up, for we had good reason to believe that there was now an end to our

day's troubles and adventures. We could now console each other in the words of the poet :—

“ Revocate animos ;
 forsā et hæc olim meminisse juvabit,”*

for we felt pretty confident that it “ would hereafter delight us to remember even these things.”

We had every reason to be satisfied with our quarters, and with the treatment we met with. Conformably to the custom, and usages, of the country, the governor came into our tent a few minutes before supper was served, and remained with us during the repast, and for nearly an hour after. Our conversation was very varied—it was religious, political, and commercial, and in all this our canting Hamed participated freely. He considered himself entitled to this privilege, for he was not only a *hamba* himself, but he was the son of a *hamba*, and his father was Elarbi's comrade when the governor was a *hamba* too. It was from this low condition that he rose to his present dignified post, and chiefly through the liberality of Ahmed Basha, the immediate predecessor of the late ruler of Tunis.

The character of that Moslem prince has been greatly misunderstood, and consequently misrepresented. *Humanum est errare*, and it is to be regretted that while his weak points have been censured, his good qualities, and his sensible policy, have not been brought forward with the prominence they deserve. His friendship for Europeans, his generosity in rewarding merit, his introducing customs and manners from the civilised world, his unflinching bearing relative to the Court of Constantinople, his bold innovations with a view to eradicating prejudices hostile to other religious systems, his abolition of the nefarious slave trade, his discarding Turks—the devastators of the country and the

* Æn. L. i. l. 203.

natural enemies of the Arabs—from public employments, his patronising native Arabs, and his ardent desire to establish a *purely Arab independent kingdom*, entitle Ahmed Basha to rank among the number of true patriotic sovereigns.

To this Moslem reformer Elarbi is indebted for the post he now fills ; and although he has accumulated great wealth, the popularity he enjoys in his tribe proves that Ahmed Basha possessed great discernment in the selection he made, and that the governor has not been guilty of extortion, or other base practices, in acquiring the riches which he now owns. In this remote part of the country Elarbi is, and acts the part of, a little king, without ever abusing his power. At least such is the report I received on the spot. He is very desirous to be the founder of a new town, and with that view built several small houses and a whole street lined with shops. Some of the latter are occupied by Jews and a few Jerbi Arabs, but the cottages are empty, because the Arabs, like the Rechabites of old, are resolved to keep to their tents, about a hundred of which are pitched near to the Caid's *burj*.

"It is strange," Elarbi said, addressing us ; "you, who are addicted to dwell in houses, contrive to accommodate yourselves in tents ; whereas my countrymen are so tenacious of their frail habitations that they will not live in houses, notwithstanding all my efforts to persuade them to do so."

"Tent life is a novelty to us," I replied, "and we are fond of novelty and change ; whilst the Arabs are conservative in their principles, and therefore adhere to the practice of their fathers."

"But this reluctance to change is a great drawback to progress," the Caid observed. "Nature teaches us all to ameliorate our condition, and this is in conformity with the will of Allah. An opposition to improvement is therefore against the law of nature and against the will of Allah."

Elarbi was at one time greatly imbued with the spirit of

his patron. The retrograde movement of the orthodox party which has been in power since the death of Ahmed Basha, has, however, damped the spirit of progression. The reign of ignorance and orthodoxy made innovations, though ever so innocent, criminal, and hence what the Moslem "reformer" has achieved is gradually disappearing. The following, in connection with Ahmed's reforms, has been picked up in this vicinity.

Among the numerous changes which that prince brought about during his reign of nineteen, or twenty, years, was the ordering of his court upon a European model. The difficulties connected with this were very great, partly owing to his own inexperience, partly to the ignorance of those by whom he was surrounded, partly on account of the prejudices which existed among *the faithful* to a departure from old usages, which were regarded with a sacred awe on account of their antiquity, and partly on account of the uncouth materials of the old court, to which he had to give a shape, and a symmetry, perfectly unnatural to them. But Ahmed had both a strong will and mind of his own, and had neither parliament nor senate to interfere with him. Within forty days a palace was built, sumptuously decorated and furnished; magnificent uniforms were introduced, an order of knighthood was established, and the numerous officers that customarily attend upon royalty were created. On a certain day the external materials of a court were completed, and so far as mahogany, maple, ebony, gold, brass, ivory, silver, the finest and gayest cloth, gold lace, and brilliant decorations, are capable of shedding lustre on a reigning prince, the first and subsequent levees of this Basha have not been, and are not, surpassed by those of the sovereigns of Europe.

Very soon after an opportunity offered itself for an exhibition of this magnificence, superior to that of simply receiving, on state occasions, the representatives accredited to Ahmed from foreign governments. A prince—an actual,

though not a royal, prince—was attracted to this country by the classic ruins it contains. Everything was now done to show off Tunisian court etiquette to advantage. The new soldiers, in their new uniforms, were drawn up in the different parts through which the distinguished stranger had to pass, and instructed to present arms in the true military style. The reception-hall, and the other state apartments were ornamented, and embellished, with additional taste. The ministers, the generals, the governors, and all high officials, decked out in their splendid uniforms, wearing their large and costly diamond decorations, and other jewelled badges of their exalted station, assembled in the palace, were now on the alert, expecting every instant to be summoned to their respective posts in the large audience hall. The signal was given. The stranger had passed the troops, drawn up in line, and received their salutes. He entered the palace and received the homage of the ushers, by whom he was conducted through various state apartments, in one of which he was met by officers of a higher standing, and these led him to one of the ministers. Every room, and every corridor, was thronged with men in gaudy attire and unrivalled uniforms, who all paid their profound respects to the stranger as he passed them. He was now introduced by the minister into the presence of the Basha, who stood at the upper end of the vast, and sumptuously furnished, audience-hall; and near him stood several of the princes, while the other high personages lined each side of the splendid apartment. In point of magnificence, and external grandeur, nothing could have surpassed these arrangements, which were truly majestic. The Basha stepped forward to meet his visitor as he entered, and the stranger bowed profoundly, which Ahmed returned in his usually courteous, and dignified, manner. But unfortunately the stranger only spoke a northern language, and the Basha no other than Arabic; while the knowledge of his interpreters did not extend beyond French and Italian.

The interview had therefore to be carried on by gestures and pantomimes, in which His Highness, as Arabs generally are, was particularly expert, but the visitor was extremely dull in this proficiency, and consequently felt greatly embarrassed. He, however, understood handling a diamond mounted pipe, and sipping Moorish coffee ; and with such intellectual interchanges of steam and smoke the interview terminated. On retiring the same distinguished honours were conferred on the stranger as those with which he was received. All parties were pleased and satisfied.

Ahmed Basha, on the departure of his visitor, was on the point of withdrawing to his private apartments, when his first minister stepped forward to inform his highness that the prince, on arriving, had handed to him a letter, which he now produced, and which was forthwith consigned to the interpreter for translation. The amazement and confusion depicted on this person's countenance on perusing the epistle was so great, that others, far less shrewd than Ahmed, perceived it ; and, as he hesitated to state the contents, the Basha encouraged him, and desired him fearlessly to give the interpretation thereof.

"May it please your highness," the *trojmaan* (interpreter) at last mustered sufficient courage to say, "this letter is from the prince."

"This we took for granted," the Basha observed, "since it is not very probable that a man of his rank would be the bearer of a letter from others. But proceed."

"The prince writes," the *trojmaan* continued, "that he regrets to inform your highness that he is prevented by an accident from waiting upon you ; but he trusts in a day or two he will have sufficiently recovered to do himself that honour."

The Basha was perplexed and bewildered on hearing this announcement ; and one of his ministers attempted to explain the mystery by saying :

"The prince probably thought the accident of a more serious nature when it first occurred, but afterwards found that it did not really prevent him from paying his respects to your highness."

"No, no, you are mistaken," replied the Basha; "it strikes me that the individual who has just left us was not the prince. But who can he have been?" he asked of the Genoese interpreter. "He must have been some great personage, judging from his splendid uniform, cocked hat, and waving plumes. Was he a general, think you?"

The timid Genoese shrugged his shoulders, by which he either indicated his real ignorance, or only feigned it, in order not to communicate an unacceptable, or disagreeable, solution of the mystery; but the Basha soon after ascertained the truth, and laughed heartily on hearing that he had given a princely reception to the prince's *Jäger*, the *garçon-chasseur*, or *cacciatore*—the "general" who graces the box of the carriages of the continental nobility!

All those who were with Ahmed Basha during the commencement of his reign, as Elarbi was, can relate many anecdotes illustrative of the difficulties that prince had to encounter before he brought things to the state in which he left them on his death. But Elarbi, like all those who were in Ahmed's confidence, has too great a respect for his memory to give these incidents currency or publicity. In his own small way the Caid sees what it is to attempt to ameliorate the condition of an ignorant, and barbarous, people; and he therefore appreciates the prodigious task his master accomplished.

Whatever Elarbi said, and every remark he made, during the evening, the insidious, obsequious, and artful Hamed applauded. His interpolations, accompanied by the exclamation of "*tebarek Allah* [blessed be Allah] for such wisdom and such goodness!" had all an apparent tendency to proclaim

the talent, and moral excellence, of the Caid. But no sooner did Elarbi take his departure, than our *hamba* followed him with certain grimaces expressive of his utter contempt for the governor.

"What a smooth tongue!" the wily and deceitful Hamed exclaimed, so soon as Elarbi was some distance from our tent. "He talks like a Dervish; and yet a more cunning, more artful, more avaricious, and more designing fellow, you will find neither among Nazarenes nor among Jews. Can so much wealth, as he possesses, be obtained by honest means? May be in other countries, but certainly not in this."

This malicious observation was accompanied by a fiendish laugh, expressive of the great wickedness that was deeply seated in the heart of our canting protector.

On the following morning we rode to Thala.

From the accounts we had all along received from our own people, and from the Arabs with whom we had come in contact, we were led to believe that Thala was a place of some importance. We had therefore resolved to remain here a couple of days to replenish our stock of provisions, to shoe several horses, to mend some of the trappings, and to reinvigorate man and beast for the toil before us. But when we entered the restored town of Thala, and saw its wretched houses and filthy inhabitants, we were disheartened and dejected, so great was our disappointment. The ruins of the ancient city have been pulled to pieces to construct a number of rude, and shapeless, huts, and to build a street containing some twenty little shops, whose wares, of the most ordinary description, are principally intended for the Arabs in the vicinity, who resort to the *sook* "fair," which is held here daily.

"And is this Thala," we asked our men, "which you have pictured to us in such glowing colours? And is it amidst these hovels, this filth, and this stench that you wish us to remain two days?"

It is difficult to repress one's indignation on seeing excellent materials, which once graced some majestic edifice, so degraded as to form component parts of such habitations. The *Khaleefa* (the governor being absent) led us about to make our own selection of quarters. We entered several houses, and among these the residence of the governor himself, but rejected them all alike, giving the preference to our own clean tent, which we ordered to be pitched on high ground, amidst ancient ruins, but at a respectful distance from the modern human habitations of Thala.

But the remains of the ancient city, few as they are, have their interest. They are the relics of a large and wealthy town, where Jugurtha kept most of his treasures, and where his sons were educated. It was strongly fortified by art and position; and the consul Metellus, in taking it, acquired to himself great glory.* The Numidian king was so surprised on finding the Roman general before the walls of Thala, a city which he had considered so safe on account of its remote situation, that, in a state of desperation, he abandoned it by flight. But the inhabitants were resolved to defend it, and for forty days made a gallant resistance, in which they were encouraged and assisted by deserters. When Metellus, however, assailed the walls by battering-rams, and actually effected a breach, the deserters, seeing their prospects blighted, and unwilling to fall into the hands of those from whom they could expect no mercy, collected all the gold, the silver, and other valuables in the palace, and, setting fire to it, destroyed the whole, and themselves too, in one vast conflagration.

Shaw evidently never heard of the existence of the ruins of this place; and hence he takes Feriana, or, as he writes it, Ferre-anah, for Thala, and conjectures that Thala and Telepte were one and the same, though a little before he

* "Metellus Thalam magna gloria ceperat."—Sall. Bell. Jug. § 88.

sees the affinity between Feriana and Feriditana, of which name there were two episcopal sees in the middle ages. He is thus driven to the shift of identifying the ruins of Feriana with three distinct towns. But most of Shaw's travels in Africa are composed from materials which he, with marvellous assiduity, collected in the maritime towns, and not from actual observation. This is not only proved by the numerous blunders into which he has fallen, but by inscriptions, which he evidently obtained from doubtful sources. But this we shall have occasion to notice more particularly as we proceed.

Thala was restored by the Romans; and in the third consulate of Tiberius it was besieged by the army of Tacfarinus, a Numidian, who had served among the Roman auxiliaries, but who raised the standard of rebellion, and undertook to free Africa from the yoke of its conquerors. He carried on the war upon the plan of Jugurtha, retreating when attacked, and soon after assaulting the enemy's rear; and so long as he kept to such tactics, he harassed the legions. Gradually he became bold enough to attack a fort; and Decrius, who commanded it, being slain, the troops surrendered to the enemy. Encouraged by this success, Tacfarinus marched on Thala, and laid siege to it. But Lucius Apronius, who had caused the ignominious cohort which had abandoned the fort to be decimated, and every tenth man drawn by lot, in conformity with Roman martial laws, to be executed with a club, now marched with only five hundred veterans to the relief of Thala, and forced the Numidian to raise the siege.

The site, as well as the remains of Thala, answer to the description Sallust gives of it. It has every appearance of having been a strong place. It was built on two eminences, and the greater portion of the city lay between them and on the declivities. The scattered ruins on the heights are very massive, and seem to have been those of forts. Below,



THE ANCIENT AND MODERN THALA.

regular streets can be traced ; but, besides the dilapidated mausoleum, to the left of the road as we approach, we meet with no standing remains. Among the prostrate, and shattered, traces of the works of its former inhabitants are several sarcophagi. In the walls of the modern hovels we found several cenotaphs.*

The lazy population of modern Thala was in a state of great activity owing to our arrival. At every step we took we had a set of drones at our heels. The incessant annoyance to which we were subjected was great, but we submitted to it from the real compassion which their neglected, and ignorant, condition elicited. There was a time when the state of this country, and that of its inhabitants, was very different from what it now is. A Carthaginian ambassador accredited to the court of Ptolemy, king of Egypt, could say : "In our country the nobles never cease to study, the philosophers to teach, nor the mechanics to work." And such a statement he was able to make in the presence of one of the wisest of kings, and before the envoys of Rome and the Grecian states. But where are the studious princes, and the philosophers of these territories, in modern times ? The princes are satisfied to revel in ignorance, and the *olama*—the modern "learned"—confine their studies to the concatenation of the unconnected follies of the Coran. If such then be their condition, why should we marvel at the low moral, and intellectual, state of those under their sway ? Terence, a Carthaginian, says that the earth produces nothing worse than an ignorant man ; but alas ! little did he know that his own native land would become a prolific field for such pernicious weeds : for such are those who now incumber this soil. *Sic transit gloria mundi !*

I was engaged in copying one of the inscriptions, placed within a wall, when the owner of the house came out, and on

* See Appendix No. I., Inscriptions 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22.

asking him whether there were more "stones with writing" inside, he replied—

"Inside we have nothing but *traab*—earth [or dirt]."

"Strange," I replied, "you appear to do things by the rule of contrary. We carefully clear our houses of *traab*, and you keep it inside."

"But in spite of your dislike to *traab*," he rejoined, "the time will come when you will have to be laid in it."

"True," I answered, "such is human destiny, but we are only laid in *traab* when dead, whilst you dwell in the midst of it whilst alive."

"But you Nazarenes think only of the body," the man continued, exhibiting symptoms of his latent fanaticism, "whilst we, *alhamdollah* [praised be Allah], think of the soul, which is more precious."

"And are you obliged to think of your soul in the midst of filth?" I asked him. "If so, your views are opposed to those of your prophet, for if there is a good thing he enjoins it is decidedly cleanliness. I appeal to the *Khaleefa* and to these people whether I am not right."

"Most certainly you are right," was the unanimous answer, to the intense chagrin of my opponent.

"I am glad," I observed to all in closing this interview, "that I have been the means of changing your views; for hitherto, judging from what I have seen in your town, you were decidedly of the opinion to which this man has given expression. The people, the streets, and the houses of Thala present anything but a clean appearance."

"*Walkhak maak*—truth is with you," answered the *Khaleefa*, "and shame ought to be our portion."

The importunity of our people, who manifested, in spite of its despicable aspect, a great anxiety to remain at Thala another day, at last prevailed. We consented to their wishes when motives of cleanliness were urged. "Our linen requires washing," was a plea that we could not resist after the hostile

position we had taken against the predominant characteristic of the inhabitants. But a very short time after we had adopted this resolution Said entered our tent, and with a melancholy face, which was far from being natural to him, told us—

“We may as well be off to-morrow morning, for the women of Thala do not wash.”

“Then who does wash?” we asked.

“Man is obliged to do all the washing of the place,” Said answered.

“Then why not give your linen to a man?” we inquired again.

“There is only one man who washes, and he has been absent for the last three weeks, and is not likely to return before another fortnight.”

But in the midst of this sordid, and filthy, condition the Thalias have a particular weakness for trinkets and jewellery. Of course I only speak of the *fair* sex, and of these I am only able to judge by the specimens which have come under my notice—and those specimens were jet *black*. They were servants or slaves, and they are not required rigorously to comply with the prophet's injunction to conceal their features. These black women wore earrings of silver which measured from four to five inches in diameter, weighing at least two ounces each. This, it will be readily admitted, must be a very inconvenient appendage to an ear; but what will the reader say when he is told that I have seen some who wore two, others who had three, and one who had no less than four of these rings in each ear? She was proud of her ornaments and readily permitted me to examine them, apparently delighted at the notice they attracted. She was ugly, but to deform ugliness, how criminal! The orifice, or rather the slit, through which the rings passed was at least an inch and a half in length, and had the appearance of a strip of black leather fastened to the ear; for such

indeed I actually mistook it at first sight, and it looked truly hideous. But the greatest vanity could not constantly support such inconvenience, and such pain, as these ornaments must occasion, and hence a contrivance has been invented which is considered both convenient and graceful. A chain of silver, or of any other metal, is fastened to the rings and passed over the head, by which the wearer is, at option, relieved from the weight. When desired, the chain is dropped and allowed to dangle beneath the chin ; with this additional weight the circles of silver become pendant, and that to the pride and vain satisfaction of gay and *fair* damsels !

Before leaving Thala I have to mention that the town (by which pompous appellation the modern fifty hovels are denominated) is the seat of a co-governor of the Maajer. This tribe is divided into two portions, over one of which Elarbi presides, whilst the other is under the administration of Si-Cathó, who has his nominal residence here, but who is generally encamped with the tribe at some distance. The town has also two coffee-houses and a prison, neither of which are worse than most of those I have seen in the capital of the Regency of Tunis. Some thirty prisoners were huddled together in a chamber not more than twenty-five feet square, and these represented crime in a variety of aspects as well as injured innocence. The wretch who had embroiled his hand in the blood of his fellow man, and the poor fellow who was unable to pay the government tax of "thirty-six," were linked together by one common chain ; the marauder, who was the terror of the country, and the debtor for a paltry sum, fared alike ; the highwayman and assassin shared the same fate with the innocent but weak Arab, who was incarcerated in order that those in authority might possess themselves of his worldly goods !

From these dens one might collect materials which would not only make a strange addition to the annals of crime, but which would likewise tend to illustrate the tone, and the

moral character, of a Mamlook government, as well as of Moslem justice and jurisprudence. To chronicle these is foreign to my present purpose, but I feel tempted to record the following particulars which I obtained from a reliable source.

A poor and miserable-looking beggar presented himself, towards evening, at a house in the suburbs of ———. His timid knock at the door was responded to by a black girl, to whom he pleaded misery and hunger in the greatest extreme. Days had elapsed since he had tasted any food, and unless some generous, and charitable, person would have compassion on him, he should certainly not behold the sun of another day. The negress had just prepared the evening meal for her mistress and herself, the only persons in the house besides an infant; she took the pauper's message to the *lilla* (lady), and soon returned to the door with a plate laden with a portion of their supper. Great was the joy with which the gift was grasped, and many were the blessings he called down upon his benefactress, and in a very few seconds the man was cross-legged on the ground to commence the operation of filling his empty stomach. The man was left to enjoy his *coscoso* outside the door, and the servant told him she would soon return for the plate. She did so, and found the door open as she had left it, the plate was there also, but the beggar was gone. She greatly regretted this, as her mistress had charged her to give him a few copper coins; she therefore closed the door, and hastened to set the supper before her *lilla*. At the table the charitable lady expressed her joy at having relieved a man in a starving condition, and felt very sorry at his abrupt departure, by which he lost the trifle which might have procured him a small loaf.

"But," said she, "so it was destined; Allah will console him and provide for him in another way."

Supper being ended, the servant was busy setting things in order and locking up the house, while her mistress retired to

her bed-chamber ; and when the negress brought her the keys, as was her custom, the lady was nearly asleep, and was only aroused by the opening of the door ; but great was her surprise when she beheld the poor black girl standing motionless and terrified.

"What ails thee, Mabroka ?" she asked. "May it please Allah to prevent all evil from approaching us. Tell me what has occurred ? Why hesitate to hand me the keys ?"

For some minutes not a word of reply could she obtain from her servant ; at last Mabroka answered,—

"*Inshallah* [with the aid of Allah] evil will be kept far from us. I only felt a slight indisposition."

But by a gesture she pointed to the real cause of her alarm ; from beneath the lady's bed projected part of a glittering sword and a portion of a man's dress, which were foreign to the furniture of the bedroom. Great, indeed, was her consternation at seeing this. Were her husband at her side, she might have mustered some courage ; but now that he was far from her, and was not likely to return for some days, her presence of mind entirely forsook her, and she seemed to become careless about everything ; her only aim being to save her life from the wretch who had thus managed to introduce himself into the house.

"You know the old proverb," she exclaimed, "'Life is better than property.' Take, therefore, all you desire, only, for the sake of Allah, save our lives."

At these words the villain came forth from his hiding-place : but how greatly were the females astonished when the negress discovered in him the very beggar whom she had but a few hours before relieved ! He had managed to slip in and conceal himself during the short time he was left before the door.

"I am glad," said he, addressing himself to the terrified lady, "that you know that old proverb. Give me your valuables, and you need apprehend no danger."

With the utmost speed were the coffers opened, and their contents emptied into a large sheet ; indeed, far more was given him than he desired.

“Take all, take everything, only lay no hands on us,” was the reiterated entreaty of the terrified woman.

In short, she worked herself into such a state of mind, that she fancied she was under the greatest obligations to the robber for sparing her life. This she carried to such an extent, that as the man was about leaving with his booty she advised him to remain, because she heard the watchman passing the house ; she even asked him, to prevent his being seized by the police, to remain in the house, and to go about his business very early in the morning, when the city gates were open. To this he readily consented, and only requested to be permitted to sleep near the outer door. The poor females managed to pass the night, with such a companion in the house, as well as they could. When the time came that he thought he might safely depart with his plunder, he called the servant to unlock the house-door for him. Whilst she was about complying with his request, a thought struck her how she might save her mistress's property, and at the same time hand the daring rogue over to justice.

Between the outer door and their apartments there was another door which she might easily bolt, and where he would be very safe, whilst from the terrace she might readily call the neighbours to her assistance. There was but little time left for deliberation. Without acquainting her mistress of this sensible resolution, she proceeded boldly to carry it into effect, and succeeded most admirably. The villain was taken like a mouse in a trap ; the neighbours, whom she summoned, managed to get into the house by the roof, or terrace, secured the villain, and handed him over to the proper authorities.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Ancient Boundaries—Noah's Dog—Inhospitability of the Chawaafed—Precautionary Measures—A Bandit's Fate—Ruins of Hydra—Treasure Seeking—Hydra, the Casa Nigra of Ecclesiastical History—Vestiges of African Christianity—A Mêlée—Its Issue—The Anaya, or Primitive Passport.

THE boundaries between the Numidian territories and those of *Carthage Proper* are not distinctly defined by ancient writers. At one period, it is evident, that the whole stretch of country from the western frontiers of Cyrenaica to the pillars of Hercules was claimed by the powerful government of the Phœnician metropolis in Africa. In this vast belt Libya, Numidia, and the Cæsarian and Tingitanian Mauritanias are comprised. These territories were bounded on the north by the Mediterranean Sea, and on the south by the *Sahra*, the outskirts of which were inhabited by the Gætulians, who likewise acknowledged the sway, and respected the laws, of Carthage. At no time, however, did the Phœnicians exercise absolute, or rather immediate, authority over all the different nations who occupied those territories; they were considered in strict alliance with Carthage, and were suffered to be governed by their own customs and peculiar laws, Carthage retaining the right of suzerainty. They paid their tribute, and, when required, swelled her armies, and fought under her banner. They stood in the same relationship to the Phœnician

government as the Barbary states, previous to the conquest of Algeria by France, stood to the Porte. After Carthage was supplanted by Rome, the old limits were altered, and the boundaries, before not very correctly defined, were abolished. And even during the period that Rome swayed the sceptre in Africa, Strabo tells us, "the country has been subject to many changes, having had numerous occupants; and the Romans, at various times, have treated some among them as friends, others as enemies, conceding or taking away territories without observing any established rule." *

Strabo calls Numidia by the names of the sections into which the nation was divided. The part near Mauritania was the country of the Massaesyli, whose boundary, he says, terminated at the promontory called Tretum, where the territory of the Massyli commenced; the former belonged to Syphax, and the latter to Massinissa, the son of Gala. In the latter country, the geographer states, was Zama, where king Juba had his palace. He then enumerates among the cities belonging to Juba,—Vaga, Thala, Zama, and Capsa—the modern Baja, Thala, Jama, and Cafsa. Pliny also mentions Sicca and Tabraca, the modern Kef and Tabarca, as towns of Numidia,† and tells us that the river Tusca, the Zaina of the present day, was its boundary.

From these particulars we are able to define the limits between the Carthaginian and Numidian territories. Commencing therefore at the river Zaina, the ancient Tusca, we proceed to draw the boundary line in the direction of Vaga, S.E. of Tabraca, and thence due south to the vicinity of Capsa. From this point Byzacium, or Emporia, forming together with *Zeugitania* the territory of Carthage Proper, were separated from Numidia by the order of the second Scipio, as Pliny informs us, by a dyke which extended to *Thenae*,‡ some

* L. xvii. c. iii. § 12. Casaubon's ed. 831.

† Hist. Nat. Lib. v. c. 3.

‡ Ibid.

ruins of which, according to Shaw, still exist in the vicinity of the modern Sfax, at a small village called Teeny, or as D'Anville spells it, Taineh. Below the dyke, and south of Capsa, and on the outskirts of the great *Sahra*, commenced the territories of the Gaetuliae, stretching, most probably, to the vicinity of the Atlantic Ocean; but the precise line where their dominions began and terminated cannot be ascertained.

In "Carthage and her Remains," I have noticed the Numidian cities of Vacca, Zama, Sicca, &c.; and in the present journey we must have passed close by *Bulla Regia*, and perhaps stood upon its ruins, but we have not been able to identify its site. It was four days' journey S.W. of Carthage, and stood on a tributary of the *Bagrada*. Its importance is not so great on account of its having been a royal city as its having formed one of the points of Ptolemy's recorded astronomical observations. According to that author, it was two hours to the west of Alexandria, and the duration of its longest day was fourteen hours and one-eighth.

After *Bulla Regia*, *Thala*, already in the heart of Numidia, was a city of eminence, and is particularly noticed by ancient writers. The ruins which next attract our attention are those of *Hydra*, not more than about twelve, or fifteen, miles S.W. from *Thala*. But the unanimous opinion of all to whom we spoke on the subject was, that to visit *Hydra* was a dangerous undertaking, and most persons endeavoured to dissuade us from proceeding in that direction. Our minds were however made up, and we were prepared to encounter all hazards. This resolution having been communicated to the governor, he sent a message to us expressing his regret, that being obliged to proceed south to meet the Bey of the camp, he was unable to visit us; but he informed us that he had requested the *haleefa*, or *Khaleefa*, to accompany us to *Hydra*; he likewise sent a trusty servant, who was instructed to remain with us so long as we required him.

Notwithstanding this addition to our force, our *hambas* manifested unmistakeable symptoms of fear, not only from lawless borderers, but from wild animals, with which the vicinity of Hydra is said to abound. A report had reached us that an enormous lion had been killed there only two days before ; and this report was not only now confirmed by the governor's messenger, but Machfood had actually been to see a poor fellow who took a prominent part in the hunt, and who had his arm broken in his conflict with the monstrous brute. The only satisfaction he had was that of giving the death-blow to the animal ; for as the lion stood over him, grinding his left arm, he had the adroitness, and presence of mind, to dig a dagger into his throat, to the very hilt, with the right hand.

Whilst conversing with the *haleefa* on the particulars of this hunt, I recognised in him an old friend. Sometime before, whilst travelling with the late Basha to Capsa and other cities of Jereed, a present of three young lions was brought to His Highness, and the *haleefa* accompanied the present. I remember the little brutes well, for I narrowly escaped falling a victim to them. They were chained before the tent of one of the ministers, and close to my own. On returning one dark night from a visit to the doctor of the expedition, whilst encamped at Beer Elchafai, I had quite forgotten our fierce guard, and walked right into their midst, when a ferocious under-growl fortunately warned me of the danger, and I speedily retraced my steps.

"But those lions," said Sheikh Ali Ben Abas, the *haleefa*, "were nothing compared to the one just killed. He was the largest I have ever seen, and I have taken part in lion hunts very frequently, and have seen numbers at different times. How the creation of Allah has changed ! Who would now guess that the lion was our lord Noah's dog !"

"The lion Noah's dog ! what do you mean ?" I asked.

"Do you then not believe, according to your religion, that

the lion was originally the prophet Noah's dog?" he inquired in his turn.

"Our religion teaches nothing of the kind," I replied.

"Our religions, then, differ vastly," said the *haleefa*, drawing a deep sigh, no doubt in compassion of my ignorance. "We believe," he continued, "what I told you, and all that is left of the lion's original nature is his understanding."

"Then you really believe that the lion understands?" I asked.

"Understands!" he ejaculated, "most decidedly. Have I not seen, with my own eyes, an *Aisawy* lead one, large and fierce, by a simple cord round his neck? And could this have been done if the lion had not understood the holy sentence from the Coran, with which the *Aisawy* restrained the brute's ferocious nature?"

"Surely not," answered several of the *faithful* present, and this strange conversation dropped.

By 8-30 a.m. we were again fairly *en route*, having left the Thaliens amidst their grave-stones, emblematic of their moral deadness, with no regret. At a short distance from the town we came upon ruins, chiefly the foundations of what appears to have been a place of no mean extent. We then entered a barren plain, presenting here and there patches of cultivation which scarcely promised to repay the labour of tillage. This plain contains the remains of several Roman stations, and extends to a wild and undulating district, broken by ravines and beds of winter torrents, partly covered by a variety of fantastic and grotesque, but mostly leafless, trees of a moderate size, and chequered by spruce pine.

Beyond this the country assumes a more even, more gentle, and less wild aspect. On entering upon this, we have to our right a cluster of beautiful fig-trees, which adorn the resting place of a Moslem saint; and before approaching the hills to the left, by which the whole district which we traversed is bounded, we passed several monuments of violence and

murder. Piles of stones proclaim that beneath them repose the remains of those who have fallen victims to the avarice, the malice, or the revenge of their fellow-men.

Not far from the cluster of fig-trees, and a little to the right of the road, stands a square, ancient building, not very large, but of solid construction. About five feet of its original wall still remain, and the superstructure is evidently the work of Arabs, by whom it must have been hastily run up, in some emergency, when it served as a place of defence. We could trace no entrance to this building. It has the appearance of a large mausoleum, and we concluded that it must have had an upper storey where the door was, and when the dead were deposited, a temporary staircase was, in all probability, erected to give access to the mournful procession. Among the remains we observed no ornaments that possessed either beauty or elegance, but in the upper portion of the wall, the work of a more recent and barbarous people, we noticed fragments of sarcophagi, and on a reversed stone we found inscription No. 23. And from another stone, placed in one of the angles of the cementless portion of the wall, I copied No. 24.*

This ruin stands about half-way between Thala and Hydra, and is called by the natives *Hansheer*† *Kokaash*.

Leaving this place, we continued our march, (the road partly running along the gentle declivities, and partly at the base of picturesque hills) and reached Hydra at noon. But just as we came in sight of these imposing ruins we were met by *Belgasem*, or *Belgaasem*, the governor's confidential servant, who informed the *haleefa* that "nothing can be obtained from the cut-throats of *Chawaafed*," the name of an offshoot of the *Maajer* Arabs, who encamp near Hydra.

"Do they absolutely refuse everything?" asked the lieu-

* See Appendix, No. I.

† The name *Hansheer* is applied to estates in general, but particularly to those which contain ruins.

tenant-governor, who was unable to conceal the surprise which the message had occasioned.

"Everything," answered Belgaasem, emphatically, suiting expressive gestures to his reply.

"But do they know that I am coming with these strangers?" the *haleefa* inquired again.

"They do, but that makes little or no difference; for if the *Chawaafed* refuse hospitality to me, they are not likely to be more favourable to you."

In this answer Belgaasem had no intention of being rude towards his superior. He simply based his priority of claim upon his intimacy with these lawless Arabs, with whom he was formerly associated; and this the *haleefa* thoroughly understood.

The two consulted for a few moments, and the messenger again started off, at full speed, in the direction of a mountain, from the brow of which we perceived the curling blue smoke of an encampment. Wishing Belgaasem success, we proceeded in search of a place for pitching our tents, and found a lovely spot, well adapted for our purpose, near the ponderous walls to the N.W. of the citadel.

In less than an hour not only were our canvas homes erected, our horses picketed, and everything put into prim shape and order, but our wonderful factotum, Said, had contrived to supply us with a capital breakfast. We now commenced our rambles over these extensive ruins, occupying some five or six miles in circumference. Every vestige of antiquity we meet with at Hydra tends to show that here stood a city of considerable importance as well as of opulence. We have at this place original Numidian remains, forming parts of Roman Pagan edifices, and Christian churches constructed of materials which once belonged to those of Pagan temples. But we were not long in inspecting these ruins when the rain, which had been threatening some hours, began to descend, and drove us back to our tents.

Here we found Sheikh Ali, the *haleefa*, in a very gloomy mood. His messenger, Belgaasem, had returned with an insolent message from the Arabs, who refused to send us supplies.

"What are we now to do?" he asked me; "you see those vagabonds defy my authority."

I was not prepared to answer this question, but when Belgaasem stated his deliberate opinion that nothing would be obtained from these Arabs since he was unsuccessful, I began to feel uneasy about our horses, for they were always my first consideration. I therefore requested Sadek, the janissary, and one of our *hambas*, to proceed to the nearest encampment and bring barley, either upon the terms of the Basha's "order," or for money, with which I provided them. But they were unsuccessful, and returned with a sorry tale of having been ejected from a tent, and mercilessly handled, by the women from whom they attempted to force a bag of barley.

The rain continued to descend in torrents, and hence I was compelled to act through the agency at my disposal. I sent some of our men to the same encampment, and with them Hamed the Sanctimonious, who was a moderate scholar, and requested him to take down the names of some of the people, and return without saying a single word either about barley or provisions.

This simple manoeuvre was followed by the desired result. Those who had nothing to lose cared nothing about it, but those who possessed property feared that we should bring a formal complaint against them; and as the Bey of the camp was just then, with an army, a few days' distance from Hydra, they dreaded the consequences. Towards evening, whilst we were engaged in inspiring the whole vicinity of these plundering Arabs with respect by discharging our revolvers and our guns, making an aggregate of about thirty barrels, and whilst the reports were re-echoed by the neighbouring hills

and ravines, one man made his appearance with a bag of barley. Soon after another came with a little more. One brought a supper for our men, and another came with a present of a lamb, entreating us, at the same time, not to complain of them. Among those who brought these donations there was one named Amra Ben Mohammed, but who was particularly anxious to be recognised as *cho El-chasnawi* (the brother of Chasnawi)—an Arab well known to the *haleefa*, but whose fame he did not consider of sufficient interest to communicate to us. This brother of Chasnawi was a most miserable specimen of humanity—evidently half an idiot—and so alarmed and terrified was he, that it took some minutes before he was fully assured that we had no evil designs against him. He promised to bring us everything we required, but not one of the things he promised made its appearance. Indeed, he became so intolerable, that we were glad when he left us to ourselves; but this he did only for short intervals, always returning with some incoherent story about murderers, thieves, and lions. We attempted to persuade him to return to his encampment, but in vain, for he resolved to remain with us, “to guard us,” as he said; and with us he remained the whole night.

Our men, our horses, and ourselves, had to content ourselves upon very short commons; and for these we were thankful, for what we received was, after all, unexpected.

By discharging our guns and pistols we gave ample warning to mischievously disposed man, conveying to him, in an unmistakeable manner, a message of the kind of reception that awaited him if he ventured to encroach upon our quarters. We now set to work to take precautions against the intrusion of the lion. Close to us was a ruin which had, to all appearance, been very recently inhabited—probably by some Algerine chief. The wooden rafters and planks, as well as portions of trees which had formed the roof, were still there, and upon these I fixed as suitable materials for a large

fire. We were free to do as we pleased, and therefore ordered these combustibles to be collected into one vast pile before our tents. At sunset we ignited it, and soon a tremendous blaze illuminated the majestic ruins, and not only changed the intense darkness in our immediate vicinity into the brilliancy of daylight, but it served to thaw our benumbed limbs, and seemed particularly acceptable to our shivering and wet horses, picketed quite close to it.

"Do you hear the roar of the lion?" asked the brother of Chasnawi, as I was standing near the fire with an umbrella over my head, warming and sheltering myself, at the same time, from the heavy rain.

"No, nor do you," I replied.

"What!" he exclaimed, in astonishment, "you don't hear the terrific roar of the arch infidel? Ah! my ear is accustomed to him. Si Ali, Si Ali," he appealed to the *haleefa*, "the Nazarene says he does not hear that son of a dog, the yellow monster. You, Si Ali, you hear him, do you not, Si Ali?"

But "Si Ali" took no notice of the brother of Chasnawi, having been bored by him ever since his arrival.

I afterwards learnt that "the brother of Chasnawi" was some years before connected with a gang of marauders. Being informed, by scouts, of the approach of a party of travellers, the gang proceeded to waylay them, taking up their station on high ground covered by trees, and at a short distance from the road. As the expected party of travelling merchants was large, the band of robbers dispersed themselves over a good deal of ground, in order to make their intended victims believe that they were more numerous than was really the case. Everyone took his post, and "the brother of Chasnawi," then a light-hearted and nimble youth, selected a position beneath a large tree, on an eminence, from which he had an extensive view of the plain beneath, through which the road to the mountain pass led. But the day passed away, the sun set, and yet there was no sign of the merchants

approaching. The band was, however, bent upon their prey, and resolved not to leave. Such reliance had they in the information from their scouts, that they felt convinced that they should secure a rich booty. They were encouraged in this resolution because they had learnt that shortly before several caravans, laden with valuable merchandise, and conducted by expert guides, had taken advantage of the night and passed this stronghold unmolested. The *rais* (captain) now ordered his men to a gap in the hill, just above the road, but left "the brother of Chasnawi" at the place he had himself selected, considering it eligible, for from it the youth might easily hear the sound of the horses' hoofs in the distance, and give timely warning to his companions. But the youthful bandit, overcome by the requirements of nature, soon after fell asleep, and when he awoke he found himself in the jaws of a large lion, by whom he was dragged over the ground in a frightful manner. His heartrending, and agonising, screams summoned his companions to the spot, and it was not till they had lodged several bullets in the animal's body that he let go his hold. The poor fellow's back was awfully mangled and lacerated, and on examination it was found that a bullet had also entered his left arm.

"But marvellous to relate," continued the narrator of the above, "from the time of this accident 'the brother of Chasnawi' became a changed man. The infidel lion *be-kodrat Allah* [by the power *Allah*] transformed a bandit into a dervish—a saint! He is now quite harmless, but always talks of lions, bandits, and murderers. He is perfectly careless about his personal appearance, and in summer and in winter wears the same red *jibbah*."

And that red *jibbah* (a kind of shirt) must have been his close, and intimate, companion for the last ten years at least! But Moslem saints have generally an aversion to cleanliness, so that in respect of his personal appearance, and aberration of mind, "the brother of Chasnawi" is a real, and veritable saint,

As we knew that such bands of robbers had still their haunts in our immediate vicinity, we took the precaution of placing a sentinel to guard us, who was relieved every two hours during the night ; and having placed our guns within reach, and the revolvers beneath our pillows, we retired to rest.

Very early on the following morning we commenced a more minute examination of the ruins of Hydra. Passing by the citadel we crossed over the Waad Hydra, and found on the other side, not far from the banks of the river, what has the appearance of a small triumphal arch, with niches, but which seems to have been a gate leading to the necropolis, for to the west of it we found a number of grave-stones, most of which bore the usual inscriptions. Many of these stones had the shape of a section of a water-cask, cut through longways, and some had only one, some two, and several had three inscriptions. Near the arch I found on a stone, which must have belonged to it, these letters of a large size, TIMBRA, and on a fragment near it, ML.

From the heights beyond the necropolis, which is south of the citadel, we obtain a complete view of the whole extent of Hydra, and one is really charmed with the loveliness of the situation of this town, and the imposing character of its ruins. But what must it have been in the days of its glory, when its gorgeous temples, stately triumphal arches, magnificent porticos, graceful monuments, were entire, and when its elegant private and public edifices were thronged by a busy, active, and gay population : when these charming hills and those lovely dales, instead of being barren, were fruitful, and covered with clusters of grapes and waving corn ; when this delicious stream, instead of wasting itself in the desert, was used for the irrigation of delightful gardens and plantations,—what must it have been then, when in its ruins even it presents such an imposing grandeur ?

Descending from the heights we proceeded towards the mausoleum which stands to the S.E. of the grand triumphal

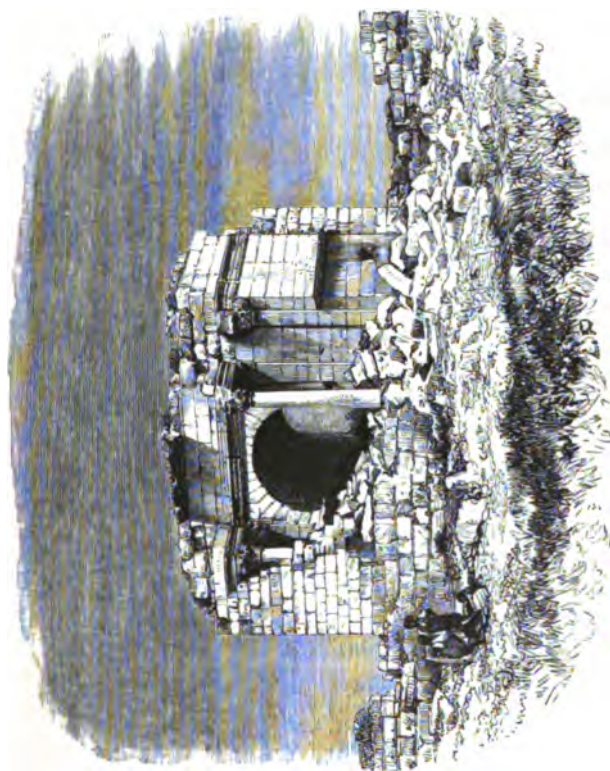
arch. It is a two-storeyed structure, the upper one of which opens to the east, and is ornamented by four graceful Corinthian columns. Beneath these there was a long inscription, but it is so defaced that I could only decipher a few letters.*

The object which now attracts our attention is the triumphal arch,—a very imposing and elegant piece of architecture of the Corinthian order, but unfortunately partly encased in masonry. It appears to have been enclosed in a large square building erected at a later period (probably the Vandal), when it must have been used as a place of defence. These walls, are, however, now gradually crumbling away, and the arch is beginning to stand forth in all its grace and beauty. It is adorned by four Corinthian columns, and as many pilasters. Its extreme breadth is forty-eight feet, and the span of the arch is nineteen feet, while in thickness it measures twelve feet. The height, owing to the accumulation of stones by which the arch is encumbered, cannot be ascertained. The columns are two feet four inches in diameter, and the length of the capital two feet seven inches. This monument bears a very legible inscription (No. 26) on its architrave; and on the outer wall to the left of this inscription, is the fragment given in the Appendix under No. 27.

At the northern angle of the same wall we have on one stone these letters—BICIID; and on a reversed stone near it, the word—SEVERI.

Leaving this arch of Severus, and proceeding in a north-westerly direction, we find, among a number of other ruins, that of a small Christian church. It is only twenty-seven feet by eleven, and is built of much older materials. Towards the S.W. it has two entrances to which access is given by semicircular steps. Inside it had two rows of fluted columns, which evidently once decorated a different building. Some of these are still standing. At the doors are two much

* See Appendix I. inscription 25.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF SEVERUS, HYDRA.

thicker than the rest, measuring five feet two inches in circumference, whilst the base of their capitals are no more than three feet nine inches. At the N.E. end are the remains of a thin wall which separates a space of seven feet from the nave. This answers to the rood-screen or rood-lofts of both the ancient Eastern and Western churches, introduced in imitation of the *Adytum* (Ἀδυτον) of Pagan temples, or of the "Holy of Holies" of the sacred edifice of the Hebrews in their Theocratic capital. In the walls I observed several Pagan grave-stones, some reversed; and in a pit close to the separated portion, evidently dug by Arabs who were in search of treasure, I found this monogram—"Christ, the beginning and the end," which in itself stamps the character of the building.



Not far from this church, but after passing a kind of hollow way, and nearly facing the citadel, we have the remains of a very extensive edifice, whose magnitude, however, surpassed its solidity. Judging from its remains, this seems to have been a magnificent structure, but what purpose it served it is difficult even to conjecture. It is one hundred and seventy-eight feet six inches in length by one hundred and seventy-four feet three inches in width. Its portico, facing the river, was forty feet in width, and it was ornamented by a number of beautiful Corinthian columns, whose fractured fluted shafts and graceful capitals are now intermingled with the other fallen ruins. A gallery, eighteen feet wide, surrounded this building. The foundations of one hall, measuring seventy-four feet by fifty-nine, are distinctly traced, and in these I noticed a peculiarity which I have not noticed elsewhere. A groove cut with great precision, and about two inches in width by three in depth, runs round the whole foundation, which seems to show that its superstructure was of wood. This may likewise have served the purpose of enlarging the hall, by taking in, at option, the

outer gallery which would give to it a length of upwards of one hundred feet, and a proportionate breadth.

Near this building our attention is attracted to two lofty columns, which apparently belonged to the portico of a temple, of which, however, only shapeless masses of ruins, and some foundations, are the principal remains. Contiguous to these we have the remains of a palace, built of the same materials as the temple—soft, but very white and compact limestone. These two structures have the appearance of greater antiquity than any of the other extant remains of Hydra. Beside subterranean vaults and chambers there are still portions of very massive walls of the palace standing, and one of these walls contains five large windows.

West of these edifices we come upon another Christian church, whose dimensions and form it is more difficult to trace, though from its vast pile of remains it is easy to see that it was of considerable size. This church is built according to the cardinal points of the compass, and principally from the remains of more ancient structures. A vast number of Pagan sepulchral stones likewise formed component parts of its walls, and those are now mingled with the other materials of this once sacred edifice. From one of those monuments I copied the inscription No. 28.

The citadel itself is in the form of an oblong square, measuring seven hundred and twenty-six feet in length, by three hundred and sixty-seven in width, and stands on the left bank of the river, as, indeed, the greater portion of the city does. It had three gates, one to the east, another to the west, and the third to the south. Near the last gate there are the remains of a bridge, that spanned the river which flows in an easterly direction. The walls are very massive, and the greatest portion of them are still in excellent preservation. Within the citadel are the ruins of several other buildings, one of which has the appearance of a small temple, and it stands nearly in the centre. Attached to the western wall stood

another sacred edifice which I am inclined to believe was a Christian chapel. It faces the east, and its ruins show that it was richly decorated. Here are shafts of green and yellow marble, and very graceful Corinthian capitals. Within this citadel are likewise traces of Arab hovels, which were erected by those who fled to this part from the French conquerors of Algeria. During the occupation of this stronghold by the fugitive Moslems, they seemed to have exercised their skill in treasure-seeking, but with what success I am, of course, unable to say. In different parts I found traces of their labours, and in one place particularly the poor fellows have dug to a considerable depth.

To this morbid desire for gold, and to the foolish belief that wherever ruins are, there gold is likewise to be found, I ascribe much of the devastation, and havoc, which we meet with amidst these ancient cities. This unfortunate belief is not confined to the poor Arabs of the interior. It extends to those in high life, but who are equally low in point of education. At the very time I was rambling amidst these ruined cities, the prime minister, in whom all power, civil, political, and even ecclesiastical is concentrated, employed a number of men, in a different part of the country, in digging for treasure; but with what success remains yet to be seen, for the excavation is, I believe, still continued. Lead, copper, silver, and even gold mines are found in these territories, some of which I pointed out to that all-powerful individual, who has in his hands the destinies of two millions of people, whose autocrat, in the full sense of the word, he is; but instead of turning the natural resources of the country to account, he is influenced by Morockeen charmers, European charlatans, and a host of saints, or pious idiots. But what else can be expected from a Greek renegade, a Mamlook premier, and a Mamlook government?

The citadel was also supplied with cisterns and with a variety of buildings of which the shapeless ruins now alone remain.

West of the citadel, and in the direction of Tebessa, there is another very beautiful mausoleum of a heptagon form, and in excellent preservation. It stands on the edge of a stream, a tributary of the Waad Hydra, and near it are the remains of another bridge. The street which leads to, or rather passes this relic of antiquity (for it can be traced in the town also), is broad and well paved, and the stones, some five or six feet long, and about three broad, are disposed in the same manner as those in the streets of some of the Tuscan cities, of Pisa, for example. This street was flanked by graceful little columns of red marble, surmounted by Corinthian capitals. In the vicinity of the mausoleum, and in the bed of the stream, are found a number of octagon pilasters, which may have belonged to the bridge.

Besides these remains there are numerous other ruins at Hydra. To the N.W. of the large triumphal arch stood a theatre, of which, however, portions of the stage alone now exist. It was not very large, nor has it any traces of peculiar beauty. Near the large church we also meet other ruined edifices, and west of the citadel there are more. Indeed, a vast variety of friezes, capitals, shafts, and other ornamental architectural remains are dispersed over a circumference of some five miles, the extent which the city occupied.

Hydra is by Shaw supposed to be the Tynidrum, or Thynudronum of the ancients; but this it cannot be, for this town is only a few minutes west of Sicca, whereas Tynidrum was, according to Ptolemy, 2° westward of that city.

My own opinion is, that the Arabs have retained the original Phœnician, or Numidian, name of this town, which, during the Roman occupation of the country, had been supplanted by a Latin one. I believe that these ruins are those of Casa Nigra, better known in ecclesiastical history from its having been the bishopric of Donatus, by whose name the factious party which opposed the election of Felix to the bishopric of Carthage was called. At the Council of



HYDRA, THE ANCIENT CASA NIGRA.

Carthage, convened principally on account of this schism, there were present no less than 286 bishops of the "orthodox" party, and 279 of the Donatists. St. Augustine was the leader on the side of the former, and Petilianus on that of the latter. The whole controversy was conducted under the presidency of Flavius Marcellinus, who represented the Emperor Honorius. The inscription No. 29, which I found among a heap of ruins to the west of the citadel, and not more than one hundred paces from the large church, has, I believe, reference to the result of that famous council.

This relic of African Christian antiquities, on which the name of the famous Numidian primate occurs, ought to justify the supposition that the ruins of Hydra are those of the city in which he exercised his more immediate episcopate—*Casa Nigra*. But I have, moreover, to observe that the modern name seems to be a translation of part of the Roman. *Hydra*, or more correctly *Khydra*, signifies "a dwelling," and so does *Casa*. This greatly confirms what may, after all, only be regarded as a well-grounded conjecture.

So complete was the extirpation of Christianity in Africa, by the Moslem conquerors, that, with the exception of some sepulchral lamps which I dug up at Carthage, and which bore the sign of the cross, the ruined churches of Hydra present the most important monuments of the terrible wreck which the religion of the Prophet of Nazareth sustained on these shores. But how insignificant even are they when we recollect that, according to the *Notitia*, there were at one time in North Africa no less than six hundred episcopal sees!

There is only one more vestige of Christianity which, in a marvellous way, has been preserved by some of the Arab tribes—by the Cabyles, or Kabyles, who inhabit the range, and outskirts, of the Atlas, and by the Twaareg, who claim a great portion of the Sahara, or Sahra, for their inheritance, and of which they are the absolute masters. I allude to the

use of the cross among these people. It is generally tattooed, sometimes on the cheeks or on the forehead, and sometimes on the arms or palms of the hand of the men, but oftener of the women. What is also remarkable is, that the Twaareg have the front of the saddle which they use on the *mahri* (the swift dromedary) in the shape of a cross to this day. Now, I do not think such a symbol could have been adopted accidentally. It must be a mystical religious representation which was at one time common throughout the country, and which has either escaped the notice of the Mohammedan emissaries, or it was so deeply engrafted on the minds of the people that it defied the efforts of the propagators of the religion of the prophet of Mecca, and has thus been preserved to the present day. It has been conjectured that the Vandals, on their invasion of Africa, freed all those natives from the burden of certain taxes on condition that they embraced Christianity; and that it was arranged that they should make known their faith by marking the cross on their persons, and hence the practice became universal.

But the introduction of the sign of the cross among the inhabitants of Africa is not of Vandal origin, for, judging from the opinions which the Fathers of the African Church entertained of this symbol of the Christian religion, it must have been common long before the hordes of northern barbarians exercised their injurious power on this continent. Already, in the second century, we find Tertullian express himself in these terms on this subject:—"Whenever we move, when we enter and go out; in dressing, in washing; at table, when we retire to rest; during conversation—we impress on our foreheads the sign of the cross. Should you ask for the Scripture authority for this and such like practices, I answer there is none; but there is tradition that authorises it, custom that confirms it, submission that observes it." But, in the third century, we find the practice, so thoroughly innocent in itself, already connected with fearful superstition. Lactantius

writes—"As Christ, whilst he lived amongst men, put the devils to flight by his word, and restored those to their senses whom those evil spirits had possessed, so now his followers, in the name of their master, and by the sign of his passion, exercise the same dominion over them. The proof is easy: when the idolaters sacrifice to their gods they cannot proceed if a Christian being present he sign his forehead with the cross; nor can the diviner give his responses. This has often been the cause of the persecution we have undergone. And, in like manner, when some masters were on the point of sacrificing in the presence of their Christian servants, the latter, by making the sign of the cross on the forehead, so frightened away the gods that nothing could be collected from the bowels of the victims."

The persecution to which Lactantius here alludes is that under the Emperor Diocletian, who appears to have been naturally very much addicted to superstition. Failing in some of his rites of divination it was whispered into the ears of the credulous Emperor, by the advocates and supporters of Paganism, that the failure was entirely attributable to a Christian servant who had made the sign of the cross on Diocletian's forehead. This led to a violent persecution, in which many Christians had to maintain their belief at the expense of their lives.

But, with the exception of the practice alluded to, and the existence of the ruins of the churches at Hydra, as well as of one at Carthage and the Basilica of Tebessa; some sepulchral lamps with the cross, or the well-known primitive Christian monogram, with, or without, the fish or a few Latin inscriptions relating to Christian emperors, nothing is found to remind one of the fact that Christianity had once a stronghold in Africa, and that its bulwarks were defended by eminent champions, such as Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactantius, and Augustine. So thoroughly has the cross here been superseded by the crescent that, though I have rambled among the ruins of upwards of one hundred cities in Carthaginian

and Numidian territories, I have not been able to discover other vestiges of what was at one period nearly the universal faith of the country.

But we must now return to our encampment before the citadel of Hydra.

Upon very scanty rations, in a wet tent, and on damp beds, we managed to pass the night. Our rest was neither disturbed by the human, nor brute, foe. The sun rose in all his majestic glory, and our appetites returned with their wonted acuteness. Our horses neighed lustily for their usual morning's repast, and our men grumbled at the absence of their accustomed huge dish of *coscoso*. We had succeeded, as we thought, in making ourselves respected even among the cut-throats, the Chawaafed, by our determined and resolute conduct, and actually flattered ourselves so far upon our success as to rely upon their reiterated promises to furnish us with abundant supplies in the morning. We now waited for those supplies, and were every moment more and more convinced that we were again doomed to disappointment. Neither barley nor provisions, no, nor even any of the Chawaafed, made their appearance.

This was a very serious affair, for we had a journey before us the precise distance of which we could not ascertain with any degree of exactness, so conflicting were the reports; but all agreed in the statement that we had to pass through a district occupied by hostile Arabs—borderers who defied the laws of the "Prince of the Faithful," and those of the "Unbelievers" alike. Among those Arabs there was, therefore, no hope of having our wants satisfied.

We were thrown upon our own resources; for the *Khaleefa* and the *hambas* confessed their inability to assist us. Our horses were at all time our first consideration, and as there was a fine barley field a little below the citadel, we sent our hungry horses into it. The poor animals revelled in the nutritious pasture; but they were not long in it before they were furiously assailed, with stones, by a couple of men who had

hitherto been concealed among the ruins, and mercilessly driven over huge heaps and masses of masonry, and, being tethered, at the risk of breaking their legs. We all shouted to the fellows to desist, but they paid no attention to us, and persevered in driving the horses out of the field. One, a good baggage-horse, fell on a pile of ruins, from which he could not rise, and the Arabs, in spite of the entreaties of our people, who were running in order to help him up, continued to pelt the animal with stones.

We were now in for it, but we resolved to get triumphantly out of this mess. To have given in at this juncture would have been a very imprudent, if not a dangerous, policy; for the Arabs would have set us down at once as cowards, and would not only have demanded heavy damages, for trespassing, but they would have plundered and otherwise illtreated us. The report of our cowardice would likewise have preceded our future movements, and we should have been considered as fit, and legitimate, objects of pillage among the rapacious representatives of the ancient Numidians. We, therefore, ordered the two assailants to be brought to our tents.

These two fellows attempted some resistance when our *hambas* laid hands on them, and, when forced to yield, they set up a terrible yell, the nature of which we did not then understand. But scarcely were they secured as prisoners in one of the tents than two other Arabs, mounted on excellent horses, came galloping towards us, evidently in answer to the mysterious summons; at a distance we observed two more horsemen and about a dozen on foot hastening after them.

We were not quite prepared to engage so large a force, and, indeed, I fully believe, had the enemy commenced hostilities there would have been, out of our whole party of nine, only two, or at the utmost three, who would have shown pluck. We had, therefore, to secure a victory without coming to blows.

No sooner did the first party arrive than their horses were seized by the bridles and the riders peremptorily ordered to dismount, which order being backed by significant, and

resolute, gestures with a revolver was instantly obeyed. The next party met with the same reception and with the same result. The four were then conducted into our temporary prison, the entrance to which was guarded by Sadek and Said with loaded guns in their hands. Having thus disposed of the cavalry, we now prepared to combat the infantry, armed with *dabooses*, sticks with a thick band of iron coiled round one end, about four, or five, inches in depth. This weapon is not only very economical, but very effective, and that not merely in administering deadly blows when in close contact, but it is hurled so dexterously, and with such precision, that I have seen hares brought down with them at a distance of upwards of a hundred yards!

But, fortunately, before these forces were sufficiently near, our prisoners began to apprehend serious consequences from their dismal situation, and proposed a parley. To this we consented, on condition that the treaty of peace should be concluded without the interference of the advancing forces. The reason we assigned why they should not participate in the preliminaries was to avoid unnecessary vociferation, whereas we had also another motive for the suggestion, and that was to avoid coming in collision with those whose metal we had not yet tried. Our proposal was agreed to. One of the prisoners, at his own request, was led out of the tent, and, having made a signal to the infantry to halt, ordered them to remain near the ruins of the large church.

The question of trespass was not mentioned, and, therefore, not discussed. We were simply asked upon what condition we would agree to a peace. We replied that we were willing to release four of the prisoners if they consented to comply with the government "order," and forthwith supplied us with all we stood in need of, and with which they had hitherto refused to furnish us even for money.

"And what will you do with our other two friends?" they inquired with great solicitude.

"They shall be sent, bound as they are, to the *Caid*

(the governor). The *Khaleefa* will take charge of them," was the answer.

"And if we do not agree to your condition, what will you then do?" asked the oldest among them.

"We shall in that case take you all to the governor and leave you to his mercy."

"May *Allah* mollify your ire!" rejoined the same man. "We have, no doubt, justly incurred your displeasure; but you are inclined to be merciful. Remember, therefore, the natural perverseness of Arabs and liberate us all. We will then supply you with all you require, and *merchababek* [you are welcome] to be our guests, and to our hospitality so long as you please, now that we know each other and are friends."

We demurred, and it was not till the *Khaleefu* had been entreated by them to intercede, that we consented to comply with our prisoners' requests. But we took care not to restore them to their liberty till they had fulfilled the condition of the treaty. We detained them as hostages, and when the barley, a lamb, bread, eggs, and a *coscoso* were in our possession the door of our canvas prison was thrown open.

"Verily," observed the *Khaleefa*, laughing heartily after the departure of our prisoners, "verily *eddonya makloba* [the world is turned topsy-turvy]. I can scarcely yet realise what I have seen, and, indeed, had I not been a witness to what you have done, I could not have believed it. You have bearded the lion in his own den."

I do not make quite so much of this *mélée* as the lieutenant-governor did, whose authority the Chawaafed defied; but I certainly think we "turned the tables" upon these "gentlemen of the road."

* A certain class of people may feel inclined to censure our conduct in this instance. They ought, however, to bear in mind our peculiar situation before they pass their austere judgment. We travelled in a country in which we could not have our absolute wants supplied for money. It is on this account that the local government furnished us with an "order"

which was to secure us protection and our daily supplies of provisions. When this order is allowed to be disregarded, the traveller is reduced to a condition of starvation, and it is not so pleasant a thing to starve, I can tell them, whatever their views on the subject may be. If others can be stoically passive under such circumstances, we, I must confess, had not reached that state of perfection.

That the government "order," which professes to reimburse all the outlays, and expenses, which may have been incurred in entertaining government guests, should have been disregarded, and despised, proves either the lawless character of the Chawaafed, or shows the absence of harmony existing between the ruled and the rulers, and the degree of confidence which the former repose in the latter.

Among the mountaineers, the Jebaleah, or Kabyles—the traveller, if supplied with an "order," is sure to meet with protection and hospitality, and that "order" is not issued by a constituted authority, but may be, and is, granted by any individual mountaineer. It is properly called *Anaya*, and consists of a token, such as an article of clothing, a stick, a gun, a dog, a horse, &c., which is known to belong to him who confers it, and who undertakes the safe conduct of the stranger. The *Anaya* is exhibited at the next station, and the traveller is sure to meet with a cordial welcome. The host now judges whether the token will be serviceable further on; but if he thinks his own preferable, he supplies his guest with it, and undertakes to restore the one he brought to its owner. In this manner a stranger can traverse the whole mountain district with perfect security. The most dissolute mountaineer—the highwayman and the common robber—will respect a stranger who travels with an *Anaya*, and will not only not molest him, but afford him aid and protection. The *Anaya* is sacred and inviolable, and in it not only the honour of the individual who confers it is concerned, but the honour of the whole tribe. No offence would meet with speedier retaliation than the infringement of this passport.

The *Anaya* of a private individual is respected everywhere; but it will only procure the kind offices of hospitality where he is known, whereas that of a sheikh will serve the traveller in the entire district over which he presides; but that of a *marabout*, a kind of saint or religious chief, will enable the stranger to traverse the whole highlands, not only "without let or hindrance," but it will procure him the highest respect, and secure him the universal favour of the nation. This is, indeed, something like a "Passport." * It is gratuitously bestowed, and is free from all charges of visa and all its silly formality.

Among the Arabs the *Amar*, or *Amra*—the government "order"—is in place of the *Anaya* of the Kabyles. In Algeria the French have seen the necessity of retaining the ancient practice, and the order from the *Bureau Arab* is so scrupulously respected that the traveller, who is favoured with such an instrument, is sure to meet with a kind reception to whatever encampment, or tribe, he presents himself. But in the territories under the jurisdiction of the "Prince of the Faithful," or more correctly under that of his Mamlooks, it is the personal bravery and courage of the traveller that must enforce obedience to the mandate, or else he will starve and be exposed to the rapacity of the greedy Arab, fall a victim to the marauder who is driven to adopt the base profession by absolute want, or through the contempt which he entertains for his Mamlook rulers, or in imitation of their base system of government.

* This practice is, I am inclined to believe, of Carthaginian origin. It is another form of the *tessera hospitalis*. In the *Pœnulus* of Plautus, Hanno interchanges the token of hospitality with Agorastocles, and it would appear that the Carthaginian merchants always carried such passports with them in their trading journeys to the different countries. They were in the habit of receiving hospitably the strangers who visited them, and this gave them a claim for similar treatment whenever they found themselves strangers in foreign parts. A sign, or a token, was agreed upon; and whoever produced that token, was entitled to friendly offices and to hospitality.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOSLEM UNDER "NAZARENE" RULE.

Our New Companion—Ludicrous Robber Scene—Monuments of Violence—
A Veritable Lion—Night March—Sumptuous Supper—Ruins of Teveste
—French Conquests in Africa—Mamlook Government—The Youthful
Nimrod.

It was not till 1-30 P.M. that we found ourselves again in our saddles, and on our way into French Africa. The *Khaleefa* accompanied us a little way, and during the short time he continued with us he was particularly eloquent upon the merits of one of our guns, informing us also of the insuperable difficulties which he had in procuring a good weapon. He likewise enlarged upon the generosity of a *Nasraani* (Nazarene), who had presented a very similar weapon to an intimate friend of his. But these broad hints were all lost upon us; we were intentionally dull to avoid giving his under-excellency a flat refusal, since we were only well armed, but had no gun to spare.

Belgaasem, the governor's confidential servant, remained with us, and undertook to be our guide to Tebessa. This man was one of the most clumsy, and unwieldy, individuals I ever came across, but I never saw one more active and sprightly than he was in the saddle. When on foot he seemed perfectly useless. His legs and his arms appeared quite needless appendages, and whenever he could find an opportunity he invariably squatted down. So soon as his feet came in contact with mother earth, Belgaasem was like a fish out of the water; but once on his horse, and it was appa-

rent that he was in his natural element; in his saddle he managed his long gun with an adroitness, and agility, truly surprising. Belgaasem had nothing prepossessing in his appearance, and though he was always ready for a merry laugh, and made repeated attempts at jokes, he had too much of the bandit about him, and was too fond of bragging of his former depredations and acts of violence. His frame was neither powerfully built, nor was his visage peculiarly forbidding, so as to inspire terror, and yet Belgaasem had the impress of the assassin about him, of which he neither tried, nor would he have succeeded had he tried, to divest himself. But he promised to be useful, and, travelling as we did in inhospitable regions, we considered him an acceptable acquisition to our party.

Leaving Hydra, we passed the mausoleum which stands on the side of the paved street, and crossing the rivulet close to it, we entered an extensive plain, scantily cultivated, notwithstanding its excellent arable soil. At the western extremity of this plain we passed over a dry bed of one of the tributaries of the Waad Hydra, and then commenced ascending higher ground which likewise contained a few patches of cultivation.

This high land is bounded, on the right and on the left, by lofty and picturesque mountains, covered with a variety of trees, but none of great size. Among the heights to our right and in the distance, we had the peculiarly shaped table, or truncated, mountain, *Kelaat Esnaan*, on which is a tent village of the *Oulaad Boghaanem* Arabs, whose reputation is somewhat superior to the *Chawaafeed*. We then forded again one of the serpentine bends of Waad Hydra, and entered upon the extreme western portions claimed by Tunis.

Our *hambas* had often manifested their want of courage, and now, as we were within dreaded territory, their cowardice exposed them to ridicule, and particularly to that

of Belgaasem. This fellow did everything in his power to intimidate our mounted police, and when he had reduced them to a state that they were almost frightened at their own shadows, he set up a merry laugh at their expense. Galloping up to me, the wily ex-bandit asked,—

“What has become of your *hambas*?”

I looked round for them in order to answer the question, and found Hamed and Machfood, (who were usually either in advance or with the baggage), riding side by side, far in the rear.

“A fine protection those fellows would prove, in case of an attack,” Belgaasem continued. “I wish I had come across such a pair when I roamed freely in these parts, and when I was at liberty to take possession of whatever *Allah* threw in my way! Their horses, their guns, their pistols and swords would have realised something. Ah! but I am, and always have been, like the unlucky sportsman, whose gun was never loaded when the game was within shot, and whenever it was loaded the game was either on the wing, or far beyond his reach.”

“But do you really think they are frightened?” I asked.

“Frightened!” exclaimed Belgaasem. “From every nook, from behind every hedge and every hillock, they expect a sally of brigands. But I will wait for the poor fellows and try whether I cannot inspire them with a little courage.”

I continued riding ahead of our party, and found myself unexpectedly in the midst of a barley-field. Thinking that my horse had strayed from the beaten track, I looked back, and found that the barley was sown in the *teneah essoltaneah* (the sultan’s highway). My horse had either too high an appreciation of the law of highways, and considered this private appropriation of a strip of land an infringement upon public rights, or he defied the adage *via trita est tutissima*, (the beaten path is the safest). I however directed my course to the path on the other side of the field, little

thinking that I should be called to account for trespassing, particularly as not a living soul was seen in the vicinity ; but in this I was mistaken.

To the right of this cultivated field was a ridge of higher land, which terminated abruptly, causing an interval of about twenty yards in depth, beyond which rose a moderate-sized hill. Within the recess, between the ridge and the hill, there was a natural hollow, or cavity, and when I came abreast of this I was suddenly hailed, in a stentorian tone of voice, by a rough-looking fellow, mounted on a mule, whom I had not till then noticed.

"Is it thus you dare tread down the food of Moslems?" he roared. "I'll soon teach you how to respect the property of men who are able to protect themselves from intruders."

"And is it thus you appropriate the path of the public? I'll show you that I can defend myself on the 'sultan's highway,'" I rejoined.

"Heigho!" shouted a number of voices simultaneously, "the fellow destroys our crop, and is moreover insolent. He shall pay doubly dear for this."

Seven men hitherto concealed in the cavity now showed themselves, and, with their chief, commenced making their way towards me.

On observing this I instantly turned my horse's head and rode to meet them. They vociferated in a terrible manner, making use of awful oaths, and threatening to handle me in the most merciless manner. But when sufficiently near, I exchanged my whip, which I had in my right hand, for my formidable coadjutor, a revolver, and, without holding it in a threatening attitude, I simply demonstrated to them that it was obedient to my wishes. Having done this I deliberately asked them whether they thought that it was possible for them, by their mode of proceeding, to intimidate me.

"If so," I said, "you are greatly mistaken."

"But you have destroyed our barley," roared the man on

the mule in a somewhat less furious tone, "and we have a right to claim a recompence."

"You have no such right," I replied, "for I have not deviated from the beaten track. You had no business to plough up the *teneah essoltaneah*. But let me tell you," I continued, "I am not ignorant of the vile motive you have for so doing. You wish to give a plausibility of justice to your unlawful, and diabolic, pursuits, and this barley serves your purpose. You are a set of cowardly brigands, but you have, in the present instance, miscalculated your chance of extorting money, and I shall, moreover, report your conduct to the authorities."

By this time some of the men had espied my fellow-travelers, followed by the rest of our party, and instantly a *sotto voce* consultation ensued, which I interrupted by peremptorily asking the chief's name. He sullenly refused compliance, and ordered his men to retire to the mountains on our left, which they no sooner obeyed than he began to follow them. But I insisted on knowing his name previous to our separation, and checked his progress by placing my horse in front of his mule. Every turn he took, in order to escape, my horse instantly faced him, and in this way I impeded his flight. It was, however, utterly impossible to make the fellow comply with my request. In the course of a few minutes he gave me no less than four, or five, different names, all of which he declared, and confirmed with solemn oaths, were his. But as my real object was, after all, only to alarm, and terrify, this gang of banditti, I had recourse to another method to secure the same end.

"You think to foil my object by your falsehood," I said, "but I have means by which to ensure your recognition. I shall take your *tasweera* (likeness), and since you are, no doubt, well known in this neighbourhood, the officers of justice will not fail to apprehend you."

But no sooner did the bandit perceive my pencil in opera-

tion, than he made a resolute, but still unsuccessful, attempt at an escape. My nimble animal, accustomed to obey the mere touch of the rider's knee, enabled me to retain a full view of the villain's countenance, in spite of his efforts to shrink from my glance. The scene became more ridiculous still just at the moment when our party joined us. Terrified beyond measure the highwayman now pulled his hood over his face, and commenced a rapid circular race, but it was impossible for him to outstrip my horse in speed. This farce, worthy of any arena, was kept up for some minutes, and he was greatly relieved when I permitted him to depart. Amidst the shouts, the laughter, and the execrations of our men, the humiliated robber chief rode off to join his lawless band in the mountains.

This little incident tended to inspire the cowardly portion of our party with a certain degree of courage. We now continued our route, riding in a body, fully prepared for any adventures, and resolved to meet them like men.

The boundary which separates the territories claimed by Tunis from those of Algeria, is about ten miles from Hydra. It is marked by a chain of low hills. Passing a very picturesque gap in these, we entered French Africa, and were at once struck with the marked difference in the agriculture between that of the Arabs under Moslem sway, and that of those under a civilised government. In the dominions we had just quitted, thorns, thistles, and weeds of every description, were allowed to choke the crops, whereas here the cultivation that met our eyes was free from everything obnoxious. Here it was apparent that the farmer sowed in the full assurance of deriving the entire benefit of his labour, whereas there the fruits of his toil are a perfect uncertainty, since any of the unprincipled Mamlooks have ways and means of depriving him of his complete crop.

Within a lovely valley, soon after crossing the boundary, we observed, to our right, the prostrate remains of a large

town, but, being pressed for time, we were unable to examine with minuteness the nature of these ruins. This town was situated within an amphitheatre of hills, and surrounded by rich arable soil. A more charming spot can seldom be met with, and I can scarcely conceive a more attractive site for an inland town. In the days of its glory it must have been a happy valley. At present this spot, and the whole vicinity for many miles, is a perfect solitude.

Traversing this valley we approached the hills, covered with trees, forming a kind of forest with an abundance of thickets and brushwood, through which passes a well defined and wide road, containing, however, numerous monuments of violence and murder. These consisted, as usual, of heaps of stones; some seemed of very recent formation, and such sights are not calculated to enliven the spirits of the traveller. But upon the principle that timid boys often whistle when passing through some lonely parts in the dark, upon the very same principle, I think, our *hambas* now started a shrill and wild Arab song, purporting to eulogise the brave, and heroic, deeds of one of the sons of the desert, who, single-handed, slew a lion and vanquished a band of desperate brigands by whom he was assailed.

"I am far more brave than your 'son of Feraj,'" interrupted Belgaasem, "for I have put many a caravan to flight, and have taken a prominent part in killing upwards of twelve lions."

"Twelve lions! *Allah yostor*, may Allah protect us!" ejaculated Machfood. "You are indeed brave, if what you say is not a falsehood."

"You doubt my veracity," replied the ex-brigand, "and think I am a braggart. To you, who are a *chowaaif*, coward, what I said seems very extraordinary, and incredible; but if a lion were now to make his appearance (and such a thing is not at all improbable in this his fastness), I would surprise you by the cool, and deliberate, manner in which I would

handle him. *Madabeah*, would that the sultan of animals did now cross our path!"

"*Allah yostor* [may Allah preserve us!] from the monster!" rejoined Machfood, and his supplication was echoed by his "pious" companion Hamed. "I would rather see the ferocious infidel in a cage," the former added, chuckling as he spoke, "than meet him here."

The two continued discussing this subject, and enlarged on the most approved manner of intimidating the noble animal, and on the way how successfully to deprive him of his native courage. "Call him *Sachaar*, [enchanter,] *Bachaar*, [putredinous,] *Khaarji*, [dissenter,] *Kaaffer*, [infidel,] *Yehodi*, [Jew,] and other like terms," said Belgaasem, "and you disarm him of all his strength. You may then strike him, and he will run from you like a timid dog, kick him and he will crouch down, slay him and he will not even attempt to defend himself."

This conversation lasted some time, and, more or less, every one of our party had some observation to make on this all-absorbing topic within the lion's reputed stronghold, little dreaming that Belgaasem's aspiration for the veritable appearance of his leonine majesty would actually be realised. But it was so. The sun was just on the eve of sinking beneath the horizon, when we were wending our way down into the vast plain. To our right and to our left we had high hills, studded all over with trees, and we had only just obtained a peep of the plain below, when Mr. Nicholson, who was some paces ahead of us, halted suddenly and pointed, in a very mysterious manner, to the summit of the last hill on our left. We all looked up, and there, at the foot of a cluster of large pine, near a mass of broken rock, and scarcely more than four hundred yards from us, lay a huge lion, his head resting on his forefeet. We stared at him while he appeared to take a deliberate survey of our whole party. We were peaceably disposed, and not even Belgaasem

manifested the least sign, or desire, of a nearer, or a more intimate acquaintance with this *Kaafer*, and he, the "infidel," exhibited no treacherous intention.

Whether from a desire to entertain us with his majestic appearance, or prompted by a prying, and inquisitive, spirit I cannot tell, but whilst we were gazing at him, the sage animal rose, shaking his shaggy mane, and for some seconds scrutinised us very closely.

Having amply gratified our own curiosity, we continued our march. It was now getting late, and our guide incessantly urged us on, informing us that the distance to Tebessa was yet great. We, however, repeatedly looked back to take additional peeps at the "lord of the forest," but of this pleasure a sudden bend in the road soon deprived us. Those among us versed in leonine propensities, and of these Belgaasem was, of course, the foremost, apprehended an inverted lion chase; but the noble animal was incapable of so mean, and treacherous, an act. Having once permitted us to pass his domain unmolested, he suffered us to continue our journey free from all hindrance: the pusillanimous anticipation was therefore not realised.

By the time we were fairly in the plain it was quite dark. Passing an encampment of Arabs we inquired as to the distance we had yet before us, but all the answer we could obtain amounted to its being *baeyd yaaser*, "very far." The Arabs have no idea, and appear to be able to form no conception, of either time or distance, and therefore repeatedly mislead the traveller without any desire to do so. These people were very kind, and pressed us strongly to spend the night with them—an invitation which was very grateful to our ears, for it was the first we had had for many a day. But the knowledge of being near civilised men prompted us to press forward; we thanked the Arabs but declined the invitation, notwithstanding the chief informed us that he would kill a sheep for us, and that he had a plentiful supply of barley for

our horses. A few miles further on, we came upon another encampment, the lights of which we, at first, mistook for those of Tebessa, and here we were again pressed to remain, the Arabs holding out the same temptations. This hospitality is entirely attributable to the French rule; the French have revived an old Arab custom, by holding the people responsible for accidents that might befall a traveller. In the Bashalic of Tunis the same usage holds nominally good, but practically, through the perverseness, and injustice, of a Mamlook government, it is exploded. This custom has not merely a reference to the personal safety of the stranger, but it carries with it a tacit understanding that his wants are to be supplied. Such a practice is absolutely indispensable in a country which is unprovided with inns or hotels. The *amra*, "order," of the Mamlook government of Tunis is disregarded and treated with contempt, because the government itself is despised by the Arabs; whereas in Algeria, where the Arab has learnt to respect the integrity, justice, and honour of the French, the traveller is welcomed everywhere, even without an *order* from the constituted authorities.

The night was so intensely dark that we could not even see the road, and therefore blindly followed our guide. Fortunately all our horses were very sure-footed, and, prompted by hunger, they traversed the vast plain of Tebessa at a rapid pace and without any accident. Portions of this road were very bad, so that we were repeatedly astonished at the manner in which our famished animals cleared all difficulties. Swamps, rivulets, and ditches, whose magnitude was, undoubtedly, considerably exaggerated owing to the darkness, we passed over with surprising ease. These obstructions convinced us that we had missed the highway, but this Belgaasem would not admit, and stoutly maintained that we had not deviated from the direct road.

"When I was a *kottay*, a highwayman," he said, and that repeatedly, "I often waylaid travellers here, and therefore

know every inch of the road as well as I know the palm of my hand."

By nine o'clock we reached the south-western extremity of this low land, and ascended the higher ground by which it is bounded, and on which the town of Tebessa is situated. The monotony—the profound stillness of the plain—was now superseded by the grateful, welcome, and enlivening notes of the nightingale, whose melodious warbling was heard above the sound of the bubbling water, perpetually rushing down by an open aqueduct from the springs outside the walls of the town. The way up to the town lies between beautiful gardens, the rich odour and perfume of whose numerous, and variegated, flowers impregnated the atmosphere. Weary, famished, and exhausted as we were, we lavished praises on the French for having transformed a desert into an earthly paradise. Our spirits revived—our fatigue vanished.

At the gate, *Porte Salomon*, some Sbahis, who were on duty, put a few formal questions to us, and, having taken our guns from us, one of them politely conducted us into the town. On reporting our arrival to the commandant, that officer instantly sent a corporal with the permission for us to pitch our tents within the *casba*, the "citadel."

We were soon housed, our horses picketed, and our men hastened away to regale themselves in the coffee-house.

The first night we spent at Tebessa will not be so soon forgotten by my fellow travellers, nor by myself. The pleasure we experienced in seeing a European table and European chairs in our tent, wax candles, silver forks and clean knives, silver spoons and a clean, neat, dinner service, excellent claret and better champagne, fruits and delicious French bread, fresh vegetables and viands of the best description—on seeing all this, I confess, our satisfaction was great. Neither of us was a gormandiser, but every one of us

was heartily sick of the nauseous Arab food, served not only in a slovenly, but often in a disgusting, manner.

But what we appreciated most was our being able to obtain all this without bullying, without fighting, and without strife. Hitherto money was almost perfectly useless to us, but now we had again convincing proof of its potent efficacy—its magical power.

Having partaken of what may be called a sumptuous meal, or what to us, famished wanderers, appeared as such : or in the words of Virgil—

Postquam exempta fames epulis,

“after our hunger was expelled by a feast,” we retired to rest with much greater assurance of our personal safety than we had experienced for days past.

Early on the following morning we took a stroll through the town, and soon made the acquaintance of several French officers, two of whom very courteously volunteered to act as our cicerones. These gentlemen conducted us first of all to what is considered the gem of the antiquities of Tebessa, the elegant little temple which is called that of Minerva. This little edifice, which is seventy-six feet long by fifty and a half wide, is now used as a temporary Roman Catholic chapel. It is a prostyle, of a mixed architecture in which the Roman Corinthian order predominates, and is richly, and elaborately, decorated. The six columns of the pronaos, the four in front and the two lateral, are monoliths, of a white marble with blue veins. The sides of the temple have projecting pilasters, surmounted by composite capitals. The architrave is divided into square panels, the ornaments of each consisting of an eagle, two serpents, and oak branches. These panels are separated from each other by metopes, having the ram's, or ox's, scull carved on them, and placed immediately above the capitals. The metopes are precisely

like those one meets with between the triglyphs in the Roman Doric friezes.

An elaborate cornice separates the architrave from the attic, and this too is divided into panels, corresponding exactly with those below in position. The ornaments of these are not uniformly the same; in some it consists of a double cornucopia, and in others in festoons, but in the squares just above the ram's heads we have either trophies or bas-reliefs of Hercules. Above these, it would appear, the temple was originally ornamented by a number of statues, but these, if they existed, have now totally disappeared.

Though this temple has suffered much from the ravages of time, it is in much better preservation than many other edifices of the same period. To me it appears to have been dedicated to Jupiter, as the symbolical ornaments, with which it is embellished, have a greater reference to that divinity than to Minerva; but Captain Moll, the commandant of Tebessa, a very intelligent man, who has made Numidian antiquities his study, is of opinion that it belonged to the goddess of wisdom. His chief support is in those panels which have the serpents, and next in the eagle, which he has converted into an owl. The defaced condition of some of these birds appear to favour his view. There are, however, several in a more perfect state, and in these he cannot fail to recognise his mistake.

That Minerva was revered at Teveste there can be no doubt, since her name is recorded in an inscription found immediately to the left, or N.W., of the triumphal arch, but it is very questionable whether she had a temple here. The inscription I allude to purports to be the testament of Cornelius Egrilianus, a præfect, who, among other bequests, directs his executors, his own brothers, to place one, or more, (the inscription being mutilated) statues of Minerva in the forum. Now if Minerva had a temple at Teveste, it appears to me to be more probable that the testator would have ordered

those statues to be placed in the sanctuary of that deity. But whether this conjecture be feasible or not, I still maintain that there is more ground for the belief that this little temple was dedicated to Jupiter than to Minerva.

But the inscription to which I have just referred* is highly interesting, since it informs us that the next important relic of ancient Teveste, the triumphal arch, was erected at the expense of the patriotic testator, Cornelius Egrilianus.

This triumphal arch, which owes its origin to the munificence of a præfect, now forms the northern gate of the modern Tebessa. When free from the incumbrance of walls, on its eastern and western sides, it must have had a very imposing aspect, since it presented a superb front to every one of the cardinal points of the compass. Being thus quadrifrons in form, and having originally borne an inscription on every one of its architraves, it is difficult to say in honour of whom this magnificent monument was raised.

From its inscription† on the eastern façade the arch may be denominated that of *Antoninus Pius*, or that of *Septimus Severus*, but with greater propriety still, that of *Marcus Aurelius Severus*, since he was the last of these three emperors, and to his reign this arch must date. It was therefore erected before A.D. 235, in which year the last-named emperor was murdered. Egrilianus was, no doubt, an African, and may have been related to Septimus Severus, also an African, a native of Leptis. Desirous of immortalising his royal, or imperial, relative, Egrilianus had a good opportunity of accomplishing this in the reign of an emperor who was a Phœnician, particularly so as the reigning emperor's name was likewise Severus. But at the same time to indicate the testator's real intention, the name of Antoninus Pius, who died A.D. 161, and who was principally famous for his virtues, is associated with the two other emperors.

* Vide App., No. 1, Inscription 30.

† Ibid. No. 31.

But that Egrilianus actually intended this for an arch of Severus is distinctly proved by an inscription* on the western façade, which relates to the famous Julia Domna, the wife of Septimus Severus. How far the bombast of this record is true of the philosophic lady, the reader will be able to judge.

The inscription on the northern façade has disappeared, the whole entablature on that side having been demolished, and on the southern façade it is so obliterated that it is quite impossible now to decipher it.

Of all the triumphal arches that have come under my notice I know of none which, when perfect, could have presented a better, or a more imposing, appearance than the present. Its quadrifrons form is in itself so peculiar that it represents four distinct arches, and every one a *chef d'œuvre*, in itself. Each façade had its *tetrastyle*, or four front columns, in conformity with the testament of Egrilianus, for it is to this, I think, the testator refers, and not to the square turret, with four columns, over the southern arch—a very singular addition, with which every one of the arches must have been originally surmounted.

The exquisite beauty of this monument of antiquity does not consist in its materials, for these are only of a fine grained, or compact, limestone, but they consist in the graceful proportions, elaborate, but chaste, ornaments, and the general effect of the design. Before the discovery of this monument there existed only one which exhibited the same character, and that was the arch of Janus at Rome; but that arch is far inferior to the one of Teveste, which, as M. Letronne justly observes, is infinitely *plus riche et plus élégant*.

Leaving the arch, our conductors led us through the gardens to the *Basilica*, a vast pile of confused ruins. Foundations, cornices, shafts, capitals, &c., of a Byzantine period, are all huddled together, and intermingled, with nume-

* Vide App. 1, Inscription 32.

rous masses, fragments of masonry and marble ornaments, of a much remoter age. This confusion shows that Pagan materials were employed in the construction of this immense Christian edifice. A number of gravestones of a date anterior to that of the Basilica have, at different times, been discovered here, some of which Captain Moll has published in the "*Annuaire de la Société Archeologique de la Province de Constantine*."* But these ruins themselves present nothing of an attractive nature. The spot was, however, selected as the most eligible for our sketch of Tebessa with its ancient walls, and its other interesting remains of antiquity.

On re-entering the city we were taken to the club, where we met with a very cordial reception from the military and civil officials. The abundant share of courtesy, and attention, which these gentlemen bestowed on us placed us under very great obligations to them, which we could only repay with grateful thanks. We are under especial obligations to the *chef du bureau Arabe*, M. Flaters, a gentleman whose intelligence and affability I have seldom seen surpassed. He literally compelled us to become his guests during our stay at Tebessa, and his profuse, and unbounded, hospitality did much to recruit, and fit, us for the toils and privations which we had still to encounter. To M. Flaters and to his friend M. Sénac I am indebted for much of the information I obtained in this remote part of Algeria.

The modern Tebessa, comprised within the walls of the Byzantine citadel of Teveste, is a neat and flourishing little inland town. Its settled Arab population is small, but on market days the concourse of people is great, amounting sometimes to upwards of five thousand persons, and yet the garrison does not exceed twenty French soldiers! Besides these twenty Frenchmen, Tebessa has one hundred Arab

* In the same publication for 1860 the reader will find an account, and elaborate details, of the antiquities of Teveste, from the pen and pencil of Captain Moll.

Sbahis and Turcos, and with this small force the whole war-like district is kept in subjection to the laws, and this district comprehends some twenty thousand souls! Nothing can prove more clearly that France is now mistress of Algeria, and that she maintains her authority by other than military force. What that force is, the traveller who knows the Arabic language, and is able to have free intercourse with the native population, can easily ascertain. The Arab remembers the injustice, and the carnage, of his former Moslem, or rather Turkish, rulers, and has now had ample time to contrast the past with the present. The oppression, and dire calamities, he has been taught, by his former fanatic leaders, to anticipate from the Christian conquerors he finds, from experience, to be groundless. His person is respected, his property is held sacred, and this was neither the case when the country was under the dominion of Turkey, nor is it the case now in the neighbouring state under the rule of unprincipled Mamlooka. This has thoroughly reconciled the Arabs to their new masters.

"We have our freedom," said a French Sbahi in my hearing to Hamed, "and we appreciate it. I feel that I am a man, and I endeavour to act as such. As a man I am not inferior to my commander, and as such he is bound to, and he readily does, respect me, whilst I cheerfully render him the homage due to his rank. But, in your country, what are you? You hold precisely the same position which I do; but do you feel as a free man ought to feel? Do you realise the importance and the dignity of a man? No! You are reviled and ill-treated by a parcel of ignorant and dastardly Mamlooks, and you are kicked about like a dog. Is it not so?"

The truth of this Hamed could not deny. He, however, only shook his head, fearing to answer lest his companion, Machfood, should betray him on their return to their own country. But, being urged to answer by the jolly red-cloaked Sbahi, Hamed managed to mumble out—

"We are Moslems, and are under a Moslem government ; but you, professedly a true believer, are under the control, and dominion, of Nazarenes."

"But do the Nazarenes interfere with my religion ? Am I not a Moslem now from choice and not, like you, from mere compulsion ? *Sebhaan Allah !* [may *Allah* be praised !] How perverse you, and the like of you, are. Is usurpation, despotism, and merciless tyranny to be characterised *Moslem* ? If so, then may you enjoy it ! As for us here, we thank Allah for the freedom, and liberty, with which he has blessed us. Go, kiss the rod of the infidel Mamlooks, for they are your rulers, and not an *Ameer Elmomaneen* [a prince of the faithful]. We are, it is true, under the dominion of Nazarenes, but they are honourable men ; whereas you are under the scum of Nazarenes, Greek renegades, perfidious Mamlooks—a destructive legacy of Turkish treachery, infamy, and usurpation."

To have brought about such an altered state of feelings in Algeria not only proves the hold France now has upon the Arabs, but it likewise demonstrates the excellence of the means employed to effect such a change, as well as the wisdom, and tact, of those who have directed the affairs of this African colony. To what use this colony can, and may, be employed, on some future day, is a subject which merits the grave contemplation of statesmen ; but upon which my limited space prevents me from enlarging.

Tourists and valetudinarians generally visit a certain beaten track, or only some maritime towns in Algeria, where the French element predominates, and, hence, can they form no estimate of the Arab mind and feeling. Besides, those gentlemen being generally ignorant of the native language, they can never arrive at the true sentiments of the Arabs. But we, this time, entered Algeria from a quarter seldom, if ever, attempted by English travellers, and yet it is in such a part only that a true estimate can be formed of the French

progress in Africa. These conquests—these possessions—can be used for good or for bad. They may become stupendous auxiliaries for the exploration and civilisation of Central Africa, for the effectual abolition of slavery, for the development of the resources of the interior, and for the promotion of the cultivation of cotton upon a colossal scale. Or these possessions may be employed for European aggressions, for eradicating traditional landmarks of nations, for the downfall of old dynasties, and for converting the civilised continent into a vast battle-field. It will be for France, on some future day, to choose what use she will make of her African conquests, and let us hope that moderation, justice, and judgment, will enable her to see, and appreciate, her true interests. But we must pause, for the future of Algeria is a theme for a large essay, particularly when taken in connection with the probable destiny of the eastern Moslem states, and even of Egypt.

The strides which France makes in Algeria may be estimated from the fact that Tebessa was, only four years ago, composed of a few miserable Arab hovels, similar to those of Thala ; indeed, I am informed that Thala was far superior to it. But now Tebessa contains a number of good houses, besides the government buildings and the commandant's palace. The Byzantine walls have been repaired, and towards the S.W. a large quadrangle has been attached, which, in the course of time, is to contain the quarters of the garrison, so as to leave the whole of the ancient citadel to be occupied by civilians. Tebessa promises to become a very important city ; already it counts about a hundred European emigrants, some of whom have flourishing farms in the vicinity. On market days the force of example is very palpable ; the horses and cattle brought in by Arabs, are fine and in excellent condition, and all the articles offered for sale are of a quality superior to anything I have ever seen in the neighbouring Moslem country.

“But do you not consider it unsafe,” I asked one of the

officials of the place, "to have so small a garrison, and to be so far removed from effectual aid?"

"Unsafe!" he replied, laughing heartily. "We have not the least cause to apprehend any disaster from the Arabs. They have felt the power of despotism and, therefore, now appreciate the laws of equity and justice; they vaunted themselves on their prowess and bravery, but they have felt our superiority in arms; what they formerly possessed they were never sure of, whereas now their gain, and their property, are protected. It is therefore their interest to be peaceable: besides, twenty red cloaks [Sbahis] are, at any time, sufficient to disperse a force of two thousand Arabs. The sight of a *red cloak* overwhelms them with terror; they have tried the game before, and now I doubt whether they ever dream of a repetition of the contest."

I must here observe that these are not the words of a Frenchman, but of a native Sbahi corporal, and this opinion every French officer will confirm, whilst the truth of it is amply proved by the actual defenceless condition of Tebessa.

A heavy shower of rain drove me for shelter into the office of M. Flaters, and whilst there a Bedouin entered with a complaint, which gave me an opportunity to ascertain more fully the Arab sentiment with reference to the French. The *chef*, naturally of an amiable disposition, listened patiently to the plaintiff and advised him what course to take. The Bedouin left perfectly contented. I followed and entered into conversation with him.

"Why did you bring a case which belongs to the *Sherrâ* [the Mohammedan ecclesiastical court], before a civil magistrate?" I asked the man.

"Simply because I am convinced of the righteousness of my cause," he readily answered, "and am anxious to obtain justice."

"But, surely, the *Sherrâ* would not fail to do you justice in the case," I observed.

The man appeared amazed at my remark, and seemed to

doubt whether I was in earnest, or whether I was mocking him; convinced, however, that I had no intention to ridicule him, he rejoined—

“The *Sherrá* is the remainder of the old *baatel* [injustice], and until the Nazarenes will deprive Moslems of all power and prevent them from meddling in our affairs, they will not have done for us what, I verily believe, they desire to do—to ameliorate our condition. But *alhamdo lillahi*, praised be Allah, for what our Nazarene protectors have already done, and let us hope that they will not weary, but accomplish the whole work.”

“Ay, ay,” chimed in a Moor who had joined his friend, the Bedouin, and was walking with us, “and that task will not be completed until all power is taken from those who now oppress my country, and trample ‘true believers’ under their feet.”

“Judging from your dialect,” I said to the last speaker, “you are a Tunisian, and do you actually want your country to be conquered by the French?”

“Most decidedly,” he answered, emphatically, “if the descendants of Hassan Ben Ali [the founder of the reigning dynasty of Tunis] are unable to govern the country. If Tunis is to be at the mercy of strangers, let it be those whom we have tried and have found friendly towards us, and not a set of insolent, ignorant, and avaricious Mamlooks. If our legitimate princes are reduced to such a state of imbecility that they are compelled to hand over the responsibility of government to Greek, Circassian, and other renegades—Mamlooks—then is it indeed high time that we have the choice of those who are to rule over us.”

This man was a thorough “patriot,” and boasted of the wounds he received in the French service. He had an amputated arm, and, with pride, pointed to it and to several parts of his body which had been perforated by bullets. He was in receipt of a pension from the French government, having entered

its service in the first years of the conquest. Men like him do much good to the French cause ; such emissaries, dispersed through Tunis, would greatly endanger the party in power, and speedily neutralise the animosity entertained towards the French among those Arabs who are remote from the Algerian frontiers. Those Arabs are under the impression that the French are the cause of their calamities, simply because M. Roche, the French consul-general, is believed to be the principal adviser of Sidy Mustapha, the Mamlook who is at the head of the Tunis government, or rather, who comprises the whole government in his individual person. "Haj Amor," the consul's Moslem name, is always in the Arabs' mouths whenever they speak of the oppression under which they groan. We found this to be the case till we approached the boundary, and here the French were extolled for their probity and justice. Various motives are ascribed to M. Roche for his conduct, but he alone knows by what he really is influenced. I doubt, however, very much, whether his policy, if understood, would be approved by a government whose peculiar interest it ought to be to stand well with the neighbouring Arabs. If France has no ulterior object in view, she will readily be true to her principles as to the independence of the Bey of Tunis. She ought to aid in establishing a real *Arab government*, and not, as she does through her consul, facilitate in confirming, and perpetuating, a remorseless Mamlook despotism, for such alone can the present regime of her Eastern African neighbour be characterised.

Napoleon I., in his Arabic proclamation to the Egyptians, says :—"Tell them [the Mamlooks], that I come to restore your rights from the hands of the usurpers, also that all are equal in the sight of God, and that wisdom, virtue, and talents only distinguish one man from another.

"But as to these Mamlooks, what sort of wisdom, or virtue, or knowledge, distinguish them from the rest of mankind, that they alone should be in possession of every-

thing that makes life sweet? Wherever any fertile land is to be found, it belongs to them; the most beautiful female slaves, the most splendid horses, and the most magnificent dwellings are all in their possession. If Egypt has indeed been monopolised by these Mamlooks, let them produce the deed with which the Almighty has furnished them. With God's help, from henceforth none of the Egyptians shall be prevented from holding high situations and honourable employments. The wise, the virtuous, and the learned, shall administer the affairs of the country among themselves, so that the condition of the nation will be ameliorated, &c."*

Napoleon did not accomplish his design in Egypt, but Mohammed Ali did rid the country of the Mamlooks, and Egypt flourished. Tunis is now in the condition in which Egypt was in the time of the first emperor. The Mamlooks are her ruin. The soil and its inhabitants are alike exhausted. Fertility, and vitality, can alone be restored to it by removing the pernicious, and deadening, cause. Tunis must be freed from the Mamlook rule; a purely *Arab government*, under the legitimate heirs to the throne, and that throne guaranteed by European powers, must be established. Then, and then only, will the country be free and independent. To bring things to this condition is the interest of England; while France, maintaining as she does that Tunis is an independent kingdom, cannot refuse to co-operate in bringing about its real freedom and prosperity. In doing this she will not only render an effectual service to her African ally, but she will prevent the impending necessity of infringing on compacts and treaties,†

* I translated the above from the Arabic, from a manuscript journal kept by a learned Egyptian during the occupation of that country by the French.

† The British Government for some time refused to acknowledge France's right to Algeria; but after the battle of Ialy, in 1844, an understanding was come to, by which the retention of Algeria by France was acquiesced in, upon the condition that the integrity of the Moslem states of Tunis and Morocco should be respected. Since that time England has fully acknowledged Algeria as a French colony.

by being unavoidably compelled to a military occupation of his territories through the madness of anarchy and revolt—evils which are fast ripening. To this step France may be forced in order to insure the tranquillity of her own colony. What a military occupation of Tunis may lead to, and the consequences to which it must, and unquestionably will, tend, are of so serious a nature that I recoil from the task of even mentioning them.

The country round Tebessa is a capital field for the sportsman, and not only the French, but the Arabs also, gratify their taste, and exercise their skill, in the manly relaxation. There are, however, not many who, after the feathered tribe, venture beyond the hyena. A few dare to encounter the dreaded lion, and among these few the most renowned is an intrepid youth, only eighteen years of age! Nearly twenty lions have fallen by the dauntless courage of this youthful Nimrod, who invariably follows, and assails, his ferocious victim single-handed. M. Flaters, who related to me several of the young Bedouin's adventures, describes him as possessing nothing in his appearance indicative of a lion-slayer. His expression of countenance is mild and amiable, and his frame is very slim. The gun which he uses (and it is the only weapon he carries besides a knife) is an Arab single-barrel, so wretched that it is tied up with twine, but so sure is he of his aim, that not once has he missed lodging his bullet in the fatal spot, and that bullet never fails to secure him the skin of a lion. His steady and patient perseverance is surprising. Upon a scanty supply of provisions he is known to have subsisted and tracked a lion for nearly two months, watching him closely by day, and sleeping near him on some tree, or in some crevice or cavern, at night, until the opportunity presented itself for him to fire with the certainty of success, for until that opportunity does present itself he never attempts to fire.

The experience of this dauntless child of the desert, and

of all those who have ventured upon the perilous encounter with the lion, is quite the reverse to the opinion generally entertained among European sportsmen, at least among those with whom I came in contact, on the subject of lion-hunting. When we came in sight of the noble beast, on the evening we entered Tebessa, the lateness of the hour alone prevented us from approaching him, with a view to having a shot at him. But in all probability had we attempted to follow the bent of our inclination we should have paid dearly for our temerity, unless we had been successful in the precision of our aim, and had hit him either in his temples, or in the centre between his eyes, which are considered the fatal points. But not every one can calculate upon deliberate coolness when facing so furious and ferocious an animal. The mere satisfaction of having discharged a weapon at him would have been but a poor recompense for a broken arm, or some more serious accident. Prudence is the better part of valour, and "therefore a traveller far removed from surgical assistance, ought never," as a certain individual teaches, "to attempt to beard the lion."

I anticipated the pleasure of seeing the young lion-slayer previous to leaving Tebessa, but in this I was disappointed, for he had only started ten days before in search of his favourite sport, and was not expected to make his appearance again for some weeks. He is held in high esteem among the Arabs, being considered by them the best marksman, and for this accomplishment he is greatly venerated; but, notwithstanding the rank he occupies among his countrymen, he is of a retiring and modest disposition, and only exhibits his skill when absolutely urged to do so.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRIDE OF CASSAREEN.

Hammama Marauders—A Sham Assault—An Ancient Road—The Onlaad Naaja—A Wild Pass—Another Seat of Justice—Arab's Adaptation to Circumstances—United States' Flag—Diminutive Hero—A *Jenoon* or Spectre—The Deposed Governor—Rat-Catchers—The Ruins of Cassareen—Shaw's Blunders—A Verdant "True Believer"—Complaint of Hammama Arabs—The Bride of Cassareen.

WE worked our way out of Algeria by *Becaria* and the heights of *Khangaat Elmowaakhad*. The former is a beautifully situated village belonging to the French, and its inhabitants urged us strongly to halt and to partake of their hospitality. One man laid hold of the bridle of my horse, and remonstrated with me on the impropriety of our passing their habitations as if they had belonged to enemies.

"If you regard us as friends," the Arab said, "then prove your friendly feelings towards us. Stay a short time with us, refresh yourselves and your horses, and then depart in peace."

It was no easy task to convince these good people that we had no intention whatever to slight them; and when we did leave them they wished us, and I believe most cordially, a prosperous journey.

The *Khangaat Elmowaakhad* is the name of a chain of rugged and dismal hills, presenting partly the character of a forest. Till recently this desolate district was infested by bands of freebooters of the Hammama tribe of Tunis, but the French have taken such stringent measures against them,

that they scarcely ever now show themselves ; indeed the orders are to shoot a Hammama whether peaceably or otherwise disposed ; the brigands have therefore withdrawn to their native territory. The locality is well adapted for a robber's haunt, since it contains numerous narrow and difficult defiles, where a very few men can, with perfect ease, keep a large party at bay. From the abrupt and inaccessible heights to the right and to the left, and with nothing but stones for their weapons, the Hammama marauders have often seconded two or three of their companions below, who treated with large caravans on what conditions, and for what amount, they would permit the well-armed merchants to pass. The sight of impending masses of rock, ready to be hurled down instantaneously, and endanger the lives of man and beast, invariably proved a convincing argument to the shrewd and calculating merchants, whilst this peculiar mode of intimidation, at all times successful, encouraged the brigands to persevere in their nefarious trade.

We passed several of these terrific places, and noticed some little dells where lions have been repeatedly observed, and where some are reported to have been killed ; but we saw nothing but a hare, a few quail, and put up several coveys of partridges.

Just as we obtained the first glimpse of the plain *Afraan*, and quite close to the humble monument of one who was brought to an untimely end through the base wickedness and cruelty of his fellow-man, Belgaasem the ex-bandit, and now our guide, observed—

“ Here, in this very place, I once deprived a solitary traveller of all he possessed. O ! if I with my party could only have got hold of you all at that time,” he added, “ what a lot of *doroos*, dollars, I would have secured ! I might have retired and lived as an honest man all the rest of my days.”

“ But do you think it would have been such an easy task to have plundered us ? ” I asked.

"An easy task!" he exclaimed, "of course it would. I would have rode up to you, and in a thundering tone of voice, which has made many a man tremble, I would have ordered you to halt. The words *Give me your money, or I take your life!* would have deafened you and unnerved you. You would have complied without even knowing that you were doing so."

We were now entering the plain, and found ourselves on even ground, and Belgaasem, whose mind was still occupied with reminiscences of the former exploits of his lawless trade, resolved to exhibit the precise manner in which he would have assailed me. But as he shouted out "Give me your money, or I take your life!" and suited the action to his words, I instantly drew my revolver, and replied, "*Here, take this!*" holding the weapon in a threatening attitude.

"And such a gift, O Belgaasem!" roared old Machfood, "would have left your wife a widow, and your children fatherless."

"*Wallah*, by Allah! so it would," replied our ex-bandit. "*Naal-bo-elkotai*, cursed be the father of the freebooter, I am resolved rather to be a poor but an honest man."

From the small plain *Afraan*, we entered upon one of much greater extent, and which is called *Elhazza*, having a little to the south a mountain of the same name. Our course lay due east, and at the extremity of *Elhazza* we came upon the remains of an excellent paved road, which we followed in one part for upwards of a mile.

This, I am inclined to think, is the road which the Emperor Adrian caused to be constructed from Carthage to Theveste. In an old Spanish manuscript, now in my possession, I find that a column existed in a bath at Tunis which bore an inscription * commemorative of the fact.

The Emperor Adrian was idolised by the Africans for the

* See Appendix No. I., inscription 33.

numerous benefits he conferred on the country, among which the construction of a good road to Numidia was not the least. He rebuilt and embellished a great portion of Carthage, and on his arrival in Africa the country, which had been visited by a five years' drought, was unexpectedly deluged with rain, a benefit which was ascribed to the sacred person of the emperor.

In the vicinity of the remains of this ancient road, and fairly within the territories claimed by Tunis, we overtook a branch of a travelling tribe of Arabs, stragglers of which apparently intentionally kept near us, and among us, in order to create a brawl. Two young men in particular exerted themselves with great assiduity with a view to rouse our ire and indignation. One brandished a long cavalry sword before our horses; while the other, who had a very bad expression of countenance, indulged in grimaces, in gestures of defiance, and in songs of a very insolent nature. But we had a long journey yet before us, and had no desire to be drawn into a contest with a hundred, or more, persons, not to count double that number of women and children. We showed them, however, that we were not to be intimidated, by either not noticing them at all, or by occasionally darting at them certain glances which the Arabs understand to be pregnant with contempt. But as they attempted to impede the progress of our baggage-horses, we ordered the fellows to begone in so determined and peremptory a tone of voice, that all doubt as to our resolution vanished from their minds, and they quickly left us to rejoin their party.

After a ride of five hours and a half, we halted at an encampment of the *Oulaad Naaja* (the children of the she-camel!), whose tents were pitched on a barren slope, at the S. E. extremity of *Elhazza*. The *Oulaad Naaja* are an offshoot of the Farasheesh tribe, to whose Governor, or Caid, we had an especial "order" from the local Government. But we soon found that we were far from being welcome guests,

and it was only after a little coaxing that the "children of the she-camel" favoured us with the ingredients for a breakfast, which our ingenious Said dressed according to the most approved fashion, and that in an incredibly short time.

Remounting our horses, we struck direct for the hills behind this encampment, and a kind of chasm disclosed to us a circular dale divided by a line of rock, which at a distance had the appearance of artificial construction. This spot is enclosed by lofty heights, and the few tents of the Naaja pitched here presented a very romantic picture. But beyond the line of rocks, which divides this enclosure into two half-circles, the ground was rent and torn into huge masses of confusion, which had the aspect of a perfect chaos. The whole of this circular space, its gentle and its wild portions, impresses one with the idea that it had, by some subterranean convulsion, sunk suddenly from the surrounding heights to its present level. But this scene of desolation—like all gloomy, dreary, and solitary parts of this country, in which man has been reduced to the level of the brute, through the withering influence of despotism—was also studded with the melancholy monuments which proclaim the dreadful and diabolic deeds of the assassin.

The country continued to retain this wild aspect a little way further, until we reached the plain Foskana. But before entering the plain we crossed the rivulet *Waad Khangaat Eslooghi*, on the banks of which, as well as on the stones projecting from the water, we observed saline incrustations. In this part, too, we noticed various strata of red, white, and yellow earth, used for paint. At the further end of the Foskana we found the *Zemala* of the Farasheesh with their Caid, named Salach ben Teleili, who welcomed us to his seat of justice, as did also the various sheikhs of the encampment, composed of about sixty tents.

Having been ten hours in the saddle, we were glad to

have reached hospitable quarters, particularly so as our tents were scarcely pitched before it commenced to rain in torrents.

"Your visit is a blessing to us," observed the Caid; "but would you had come sooner, for now the rain can do but little good to our crops. They are ruined, and starvation threatens our poor people: but *Rabbi yaamal daleel*, the Lord will provide. He feeds the brute creation, and will, surely, not neglect us."

We sympathised with the governor, for the whole cultivated portions we passed this day, belonging to the tribe, verified his statement. The crops were wretched in the extreme, and, I doubt very much, whether they will even take the trouble to reap what they have sown. It certainly will not repay the labour; and yet this is the fifth failure of crops with which the Farasheesh have been visited. A famine would long since have decimated any other population; but the wants of these Arabs are so few, and their abstemiousness is so great, that they support life upon very little. The daily rations of one Englishman will suffice to support five Arabs during the same period, and in the absence of all rations they still manage to subsist. But give them an opportunity for feasting, and, like the Laplanders, they can readily contrive to stow away, at a single "sitting," what would suffice to satisfy the appetite of an Englishman for five days. Elasticity is a prominent feature in the Arab's moral and physical characters. He accommodates himself to piety and to roguery; he patiently resigns himself to despotism, and plays the tyrant's part in his turn; he can feast like a trooper, and he can dispense with food like a dormouse.

The governor regretted, or rather said he did, that we had not arrived here some days before, when we might have participated in a lion-hunt. His people took a young lion alive, and sent it and the skin of a large male, "as big as a cow," as

a present to the Bey. The hills in this neighbourhood are frequently visited by the lion, who occasionally causes great havoc among the cattle of the Farasheesh.

Our object in coming to the governor of the Naaja branch of the Farasheesh tribe, was to request him to send a supply of provisions for us to *Cassareen* and to *Feriaana*. We, however, learnt from him that his authority did not extend so far, and he referred us to *Cathoom*, the governor of Thala and the surrounding district. But he agreed to send one of his *Shahies* to accompany us to Cassareen, and him, the Caid said, he would authorise to make use of his name wherever his influence possessed any weight. We, therefore, resolved to dispatch a messenger to *Cathoom* with instructions to meet us with supplies at Cassareen.

My fellow-traveller, the U. S. Consul, had had repeated proofs of the gross ignorance of the Arabs on ancient and modern history, and on geography; but at this *Zamala*, this seat of the governor and judges of a portion of a large tribe, he was doomed to discover another instance of the illiterate state of these people. Travelling, as we often did, among hostile Arabs, and finding ourselves, almost generally, among inhospitable communities, we neglected no opportunity to inspire them with our dignity and importance, our means of defence, and our personal courage. It is therefore no wonder that we used, or endeavoured to use, Mr. Nicholson's official character to our common advantage and interest. Over our tent floated the stars and stripes, and around his cap the Consul wore a broad gold band, while his *dragoman*, or janissary, was intended to add further lustre to the dignity of "the U. S. representative at the court of Tunis." But Sadek, the *dragoman*, had too mean and despicable an exterior; the gold band was not even noticed, whilst the glowing stripes, and the, alas! agitated constellation produced no greater impression, and had no better effect, than any gaudy handkerchief would have had. A sore disappointment this

was unquestionably, but it was a source of special annoyance to the Consul.

"What is this you have over your tent?" asked some Arabs at Mokthar; and as Mr. Nicholson did not understand them I was desired to interpret.

"Tell them," said the Consul, "that the stripes represent the original states, and the stars the actual number of states which now form (?) the great union."

But all this was unintelligible to the Arabs, who only reiterated the question—

"It is not the flag of the Sultan of Africa, nor is it that of the *Ingleez* [English], nor of the *Franseez* [French]—what flag is it then?"

In vain did I endeavour to impress them with the vastness and importance of the (?) "great Transatlantic republic;" her fame had not reached Arab ears.

"Well, I must confess," said the Consul, "I was not prepared to meet with such gross ignorance;" and from that day the stars and stripes but seldom decorated the summit of our canvas dwelling.

But on the present occasion we had to deal not with ordinary Bedouins, but with an important chief, and when that personage entered our tent, and desired to be informed what the words *konsol elmerikaan*, "American Consul" in the Bey's "order" meant—whether the gentleman with the gold band was the *English*, or *French* Consul—Mr. Nicholson's contempt for the degraded, and preposterous, ignorance of the inhabitants of this country became boundless.

Gold band, dragoman, and stars and stripes proved alike ineffectual, so that we had to rely exclusively on our means of defence and on our personal bravery.

It was at this *Zamala* that we exchanged our guide Belgaasem for a diminutive Farasheesh Sbahi, named Othmaan. He was mounted on a bay pony, the trappings of which were as miserable as the weapon slung across his shoulders

was wretched. Belgaasem accompanied us a short distance, and on taking his final leave he said to me—

“I took a liking to you the very first moment I saw you, but since you have given me the *hadeah*, present, I quite love you : may *Allah* be with you !”

And digging his spurs into his mare's flanks, the ex-bandit was soon out of sight. But his farewell speech was made in the hearing of his successor in office, and this individual, no doubt, with a view to insure his *hadeah*, at once commenced to inspire us with the magnitude of his courage in spite of his diminutive stature. Among other exploits our small hero told us that he rescued last year a lamb from the lion's jaws, and that simply by assailing the ferocious brute with stones.

“It was just dusk when I perceived the yellow monster, that rank *kaafer* [unbeliever], and when he saw the fearless manner in which I approached him, he hesitated, but when he found the kind of weapon with which I was about to assail him his indignation was boundless. ‘What !’ he roared, dropping the lamb, ‘and is it thus you mean to humiliate me ?’ I deigned no reply, but pelted the intruder with the very missiles he most detests, and in a few minutes I remained perfect master of the field, the lion trotting off and lashing his own sides with his tail from rage at the contemptible treatment which he had received at my hands.”

From the *Zamala*, *Jebel Shaktema* bore E. by N., *Jebel Noqeiza* S., while our route lay E. S. E. Leaving the plain *Foscana*, we entered that of *Elaajeah*, and, passing the *han-sheer Brek*, threaded our path in the direction of the tents of Mohammed Ali, a deposed Caid, or governor. I regretted having been prevented from visiting the ruins of *Brek*, which, according to the information I received, promised to possess considerable interest. But to what extent reliance is to be placed on Arab reports is a question justly open to

conflicting opinions. Brek is considered a dreaded spot among the Arabs owing to some *jenoon*, apparition, or spectre, which has been observed among the ruins, and which did not fail to terrify some *very trustworthy* people. On one occasion a man observed several females, robed in pure white, and of angelic beauty. As the man approached them they conjured him by the Moslem formula to stay where he then was; but as his curiosity urged him on, the ladies exclaimed—

“*Sherat ennabi beinatna*, [the law of the prophet is between us]: restrain thy curiosity, and come not near us, we entreat thee!”

“But in spite of being thus conjured,” my informant states, “the man advanced, and when he found himself quite close to these mysterious women, they, to his utter amazement, suddenly vanished! He searched diligently for them, but he searched in vain.”

“On another occasion,” I learnt from the same source, “whilst two *momaneen*, true believers, were engaged at their devotions, they heard the voice of a youth lamenting the fate of the fallen city, and on looking round they beheld a lovely boy surpassing in whiteness the choicest *cathal* [the purest white lime], and what was most strange is, that he was supplied with wings! But he too vanished when they attempted to approach him.”

Is it not very probable that the “true believers” fled from statues, and not that statues vanished at their approach? I have no doubt on my own mind that marble statues are the subjects of these legends. It is in situations similar to *Brek*, in the mountains, almost inaccessible to horses, owing to the rugged and steep paths over dizzy crags, that statuary, and other relics, in a perfect state, will be found. But for researches in such localities the traveller must be fully, and specially, prepared, and he must also have ample time at his disposal. An excursion, with such an object in view, will, I

believe, be adequately rewarded, for the most valuable treasures of antiquity, found in this country, are in secluded, and solitary, places. To the enterprising archæologist, and to the daring sportsman such an expedition, if properly organised, ought to prove a very great attraction.

On approaching the tents of Mohammed Ali we found there a scene of confusion similar to that witnessed at elections in England. A report had reached this place that the venerable ex-Caid had been re-instated over that branch of the Farasheesh now under the jurisdiction of Cathoom, Belgaasem's master, and, hence, a number of Mohammed Ali's old adherents had repaired hither to congratulate him.

The venerable Mohammed Ali, accompanied by several of his friends who formerly held office under him, came out to welcome us, and ordered a number of his men to take charge of our horses. He strongly urged us to spend the night with him, and when we declined this invitation he insisted on our partaking of some refreshments under his roof. To this we agreed.

We were conducted into a very spacious tent, well carpeted, and in a short time coffee was served. Soon after two large wooden bowls of dates were brought in, as well as several brazen cups full of excellent milk. To this fare we did ample justice. The world's politics, and the more restricted (but to these people more interesting) politics of Tunis, formed the subject of our conversation. Some of the remarks which the ex-governor made showed that he possessed good common sense, and this, to my own mind, was a sufficiently good reason to believe that the report of his having been re-instated in office was false. But I did not tell the kind-hearted Arab chief so, nor did I give expression to my opinion to any of his numerous friends who manifested such great anxiety on his behalf. Mohammed Ali is a genuine Arab, and, judging from his expression of countenance, he

is an honest Arab: and these are not the qualifications for office under the present Mamlook régime of this country. A Mamlook, or an Arab faithful to Mamlook interests, is more likely to succeed the Caid who is to be deprived of his post.

Taking leave of our hospitable host, we rode in the direction of some pyramidal rocks, at the south-eastern termination of this barren plain. Hence we left *Jebel Ezzebs* to our right, and worked our way down into the *Barhairat Cassareen*, the plain of Cassareen, by a very rocky, and difficult, path, at one part of which we found a delicious spring of water.

The plain of Cassareen has a very poor soil, and is but little cultivated. It is used for the pasture of cattle, and in those parts which are remote from the river, numerous trenches have been dug to receive the rain-water for the convenience of the flocks. Near Cassareen we found some shepherds of the Hammama tribe busily engaged in hunting field rats, and to my great astonishment I found that they secured these animals for food. I watched their operations for a short time, whilst the rest of our party rode up towards the ruins. At first I thought it was the jerboa, the *mus montanus*, which was the object of their chace, and there is nothing so very disgusting in that animal; but when I found that their game was so near akin to the common rat, I could not help manifesting a certain degree of aversion and antipathy, which when the Arabs perceived they burst out into a loud fit of laughter. During the few minutes I remained with them they caught three rats, and the manner in which they secured them was very simple. Large leather bottles full of water were poured into the different holes, and if there were any rats within, they were sure to rush out. The bewildered animal was instantly pursued and knocked down with clubs. But in conformity with the Moslem ritual, before life was extinct, the animal's throat was

cut "in the direction of Mecca," and during this operation the words *Bismillahi*, "in the name of Allah!" were solemnly pronounced. Some thirty rats were strung together, and these were intended to form the sumptuous supper of the family of these shepherds. But this is not a meal from choice: it is absolute want and poverty which force them to it.

Quitting the rat-catchers, I hastened to overtake my party, and then galloped up to the ruins in search of an eligible site where to pitch our tents. Whilst riding about among the confused masses of remains of ancient structures, I fell in with three Arabs. When they observed me they rose and advanced towards me from the block of ruins near which they had been sheltering themselves from the blast of the northerly wind which was then blowing. They seemed a desperate set of fellows, and in the most insolent manner demanded money.

"We have no money," they said, "but you have plenty, and you must give us some."

"If you are in want of money," I replied, "you must work and gain some, instead of idling away your time in the way you do!"

"*La Elah ill' Allah!* [There is no God but Allah!]" they simultaneously exclaimed, and by the manner in which these initiatory words of the Moslem creed were pronounced, they had the same force as if they had said—"A pretty answer this to our demand! You are greatly mistaken if you fancy that you will get rid of us by your moralising?" for they added—

"Yalla! yalla! Come, come, that won't do; you must, and you shall, give us money." . . .

But without finishing their sentence, and before I had time to make another observation, they hastened from me, and scampered down the hill at the top of their speed. On turning round, I observed one of my fellow-travellers making his

way towards the spot where I was. The villains had evidently perceived him first, and on finding that I was not quite alone, they thought that prudence was the better part of valour, and made their timely retreat.

The heavily-charged clouds made us more anxious than we usually were for a sheltered spot for our tents. The ancient ruins were in a locality too much exposed, we were, therefore, compelled to take possession of a modern ruin, for Cassareen, like Thala, has been inhabited by the Arab, and, from some motive or other, again abandoned. We were still engaged in pitching our tents, within a large mud enclosure, when the rain commenced to descend, gently at first, but no sooner was our task completed, and our baggage stowed away, than it came down in good earnest.

And now we had a repetition of worrying and being worried, teasing and being teased, about barley and provisions. Little Othmaan had no influence, and returned with a sorry tale about his efforts, and a detailed account of the manner in which he was ejected by some Arabs. Our other messengers also came back empty, and later in the evening Hamed, whom we had sent to Caid Cathoom, made his appearance, accompanied by two servants of the governor and with a letter from "*his excellency*," but they brought no supplies, and only augmented our troubles by their additional animals. We had now sixteen horses to feed, and twelve hungry men depended on our exertions to satisfy their craving appetites. After a consultation, we resolved to use the force at our command to our advantage.

In reply to our message, governor Cathoom wrote to tell us that Cassareen was not under his jurisdiction—that it was under "an agent." "But," he writes, "we have forwarded to him a notice informing him, and the people of Cassareen, that it is their duty to supply you with everything you require, as well as to protect you and to second all your wishes." The agent, however, still persisted in his obstinacy,

and we found ourselves compelled to send for him a sufficient force to insure his appearance. Fortunately he was acute enough to understand the precise nature of our message, for he not only came, but he came with a mule laden with barley, and several men followed with a plentiful supper for our men. For ourselves we required nothing, having laid in a stock at Tebessa which made us independent of Arab hospitality.

The "pious" Hamed was so exhausted that he dispensed with his supper. An extraordinary occurrence this! We were only five hours on horseback, whereas he had been sixteen in his saddle. To us he was more useful this day than he had been on the whole journey, for though he brought us no supplies, he returned with a package of *Galignanies* which had been forwarded to the care of the Caid. Mr. Nicholson was particularly anxious for American news, and now he had a plentiful supply, though far from a satisfactory nature. American politics formed the chief topic of our evening's conversation.

Cassareen is so called by the Arabs from the appearance of its ruins, which, according to their idea, resemble palaces, or forts, from a distance. It is the ancient *Colonia Scillitana*, called in the "Itinerary" Cilio, and was built on a kind of cape of high table-land, the extreme projection of which terminates in the *Bahairret Cassareen*, "the lake or plain of Cassareen." On the higher ground, in consequence of the peculiar sweep of the mountains at no great distance off, the ruins seem to be perfectly enclosed by these heights, and Cassareen presents the appearance of an amphitheatre. This town possesses every advantage of being strongly fortified by only slightly assisting Nature, for it is approached on all sides but one by steep and rocky ascents. Cilio occupied a circumference of about four miles, and though its ruins are very numerous, those that have retained their original shape are not so many as I was led to suppose.

Facing the mud enclosure within which we pitched our

tents, and to the N.E. of the town, we have a three-storeyed mausoleum, which, though a beautiful piece of architecture, is perhaps more remarkable for its inscriptions—a very lengthy elegy—on its western front. It was originally surmounted by a statue, which has either been carried away, or it has followed the fate which most statues have met with from either the fanatical Circumciliones, the Vandals, or the Moslem iconoclasts.

This monument was erected by M. Flavius Secundus in honour of his parents, who, as well as other members of the family, were buried here, as appears from an inscription on the S.W. façade.* It was built on a pyramidal base, which being partly embedded in the ground, its real dimensions cannot be correctly ascertained, but the body of the monument is twelve feet square. The first storey, which is covered with inscriptions, and has an entrance three feet square, is surmounted by a neat cornice. Above it we have nine columns ornamented with Corinthian capitals, and these support the third storey, which has an arched opening facing the west. This is the best preserved of the three mausolea at Cassareen, all of which stand in the plain, and at a considerable distance from each other. Ascending the higher ground by the path which is contiguous to this monument, and on the very edge of a ravine, there is a triumphal arch, which, however, is by no means remarkable for beauty. It is forty-four feet in length, and the width of the arch is thirteen feet six inches, while in breadth it is six feet seven inches. It has neither side arches nor has it columns in their stead, and its ornaments, which partake of the Corinthian character, are not in good taste. The architrave is flanked by two clumsy little columns, which, instead of embellishing the monument, tend only to increase its deformities. On this arch I found inscription No. 35, and below it, in

* See Appendix No. I., Inscription 34.

three lines, No. 36, both of which are given in the Appendix No. I.

Shaw, upwards of a century ago, and when these inscriptions were, of course, more legible, says regarding them, "the only words I could trace out were—INSIGNIA CVRANTE M. CELIO AN. CV." and adds, "If this part of Africa then was made a Roman province upon the younger Scipio's destroying Carthage, viz., A.V.C., DCVIII, *ante Christum*, CXLVI, then the era here mentioned, viz., CV., will be XLI. years before Christ, or in the second year of the reign of Augustus." I need waste no words in refuting the learned doctor, since the inscription itself is an ample refutation of all this chronology; but I must again observe that my conviction is, that Shaw only visited some maritime cities of Africa, and collected his information respecting the interior from Christian slaves, who, in those days, often accompanied their Moslem masters to their estates in these inhospitable regions. The slaves had to exercise great caution so as not to be noticed by Moslems, since copying inscriptions, or making drawings of any of the antiquities, might have involved them in serious difficulties. No wonder, then, that their observations were not always correct; particularly so as they must often have depended upon their memory to avoid the consequences to which ignorance and fanaticism exposed them.

There was one house at Tunis where the Christian slave met always with sympathy: indeed, the owner of that house impoverished himself by his liberality in redeeming captives. I allude to the Swedish Consulate, and to M. Tulin, the Swedish Consul General, who, from all reports, was as intellectual a man as he was benevolent. In the family of M. Tulin numerous manuscripts, of great interest, were to be found; which, in the course of time, after the death of the philanthropic Consul, were thrown into a lumber-room, and finally condemned to the flames. From this wanton

destruction several were saved by my estimable friend, the late Dr. Heap, and transmitted to me. One of these is the Spanish manuscript to which I have already alluded, and which I believe to be the production of a literary Christian slave. It contains a number of inscriptions, some of which have been incorrectly copied, and since the very same mistakes are contained in those which Shaw gives, I think I am justified in concluding that the Doctor had access to this manuscript. Besides, it is well known in the Tulin family that both Shaw and Bruce frequented the Swedish Consulate during their stay at Tunis. The blunders of Shaw are therefore not his own, but those of the sources whence he obtained his information respecting the interior cities. It would be absolutely preposterous to think that a man of the Doctor's erudition should have ascribed a comparatively modern, and clumsy, structure to a remote period—a period to which the best specimens of the architecture of the Empire belong. To impugn his judgment would be doing him an absolute injustice, whereas to say that he has been led astray through inaccurate information, is what travellers are more or less exposed to.

Having mentioned these travellers, I feel tempted to record an anecdote about the great and dauntless explorer of Abyssinia. When Bruce was at Tunis, he frequented, as I have said, the house of the hospitable Swedish Consul of that day. Mr. Tulin's little daughter, a child about eight years of age, became a great favourite of the intrepid traveller; but as he teased her incessantly, the fondness was not reciprocated. Indeed, the child carefully avoided him, and always endeavoured to keep out of his way. One day he found her behind a door, and on asking what she was doing there, the little girl, after considerable hesitation, replied—

“I was praying.”

“And may I know what you were praying for, my child?”
Bruce asked again.

But she declined to gratify his curiosity, and it was only after reiterated entreaties that she gave him an arch look, and said—

“I was praying to God that he might take you away.”

Bruce laughed heartily, and only then discovered that the course he had adopted was not calculated to inspire the child with affection towards him. He readily altered his conduct; and before he started on his long and perilous journey, the two became great friends.

But to return to our ruins.

The upper part, or the uneven elevation, of Cassareen, presents the appearance of a vast necropolis. Massive stones, which look like tombstones, and formed originally parts of the walls of private dwellings, have remained; and the intermediate portions, which must have been composed of less durable materials, have disappeared. The Scillitanian houses seem to have had what Pliny calls *formacean* walls. “These,” that author tells us, “are moulded, rather than built, by enclosing earth within a frame of boards, constructed on either side. These walls will last for centuries: are proof against rain, wind, and fire.”* Similar “walls are often constructed in this country even now, but although they do possess great durability, yet are they not able to resist what solid stone work can do.”† To add solidity to these *formacean* walls, the corners, and other parts, were secured by large stones, placed in the ground perpendicularly. But when, in the course of time, the cement crumbled, and was washed away, the fastenings alone remained standing, and these have now the appearance of so many grave-stones. Hence the necropolis-like aspect of *Colonia Scillitana*. So complete is the deception, that in rambling over these ruins, and following the defined streets and lanes, I frequently stopped to read the epitaphs. These stones were so bleached

* Hist. Nat. lib. xxxv. c. 48.

† Carthage and Her Remains, c. x. p. 211.

and polished that they looked like marble, except from the E.S.E., where they had a dark green coating of moss, and the aspect of this enormous burial ground was totally changed when viewed from that quarter.

"Do you see the effect of the *Kibla*?"* asked a true believer, pointing to the discoloured side of the stones. "*Allah akbar* [Allah is omnipotent]; verily he manifests his truth in signs and wonders."

"White is the emblem of purity," I rejoined; "I wonder, therefore, you do not say that the white parts are Allah's sign. Judging from these stones, I am rather inclined to think that purity and truth come from every other quarter; while darkness and ignorance emanate from the one you indicate."

But this *true believer* rejected my construction, and eagerly pointed out the spots of green on his side of the stones, reminding me that green was the holy colour—that the prophet himself always wore green garments, and that these stones, though dumb, significantly proclaimed the truth of Islaam, whose holy banner was likewise green.

Leaving this verdant, but sincere, follower of the prophet, I directed my steps to the remaining ruins.

Cassareen has many more remains, but they are in so dilapidated a condition that it is quite impossible to attempt a minute description of them. One large edifice, apparently built of the materials of a temple, seems to have served as a Christian church, and some years ago it was repaired and converted into a Moslem mosque—a strange metamorphosis! But the Arab masonry has already decayed and crumbled to dust; while the ancient portions, divested of the mud and mortar of the modern barbarians, stand forth, as they did before, exhibiting their superiority over Arab architecture. Above the entrance of this building there is a bas-relief representing pigeons drinking at either a fountain, or a vase,

* E.S.E., the direction in which Moslems offer their devotions. It is the situation of Mecca.



CASSAREEK, THE ANCIENT COLONIA SCILLITANA.

so rudely is it executed that it is difficult to say which. Besides this edifice there are others, whose massive remains, and vast extent, show that they were public structures: and this is all that can be said of them with any degree of certainty.

From the heights of Cassareen I took these bearings:—*Jebel Zalfa*an, N.N.W.; *Jebel Amraan*, N. by E.; *Jebel Sammaan*, E.N.E.; *Jebel Modrb*, E.; *Jebel Salloom*, S.E.; *Jebel Elatra*, S.S.E.; *Jebel Faj-bo-Hasseen*, S.W. by W.; *Jebel Shaamba*, N.W.

The *Waad Cassareen*, which has its source a few miles south, runs to the S.E. of the town. It flows into the *Waad Edderb*, which further on, to the S.E., assumes the name of *Waad Hattab*. The *Waad Fekha* and *Camoda* are names for the same river; it is so called from the districts through which it glides, and whose lands it irrigates.

Soon after leaving Cassareen we overtook a small caravan of Hammama Arabs—the tribe proscribed by the French on account of the devastation they caused in Algeria by their former incursions. They drove before them camels and asses laden with grain, which they had purchased at Thala, and which they were conveying to the frontiers, where some thousands of the tribe are encamped. The Hammama are suffering from great scarcity, and, like the Farasheesh, they anticipate starvation. This party was armed with long swords, guns, and pistols; but they were very peaceably disposed. They saluted us cordially, and asked whether we were French. On being told that we were not, they expressed their satisfaction, and remarked that the French acted cruelly towards them.

“See,” one of the party said, “we are near neighbours of the French, and yet are we forced to go a great distance in search of grain, when their market is overstocked. May Allah recompense them according to their deserts!”

“But the French have good cause to be enraged with the

Hammama," I rejoined; "for you have acted very indiscreetly. You robbed and plundered their country."

"And are all the Hammama robbers, because there are some of the tribe who live on plunder?" asked the same man. "*Ya rasool Allah!* [O apostle of Allah]" he continued, "justify us in the sight of these Nazarenes, and clear us from the *Thalamum* [evil-doers]. I have seen a *Nasraani* [Nazarene] decapitated for murder, but would it be right of me to say that all Nazarenes are murderers? I know honest and upright Jews, but does this justify me to assert that all Jews are honest and upright? There are, I confess, some Hammama freebooters; but is it right to proscribe the whole tribe on their account? But power and might predominate, and, hence, the innocent and unoffending suffer. Our children and our aged, our women and our infirm, call for justice, and Allah is *kareem waracheem* [bountiful and merciful], and will not allow them to supplicate in vain."

I was unwilling to enter too fully into these grievances, and therefore changed the topic of conversation. After some desultory remarks, and after having answered a number of questions relative to European and Moslem countries, one of the party asked whether we had met with the *Aroosat Cassareen*, "the bride of Cassareen," and on replying in the negative, he said—

"But I presume you know all about her? for we believe that a *jin*, 'a spirit' of your ancestors, carried her away."

Since I had never heard of this elopement, I desired to be informed on the subject; and the Arab proceeded to relate as follows:—

"The precise time when the event occurred, I am unable to tell you; but, suffice it to say, that a long time ago, a number of Arabs of the *Oulaad Naaja*, which you know is a branch of the Farasheesh tribe, encamped near the *Kherbat* [ruins] of Cassareen. Among the daughters of

these Arabs there was one whose beauty was never surpassed, and whose fame for wisdom, and other excellence, was equal to her beauty. Numbers of the youth of her own tribe, as well as those of other tribes, asked her in marriage ; but they were all doomed to disappointment, for she refused all alike. Contrary to our custom, her father left the choice of her husband to herself. He doted on her, and he was a man of prudence, and considered that her wisdom entitled her to such a privilege. But the rejected suitors harboured revenge against him, so that in a short time he found himself surrounded by enemies whom he had never injured. He was originally not very rich, but he soon found himself reduced to poverty. His camels died, his sheep were stolen, his crops were destroyed, and his life even was in danger.

“Under these circumstances he appealed to his daughter, and entreated her to relieve him from his embarrassed situation.

“‘Make thy choice, my daughter,’ he said to her ; ‘for since thou canst only marry one man, those whom thou hast refused (and, no doubt, wisely), will become reconciled to me. Thou wilt then save thy family from utter ruin, and thy father, perhaps, from an untimely grave.’

“To the father’s extreme joy, his daughter replied that she was willing to marry the son of one Abdallah. He at once repaired to the Arab to negotiate the affair ; and so exalted an opinion did he entertain of his child, that he never for a moment anticipated the least difficulty. Judge, then, of his amazement when Abdallah replied—

“‘A woman’s wisdom is worthless, and her beauty fades : if thou hast not a rich dowry to bestow on thy daughter, aspire not to become allied to my house. My son has twenty bags of piastres, besides camels, and sheep, and asses. Beauty and wisdom are not equivalent with these. Thou art poor ; marry, therefore, thy daughter to a man of like condition.’

"With a heavy heart he returned to his daughter; but, contrary to his expectation, instead of being downcast about the result of the negotiation, she was in ecstasies of exultation.

"'Return thee to Abdallah, O my father,' she said; 'and tell him that the woman, whose wisdom he despises, has double the bags of piastres that he can give to his son. Let him send here to-morrow, and forty bags of the coin he prefers to wisdom shall be at his disposal; tell him also that on the marriage-day thy daughter will produce forty bags more. Will this satisfy Abdallah?'

"'It surely will,' the father answered; 'but, my daughter, thou knowest my poverty: how, then, canst thou promise so large a sum?'

"But the daughter smiled, and begged him to suffer her to keep her own counsel a short while longer; and as he had implicit confidence in her wisdom and discretion, he complied with her request, and at once returned to the tents of Abdallah.

"'Thou hast probably forgotten some more qualifications of thy daughter,' observed the wealthy Arab, who estimated everything according to its pecuniary value, and who despised all things indiscriminately which possessed no such value. 'Hast thou returned to tell me,' he continued sarcastically, 'that thy daughter is not only handsome and wise, but that she is likewise pious, and prays? If so, then let me save thee the trouble, by informing thee that I consider this an objection rather than a virtue; and of the same opinion were all the *faithful* throughout all ages.'

"'Of what I come to tell thee, O Abdallah,' the man replied, 'thou art a much better judge than of the estimable worth of my daughter, or of the ethics of our ancestors. I know thou dost fully understand the value of a bag containing a thousand piastres. Thy son has twenty such bags; and I have to inform thee that the woman whom

thou scornest, and disdainest, is able to double that amount, and on the day of her nuptials to double that again. What dost thou now think of that woman, O Abdallah ?'

" 'If thou dost not absolutely mock and deride me—if thou dost not deceive and impose on me—then, I say, that my son cannot have a more eligible wife than that woman ; for listen, brother, I consider beauty and wisdom, and piety too, excellent adjuncts to riches. But thou never hadst the reputation of being a wealthy man ; and the losses thou hast recently sustained made me look down upon thee as a poor man. Tell me, then, art thou in earnest in what thou sayest ? Are thy words sober truth ?'

" 'At the rising of to-morrow's sun,' the other answered, 'thou mayest send for the forty bags ; a greater proof of my probity and veracity thou canst not require.'

"Having brought the negotiation to this point, and Abdallah having agreed to send for the money at the time specified, the Arab returned to rejoice the heart of his daughter by relating to her the particulars. She was indeed greatly pleased ; but the father, though he spoke in so positive a manner, was greatly puzzled as to how, and in what manner, his favourite child intended to satisfy the money-loving Abdallah. She perceived this, and told him that two hours after sunset, if he liked to accompany her, she would show him the treasures which were at her disposal.

"Now, you must know, O ! Nazarene," the narrator continued, "that among the old buildings of Cassareen—the original work of your ancestors—there was a spot which all Arabs dreaded to approach. It was the declivity overhanging the river. The aged and the young but seldom ventured into that locality in the daytime, and certainly never at night. The place was known by the name of the *pointing hand*, for an enormous human arm was always seen there projecting from the ground, and in the hand

there was a kind of rod which always pointed in one direction. This portion of a human body was invariably seen there, but at night the place was reported to be frequented by a vast number of spectres, of all sizes, shapes, and forms. The dread and consternation which their presence spread round the country was such that no one ventured, after sunset, to approach within half a mile of the *pointing hand*.

"Imagine, then, the dismay of the Arab when, at the time specified, he was informed by his daughter that she wished him to accompany her to the *pointing hand*. But he hesitated only a moment, for his confidence in her wisdom reconciled him to her proposal. Guided to the precise spot to which the hand directed, a stone was removed; and, to the indescribable delight of the father, he saw treasures before him enough to enrich kingdoms. The bags were quickly filled, and on the following morning the promise made to Abdallah was redeemed, to his intense satisfaction and joy.

"With an incredible rapidity did the news spread that the betrothal of this famous woman to the son of the opulent Abdallah was to be celebrated. Hosts of Arabs flocked to the spot, and no expense was spared to make the festivities gay and the games cheerful. The most venerable and aged of the tribe declared that they had never witnessed such scenes before, nor did they remember having heard of anything to equal it.

"The period fixed for the celebration of the nuptials drew nigh; and since money was now of no consideration to the bride's father, bags of piastres were lavished in all directions in preparations for banquets on a magnificent scale, and for entertainments not to be surpassed by princes. Thousands of people congregated, while more were daily arriving; and the display of wealth was far more dazzling than the brightness of the sun's rays. The whole plain was crowded with tents and magnificent pavilions. Spirited horses were

everywhere being trained for the games and the races ; while files of animals, laden with the choicest provisions, were constantly arriving from the different towns in the kingdom.

“ The assembled multitude was in high expectation for the approach of the following morning, when, with the rising sun, the festivities were to commence. All repaired early to rest, in order to be ready for the extraordinary coming entertainments. But in the dead of the night the bride, accompanied by her father, repaired again to the *pointing hand*, probably to fetch the money which was promised to Abdallah. With the precise particulars of what occurred to them at that dreaded spot, no one is acquainted. All that is known is simply this—

“ Before the dawn of morning, the loud wailing and bitter lamentations of the bride’s mother summoned crowds around her ; and on hearing that the cause of her sorrow was the disappearance of her daughter and husband, a number of resolute men ran to the *pointing hand* to ascertain their fate. They returned, bearing the dead body of the Arab ; but they brought no tidings of the bride. Diligent search was made for her during many days ; but all efforts to find her, dead or alive, proved vain. The days which were intended to have been devoted to gaiety and feasting, were turned into days of gloom and mourning. The report of this extraordinary occurrence spread far and wide, and although all who heard it marvelled, no one could give a satisfactory solution of the mysterious disappearance of the bride of Cassareen !

“ It is believed that the *jin* slew the father, and carried the daughter away ; and this, it is pretended, is proved by the fact of the sudden vanishing of the enormous arm with the pointing hand. Others believe that this calamity was the result of jealousy and revenge ; and this again is supported by another fact : for, at the time the bride of Cassareen

vanished, a young man of her tribe—one of her many disappointed lovers—disappeared also, and has never since been heard of. Others, again, assert that the *jin* disapproved of the match with the son of the greedy Abdallah, and considered the young man, who is likewise lost to his tribe, far more eligible. He therefore took the affair into his own hands, and now keeps them both concealed in the bowels of the earth. But which of these conjectures approaches nearest to the truth, *Allah yaalam*—Allah only knows.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE BLACK DERVISH AND THE MOSLEM PATRIOT.

Arab Misery—Contribution towards Marriage Festivals—Welcome from “True Believers”—Ruins of Feriana—Feriana in the time of Marius—The Modern Town—The “Holy Fraternity”—The Black Dervish—A Moslem Patriot—His Grievance—A Disappointment—Disappearance of one of our Party.

AT *Hansheer Makdodesh*, distant about nine, or ten, miles from Cassareen, we halted to examine some ruins, and here our Hammama fellow-travellers left us. Previous to their prosecuting their journey they begged me to show them what equestrian skill I possessed, and having gratified them on this point, they thanked me, and ran after their camels.

The ruins of *Makdodesh* are situated in an arid plain, and consist of a two-storeyed mausoleum, and of the ponderous remains of another large edifice. These are in a state of very great dilapidation, and are devoid of inscriptions. Besides these ruins, we trace here the foundations of private dwellings; but neither these nor the others contain anything attractive about them, notwithstanding their being so highly panegyricised by the Arabs.

At a short distance from *Makdodesh* we observed a number of tents, and resolved to try our luck for night quarters. But on approaching them several Arabs advanced to meet us, whose miserable and wretched appearance left no doubt on our mind as to the truth of the tale of their misery with which they entertained us. Their

tattered garments and their haggard countenances, their rags and their emaciated frames, pleaded their poverty far more eloquently than the pathetic speeches they made. Whilst talking to them, some of the women and a number of half-starved, "undraped," but still happy, children joined us. Not one asked for alms, but all united in entreating us not to take from them the little they had. Here, indeed, is a lesson of resignation and contentment. There is some philosophy in the Arabs' conduct, and there is some truth in what philosophers have taught—ignorance fits a people for despotism, while poverty is the mistress of manners and the school of virtue. These people might have overpowered us with perfect ease, and some would even have justified their deed on the ground of their extreme wretchedness; but they attempted no violence. Here we had a lesson how to moderate our wants.

"A little barley meal mixed with water suffices us, and this is all we have," said one of the men; "but upon such fare you cannot exist: besides, what will become of your horses? They will starve. Leave us, therefore, O friends! and go, whilst there is sufficient daylight to guide you, to those to whom Allah has been more bountiful than He thought proper to be to us."

A guide was offered us, and he led us along the brow of the hills to our right, to the district called *Keraat Elkelb*; and when he brought us to an elevation from which we could see the tents of a large encampment below, he took leave of us, never even asking for remuneration, though he had walked, and had kept up with our horses, about six, or seven, miles.

This place is called *Keraat Elkelb*, "the swamp of the dog," from a marsh at the foot of *Jebel Dharwega*, to the left of the road to *Feriana*.

We found here three groups of tents, each pitched in the form of a circle, and the three circles forming the angles of an equilateral triangle, in the centre of which we halted. The Arabs were of the Farasheesh tribe, and apparently well

to do in the world. They had plenty of sheep, goats, camels, and some very good horses ; but they were not particularly pleased at our encroaching upon them, and apparently wished us anywhere but in their vicinity.

A deputation of some fifty men waited upon us whilst we were engaged in unloading our baggage horses, and strongly advised us to proceed to another encampment, which they declared was only a few miles further, and where, they assured us, we should find plenty of everything. But we rejected their counsel, and told them either to furnish us peaceably with what we required for one night, or, if they refused this, they would place us under the necessity of remaining with them for several consecutive days, during which we should see the government order fully enforced.

"Now, let us be friends," we added, "and we will take no advantage of you ; but you must be careful not to impose on us. What we absolutely want, and you have, you must give us, but what you have not we will willingly dispense with. Go, therefore, and, without any disputation or wrangling, bring what you know to be the absolute necessities of travellers."

The Arab quickly sees the *reasonableness* of a *reasonable* remark, particularly when that remark is backed by unflinching courage, and hence these people readily complied with our request ; and of this our unjust officers of justice as readily took advantage. Finding the Arabs so yielding, Machfood and Hamed had recourse to their base system of extortion, to which we put a stop, but I fear not before their avarice was partly satisfied.

In every one of the circles of tents the festivities of a marriage were celebrated. We were exposed to the "fire of joy" from every angle. The rejoicings were kept up with great enthusiasm for some time ; and as it is considered very meritorious to contribute towards them, we did not wish to be outstripped by the meanest Arabs in liberality. We sent for the elders of the encampments, and presented them with

several pounds of gunpowder, which was very gratefully received. But, to our surprise, our gift only led to strife and to a total cessation of their merriment. To ascertain the particulars we called some of the men, and learnt from them that in dividing the powder the "fire of discord" was kindled, and an explosion ensued. Hearing the dishonest way in which the division took place, we remonstrated with them. Some laughed, whilst others exclaimed,—

"Verily these," pointing to us, "are Moslems, whilst we are Nazarenes!"

"And if you knew them as well as we do," chimed in old Machfood, "you would be confirmed in this opinion."

"No, no," we indignantly rejoined; "you act as Moslems, but our observations are based upon the laws of right and justice, which our religion inculcates. We are Nazarenes, and we endeavour to act as such; whilst you are Moslems, and your deeds are Moslem deeds.

The surprise of these *true believers* when they found that we declined the compliment of being considered Moslems was very great; but they were equally amazed to hear what the spirit of the religion of Nazarenes was. It was something quite new to them.

On leaving this encampment we crossed some hills, and traversed several ravines, till we reached again *the Sultan's highway*. The plain through which we came yesterday, and in which we now found ourselves again, contained only very few patches of cultivation, but it had a plentiful growth of *halfa*, a kind of grass used for making mats and the peculiar covering for camels as well as baskets. We likewise observed the soda plant in great quantities.

Before we reached the road, and to the right and left of the road itself, we noticed several ruins of solitary buildings, the most curious part of which was the doorway, which, though lofty, measuring about eight feet, was scarcely more than fourteen inches in width. The door itself did not work

on hinges, but in grooves cut in the solid stone. These structures may have been military posts, or stations, intended to protect the commerce of the interior. We also came upon the remains of an ancient paved road, and soon after upon the ruins, or rather the foundations, of an extensive town, situated about fourteen miles from Cassareen, and five, or six, from Feriana. This may, perhaps, be the *Ad Gemellas* of the Itinerary.

A short ride now brought us to the *Medinah Elkadema*, "the ancient city," and to the modern little town of Feriana. Mr. Ferrière accompanied the baggage into the "town," whilst Mr. Nicholson and myself went off, in different directions, to explore the ruins.

We were scarcely separated ten minutes, when I had an opportunity of forming another estimate of the inveterate hatred which the *true believer* entertains towards those of a different creed—a hatred which fear alone prevents him from manifesting according to the spirit of genuine Moslem orthodoxy.

To the left of the road which passes through the ruins to Feriana, are the remains of a large edifice, and near it stand four columns which appear to have supported a cupola. When I reached this spot, I found there three Arabs, who were engaged in pulling up green barley, which grew among the ruins. These men took for granted that I did not understand Arabic, and saluted me in pantomimes. I returned their salutations with equally expressive gestures, and we seemed mutually pleased. Having now what they considered a sufficient proof of my ignorance of their language, they continued their pantomimes, which had the most friendly signification, but accompanied them by these audible and heterogeneous sentiments:—

"These," pointing to the ruins, "are the remains of your progenitors, and the faithful trample upon them. *Inshallah*, if it please Allah, we shall, ere long, tread upon all unbelievers as we do upon the dust of the earth."

"O, mighty One! grant that we may soon behold the complete ruin of the infidel nations, as we now view the shattered remains of their habitations!"

"Hater of the prophet, and despiser of the true religion, how long will you roam about freely in the dominions of the true believers? Why do you not hasten to the place destined for you and for all infidels? The fire awaits you, and perpetual torments are ready for you, and here you ride about unconcerned! Son of hell! do not contaminate the faithful. Go to your place, and leave us peacefully to go to ours."

The horror depicted on the countenances of these *faithful* when they suddenly heard me address them in Arabic was intense. I gave them a moral lecture, and enforced it by a sound physical argument. The latter they evidently understood best, for they were so overwhelmed by its force that they scampered off, leaving me complete master of the field; and, I may add, I am pretty certain they are not likely so soon to forget the impression produced on them.

These ruins are generally called those of Feriana, from the modern little town built near them; and since there is an affinity between this name and Feraditana, Shaw and others have supposed that this is the site of that city which once figured as one of the African bishoprics. But the general opinion is, and in this Shaw also agrees (only he confounds it with Thala), that these are the ruins of Telepte. In the time of St. Cyprian, Telepte was a town in the province of Byzacium, from which we learn that Byzacium then embraced some of the Numidian towns to the south-west; and as Procopius speaks of it as a frontier city* (*ἐν ἐσχάρια τῆς χώρας*), it may be presumed that that province did not extend further west. But, as has been noticed before, the boundaries were so repeatedly changed, that it is difficult to lay down, with precision, the limits of the different provinces during the Roman sway in Africa.

* De Ædif. c. 6.

The remains of Telepte occupy an uneven surface of very great extent ; and though but few have retained traces of their original shape and character, enough is left to show that it was an opulent and very strong place. To the right on approaching the ruins, and on an elevation, are the remains of the citadel, built of large square wrought stones. In point of dimension it is not much inferior to that of Hydra, but its walls suffered more. Within this vast square we have the foundations of several buildings. There are also here traces of excavations, and in one of the pits on a marble column, I found inscription No. 37.

Near the part the natives call *Raas Eldin* are the ruins of a very spacious edifice, whose massive vaults serve as a very luxuriant retreat from the excessive summer heat.

To the east of the ruins is, what the Arabs call, the *jebana*, the "burial-ground," or necropolis of Telepte. On proceeding thither we observed nothing to indicate the fact except some pits, which appeared to have been dug with a view to extract lime, of which the hill is composed.

"Out of every one of these pits we took the stone boxes in which your progenitors were in the habit of placing their dead," said an intelligent, and very communicative, young Arab.

"And what did you do with those *stone boxes*?" I asked.

"We use them for lintels to the doors of our houses," he replied. And as he assured me that those "*boxes*" were very numerous, and easily found, I hired a couple of men, who in less than half an hour disclosed a sarcophagus, which was not deeper than one foot under ground. In shape, and in size, it resembled an ordinary coffin, and on the lid, which was about four inches in thickness, it bore an inscription.* Below this inscription I observed the Punic letter answering to the *K*, or *Q*, and this may have been intended for the initial of the proper name *Quinta*.

We removed the lid, and I was greatly astonished at the

* See Appendix, No. 1., Inscription 38.

manner in which the body had been disposed of. It appears that after the corpse had been placed in the sarcophagus, the latter was filled with a cement, of which lime was the principal ingredient. This cement had assumed a durability similar to that of the stone itself, so that it was only after a good deal of labour that we removed portions of it, and discovered the human bones imbedded in it. The sarcophagus was of a compact lime-stone, and was cut with great precision and neatness, but it bore no ornaments of any kind. From the natives I learnt that they often find lamps in these "boxes," and occasionally also coins, but I could procure none of the latter, and as the former are generally smashed in the efforts made to clear the sarcophagus, they had none to show me.

In the time of the Jugurthine war, it would seem that Telepte had either no existence at all, or it must have been an insignificant place, since Marius, on his way to Capsa, must have marched close to it, and yet Sallust makes no mention of the town. If it had no existence at that time, how is it that the Roman general did not come here for water (Telepte being only seven hours' distance from Capsa), instead of carrying a supply all the way from the river Tana? And if it did exist, then it is not probable that Marius was ignorant of the fact that this place possessed an ample spring of delicious water, and if he avoided it he must have done so upon good grounds.

The destruction of the famous Capsa—whose founder the historian tells us was the Libyan Hercules* (*cujus conditor Hercules Libys memorabatur*), and whose citizens were particularly attached to Jugurtha and opposed to the Roman cause,—was the great object the Roman general had in view, to insure which secrecy was indispensable, and hence he marched at night. Had Telepte not existed at that time, he would most assuredly have taken advantage of its spring; but since it was inhabited, he took the precaution not to approach it, for its proximity to the doomed city would have endan-

* Sall. Bell. Jug. § 88.

gered, or rather frustrated, his design. Its insignificance at that time may be the reason why Sallust does not mention Telepte; but it would appear that it became important after the fall of Capsa.

In the vicinity of Feriana we noticed veins of the famous Numidian marble, which, besides wild beasts, Pliny tells us, this country produced nothing remarkable.* This marble, the same author informs us, was variegated with ovals, and it was so highly prized that artists discovered a method how to imitate the peculiar colours for which it was so famous. M. Lapidus, who was consul with Q. Catulus (in the year of Rome 676), had the lintels of his house made of Numidian marble; and this was considered extravagant, and was highly censured. Its predominant colours were yellow, purple, and rose colour.

The *Waad Bo Atteah* flows by Telepte, but we found its bed nearly dry. Its water, which is very delicious, is conducted to Feriana partly through an ancient aqueduct, and partly through an open channel, for the use of the little town, and for the irrigation of its different plantations. In the masonry of the aqueduct we noticed portions which certainly are of a date anterior to the Roman conquest. We were charmed with the appearance of Feriana, on account of its running stream, its verdure, its date and other fruit trees. The country which we had recently traversed was arid, and partook much of the character of desert. It was entirely devoid of trees, and hence we now regarded this little place in the light of an oasis. Indeed it is not unlike some of the villages, or little places, in the vicinity of the various oases, no great way further south. Its buildings are quite as wretched and repulsive, while its vegetation and its trees (all upon a much smaller scale) are quite as luxuriant and attractive.

We pitched our tents before Feriana, where we were the objects of curiosity to the whole population, fortunately not

* "Nec præter marmoris Numidici ferarumque proventum, aliud insigne." Hist. Nat. l. v. c. 2.

exceeding five or six hundred. Men, women, and children flocked to the spot, and seemed as much entertained by a view of us as the rising generation and silly people of civilised towns are with the marvellous objects brought for exhibition on market-days and fairs. We were here substitutes for "the great giant with six fingers," the "dancing bear," the "astonishing woman with a beard," or the "extraordinary horse, whose little head was where the tail should be." Said was particularly annoyed at this concourse of people, which he declared was a great nuisance; while Sadek, who had on the whole journey acted the part of the fat boy in "Pickwick," and personified that individual so well that he might have been mistaken for that very identical boy, now derived much amusement from the scene.

"O, Moslems!" exclaimed Said, most emphatically, "what do you want from these men? Are they not Allah's creatures as well as you are? Leave them, therefore, in peace."

"*Naal eshaitaan!* cursed be Satan!" Sadek remonstrated with his fellow-servant, "Why do you interfere? If the people like to look at them, let them look."

Feriana is a *zowia*, a convent or sacred college, founded by saint *Hamed Etleeli*, whose descendants all the Arabs here claim to be, and hence they are all called *Oulaad Sidy Tleeli*—"children of my Lord Tleeli." The *zowia* has its chief, and besides him there is a sheikh of the place. In the absence of the latter, the former was called upon to perform his functions, and with this request he promised to comply.

Soon after we were ensconced in our new quarters, and after the people's curiosity had partly abated, we were visited by some of the gentlemen connected with "the college." They were very pious, and talked of the torments of hell and of the bliss of Paradise; of the truth of the *Islaam*, and of the errors of all other creeds; of a life of holiness, and of a life of infidelity; of the justice of Allah, and of the oppression and tyranny of rulers; of the latter days, and of the day of

judgment. Among other predictions of some of their saints, there is one, these people said, which related to the reigning dynasty of the kingdom of Tunis, according to which its course will be completed in two more years.

"Whether the country is to fall into the hands of the Nazarenes," the speaker observed, "or whether, through a revolution, the throne is to be wrested from them by a Moslem, we know not; but we are certain that the children of Hasseen Ben Ali [the founder of the dynasty] will not reign in Tunis after the expiration of two more years. Thus it is predicted, and thus it must come to pass."

The upturned eyes, the peculiar bend of the head, the clasped hands, the flowing beard, the graceful folds of the garments, and, indeed, the whole sanctimonious attitude, and expression of countenance, of these devout Moslems, would have been a splendid subject for a talented artist, whose genius and glowing tints would so readily have transformed our visitors into venerable saints. But the sanctity of this *holy fraternity*—the piety of these devout Moslems—was very shallow, if I am to judge of it by the falsehoods with which they endeavoured to impose on us. Of this we convinced them, as well as of some of the absurdities of their creed; and before the day drew to a close, we were in open hostility with their chief, Ben Ayad Besnoosi, and with the other authorities of the zowia. The whole town was in a state of excitement, and tumult, in consequence, but we stood our ground, and obtained a complete victory over our antagonists.

Two young men, Tleili Ben Abbaas and Mustafa Belabeedi, befriended us on our arrival, and continued staunch to us to the last. They conducted us through the town and its environs (!), and showed us the four, or five, miserable shops which do all the trade of Feriana. They also took us to the *damoos*, "cavern," near the town, and showed us its immense blocks of black stones, which seem to have the appearance of an exhausted volcano. They likewise gave us geographical

information, and related to us some of the marvels connected with the neighbouring ruins, particularly with those of the *Hansheer Romeah*, where a Roman, or Nazarene, lady (the word Romeah being used indiscriminately for either), dressed in pure white, and of transcendent beauty, performed certain extraordinary nocturnal exploits. How a Moorish prince fell in love with her; how she eluded him, and how he failed in all his efforts to avow his passion to her; how she tantalised him, and drove him to desperation; how he applied to the famous black dervish Yosof of Algiers, for his supernatural aid; how the saint humanised the Romeah and subdued her; how he converted her to the faith of Islaam; how he handed her over to the Prince, whose wife she became, and with whom he lived in happiness for many years; how the dervish was richly rewarded, and how he distributed all his wealth among the poor.

But though the length of the legend prevents me from recording it, the following "facts" relative to the black dervish, partaking of an historical nature, will serve as a compensation.

After Aruch Barbarossa was slain by the Marquis de Gomarez, the Spanish Governor of Oran, and after Khairedin, the pirate's second brother, was relieved from the government of Algiers by being raised to the dignity of Captain Basha to the Grand Seignor, Hassan Aga, a Sardinian renegade, assumed supreme power in the kingdom founded by the daring rovers of Metelene. It was during the reign of Hassan, in the year 1541, that Charles V. appeared before Algiers with a fleet of one hundred ships and twenty galleys, having on board thirty thousand choice troops. This imposing expedition spread awe and consternation among the Turks and the inhabitants of the city. "In this dilemma," we are told, "and whilst the Divan, or parliament, was assembled to deliberate upon what conditions to surrender to the Emperor, the black derwish Yosof, followed by a crowd

of people, entered the parliament hall, and thus addressed the head of the Algerine government :—

“‘Lord Hassan ! behold before thee the poor Yosof, the slave of slaves, the meanest of Moslems, despised by the great, and ridiculed by the learned. To thy predecessor I have been represented as a madman, and as such my calumniators have made me known to thee. My admonitions have been rejected, and my person has been treated ignominiously. I have been the sport of children, and the very slaves have held me in derision. The Cadi, the judge of the holy law, has repeatedly condemned me to the infamy of public chastisement. But dost thou ask, what the cause of all this is ? Listen, and I will tell thee.

“‘Allah, whose nature and ways are unsearchable, has endowed me with the gift of foreseeing future events. I have declared things, long before they happened. In all my predictions my words were verified. But to avoid the displeasure of my detractors, I have often kept silent ; and, did not the public good require it, I should not now have opened my mouth. The public danger, O Hassan ! compels me to speak ; and if thou, who art the ruler of this city, wilt now give me leave, I will tell thee what Allah has decreed.’”

“Hassan,” my informant says, “authorised the black dervish to proceed, and he spake in this wise :—

“‘Hear, O Hassan ! and give ear all ye who now tremble at the danger and distress with which ye are threatened. A powerful fleet, whose ships are crowded with armed unbelievers, has suddenly come down upon us, as if it had supernaturally risen from the depths of the sea. We are destitute of every means of defence, and therefore contemplate an equitable capitulation, as if justice and equity were to be found in the heart of the Nazarene. But Allah derides the machinations of men, and scorns their devices. He has decreed otherwise. He will rescue his people from the power

of the wicked, and that in spite of the idols of the Nazarenes, be they never so many.

“‘Lord Hassan, and you, his ministers, ye great men of the kingdom, and ye also who are versed in the book of Allah, listen to me, and I bid you all take courage. Rely on the words of the despised Yosof, and be assured by him of Allah’s design. Before this moon shall have disappeared, Allah will display his glory in the utter confusion, and destruction, of the Nazarenes. Their ships, and their hosts, shall perish in your sight. Our city shall be victorious and free. Their arms and their equipage shall fall to us. They have laboured and erected forts, but they shall serve for our own future defence against the infidels. Those that shall be saved from the yawning waves shall be our slaves, and only very few are destined to return to their own country. Glory be to Allah, the almighty and the merciful!’

“The advice of the black dervish was taken. The people, instead of desponding, became cheerful, and the terrible end which the Spanish expedition met justified the confidence the true believers reposed in the words of Yosof the black dervish.”

The words of the black dervish are handed down through the channel of tradition, and the fate of the unfortunate Spanish expedition is chronicled in history. We believe the latter, but the Arab believes both.

There was not much love lost between us and the Ferianians, and hence the absence of all regret at parting. They hated us, and we despised them. They were glad to see us ready to depart, and we were delighted to turn our backs upon this despicable community of hypocritical saints.

We had intended to visit the ruins of *Khoush Elkhaïma*, and procured a guide who professed to know the road to that place, which is laid down on the last French map as the ancient Telepte. I was anxious to examine those ruins, to ascertain upon what grounds the geographer based his

decision. One of the authorities of this map is M. Pricot St. Marie, a gentleman well known to me, who, I was aware, had travelled over parts of this country. He was not a man likely to hazard a rash decision upon an important point of geography. I therefore concluded that some inscriptions might be found at that place which would settle the question.

Our guide not only professed to know the road well, but he was so confident in his knowledge as to the locality, that I followed him, implicitly relying on him, notwithstanding Mr. Nicholson's repeated misgivings as to the direction in which we were travelling. The situation of *Khoush Elk-haima* is marked east of the chain of hills of *Jebel Salloom*, the "ladder mountain," by which the plain through which we came to Feriana is bound, while this man led us on the declivity west of these hills. To this deviation my companion attracted my attention, but I believed that the Arab would conduct us by some road through one of the gaps in the chain of hills. We came upon such a road, and I pointed it out to him. He, however, only smiled, and desired us to follow him, assuring us, again and again, that he knew both the place, and the way to it, as well as he knew the lanes of his native town Feriana.

After travelling nearly three hours, we found to our right a large encampment of Arabs, and as we were very thirsty, we rode up towards it to ask for a supply of milk.

A sturdy little Arab, with black beard and sparkling, but fierce, eyes, whose dress, as well as his dignified and haughty bearing, indicated that he held the exalted position of *sheikh*, came to meet us, accompanied by about twenty followers. When sufficiently near, we saluted him, and made our wants known to him; but before he deigned to notice our salutation, he asked in a stern tone of voice—

"Are you French or English?"

"English," I replied.

"Then *merchaba-bekom*, welcome! partake of what we

have : *Elengleez sadeek*, the English are righteous, and the friends of Islaam."

It was evident that we should have been repulsed from this encampment had we been French, for these were Algerine Arabs of the tribe of *Oulaad Sidy Obeid*, who repudiated the land of their fathers because they would not submit to the conquerors of Algeria. The sheikh was the friend and companion of Mohammed Sagheer, who was Abdel Kader's *Khaleefa*, but, unlike those generals, he, the sheikh, and his people, still retained the utmost hatred towards the French.

This sheikh reminded me forcibly of his friend Mohammed Sagheer, whom I met some years ago at Tozar, in Jereed. He was then a preacher of revolt, breathing vengeance against the French, but years of unsuccessful toil, accompanied by a little reflection, brought this inveterate foe of the Nazarenes, this "defender of the Islaam," to a state of sobriety and moderation. Then his declared resolution was to keep up the conflict with the new masters of Algeria; but when I met him again some time after, he calmly confessed that it was in vain to entertain principles which are necessarily so dangerous in their tendency. When I saw him in the desert of Jereed, he vowed that he was determined either to expel the invaders or die in the attempt: but when I saw him again, he acknowledged that the French conquest was so thoroughly secured, and that the Arabs generally were so perfectly satisfied with the change, that it would only be aggravating their condition, and exposing them to certain peril, were any one to attempt to disturb the tranquillity by rousing them to acts of hostility.

"As for myself," said this man, famous, among other daring exploits, for the massacre of the French garrison of Biscara, "I have only done what every honourable man, and every true patriot, is bound to do, and ever will do. My native country was invaded, and I, in common with other honourable men, did my utmost to repel the enemy. We

were vanquished, and it is now our duty to bow submissively to the will of Allah. The French are more righteous than we are, and therefore Allah has taken the dominion from us and bestowed it on them. Experience now proves that what Allah does is well done, for their administration of justice is certainly much more equitable than was that of the Moslems. *La ghaaleb illa Allah*,—there is no conqueror but by the will of Allah.”

On my alluding to the former practices of Algiers, Sagheer continued :—

“The great crime of Algiers, in those days, was the shedding of innocent blood, and that blood called to heaven for retribution : but notwithstanding our misdoings, Allah, praised be He ! has not chastised us according to our merits. Our very chastisement has He turned to good, for what was our country then compared with what it now is, and what it is yet likely to become ?”

Reason and experience have taught this man an important lesson, but the proud little sheikh of the *Oulaad Sidy Obeid* is resolved not to profit by it. Extermination of the unbelievers who have dared to encroach on the territories which Allah assigned to the faithful, is, according to his view, what they justly merit ; and since Allah can conquer through the agency of a few as well as by means of multitudes, this haughty chief thinks it quite possible that some day the French will be driven from Algeria by the formidable forces of the *Oulaad Sidy Obeid* !

“But look at the improved condition of the country,” I observed, “the universal satisfaction of the Arabs, the freedom they enjoy, how their persons and property are not only protected, but are actually held sacred. This was not the case formerly, and all this, surely, ought to reconcile you to the French.”

“The true Moslem,” the sheikh answered, “must live under Moslem rule. Besides, you see that I am not so old,

and my memory is not yet so enfeebled by age as to forget the fate of the *Oulaad Riah*. Bearing that diabolic act in mind, can I forgive my enemy, the enemy of my country? The remembrance of the fate of my kinsmen in the cave of *Khartani* is ever fresh before me, and will never be obliterated. No acts of justice, no deeds of kindness can atone for it: it will, and it must, be avenged!"

That unfortunate expedition, which has been regarded as "*a justifiable necessity*," has done the French cause in Africa much harm. The French troops pursued the *Oulaad Riah*, who had been guilty of numerous outrages, and being hard pressed, the Arabs took refuge in the cave of *Khartani*. Some 700 persons in men, women, and children, thronged the windings of this subterranean stronghold, where a few armed men sufficed to oppose even a much stronger force than was then under the command of Col. Pelissier, the present duke of Malakhoff. The Arabs were repeatedly summoned to surrender, but they remained obstinately silent. It was impossible to force a way into it. The Arabs might have been starved to submission, for the cave had no other outlet than the one guarded by the French troops; but, I believe, the apprehension of the expected arrival of fresh hostile forces decided the commander upon precipitate action. An immense fire was kindled at the mouth of the cave, and sedulously fed during the whole of that night with every kind of combustible which was calculated to increase the intense smoke, thick volumes of which the wind drove into the cave. At dawn of the following day, and after sufficient time had elapsed to render the air of the silent cave breathable, some soldiers were ordered to ascertain the state of things within. They were gone but a few minutes, and they came back, we are told, pale, trembling, and terrified: and no wonder, for they had found all the Arabs dead—men, women, and children—all dead! As death had left them, so they found them—the old man grasping his grey beard—the

younger one grim, rigid, stern as iron, with frantic hatred and despair depicted on his countenance—the dead mother clasping her dead child ! Death reigned throughout the vast cave of Khartani !

The Algerine Arabs could give us no information respecting the ruins we were about visiting, and we therefore continued following our guide, whose name was *Taib*, "good." But to what other of his qualifications this adjective may be applicable I cannot tell ;—it certainly could have had no reference to the kind of knowledge for which he particularly recommended himself to us. *Taib* turned out to be a *bad* guide. After a tedious ride of ten hours, over the most detestable ground, he brought us to a ruin only about five miles' distance from Cassareen !

"This is *Khoush Elkhaima* !" he exclaimed triumphantly, pointing to a circular mausoleum.

We could have reached this spot, which we had no desire to visit, in half the time by an excellent road. Our disappointment was great, and our anger in the same proportion, for we could not divest ourselves of the conviction that it was not the result of stupidity that we were led astray : we believed, and not without reason, that we were intentionally misled. But we bore our disappointment philosophically, and, dismissing *Taib*, rode down towards the zowia of Sidy Mustapha, where, after a little altercation, we pitched our tents, in sight of the ruins of Cassareen.

We were just preparing to retire to rest, when Sadek, who seldom manifested other signs of animation than such as are absolutely indispensable at the dish of *coscoso*, entered our tent looking sadly aghast, and after considerable efforts to speak, ultimately succeeded in communicating this sentence :—

"They say there are lions in this vicinity."

"And what of that, Sadek ? Are you afraid ?" we rejoined.

"Afraid !" he exclaimed, "not I ; *naal bo elcharwaaf*,

cursed be the father of the coward. I am not afraid,—I am a Moslem, and know not what fear is. We must all die, and what does it matter when our turn comes? We cannot alter the decrees of Allah. Everything is *maktoob*, predestinated.”

“But you look nevertheless terrified. Have they frightened you here by some lion stories?” we asked.

“I tell you again,” he answered rather impatiently, “I am not afraid, but I am concerned about Abdallah.”

“And what is your concern about Abdallah?”

“I am afraid the lions will devour him.”

“The lions devour Abdallah! and why him more than either you or any of us?”

After a variety of questions and answers, we finally succeeded in ascertaining that Abdallah, a dirty lazy drone whom we hired at Thala, had stopped on the road and had not yet made his appearance.

“And why trouble them about Abdallah?” inquired Machfood, who stood at the door of our tent listening; “if he has fallen into the clutches of the lion, he is now either in heaven or in hell; if he has not fallen into his grasp, then, depend upon it, he is now comfortably asleep in some *dowaar*, encampment, and you will have him here early in the morning.”

This remark satisfied Sadek, who at once retired to assume his favourite attitude, and was soon sound asleep.

We gave our lost attendant a chance to rejoin us, and therefore started later than we otherwise should have done. But he did not make his appearance, and as we heard no further tidings of him, we are left in total ignorance as to his real fate. We, however, requested the *Khaleefa* of Cassareen to make the requisite inquiries concerning him, which he faithfully promised to do.

CHAPTER X.

THE CANVAS CITY.

Fording the Waad Foscana—A Collector of Charity—A fruitless Chace—
Ruins of Sbaitla—A Moalem C.E.—Restoration of the "City of Judges"
—The Restorer—A Friend in need—A quarrel among Thieves—The
Black Inscription—We enter Africa Propria—Ruins of Gilma—Belaarem's
Request—The Canvas City—The Prince.

WE abandoned the idea of visiting *Khoush Elkhaïma*, the Telepte of the French map and of M. Lapie, and having procured a new guide, we travelled in a direction east by north towards Sbaitla. We approached the river *Hattab* at the part where it goes by the name of *Waad Foscana*, and here the guide told us to cross it with as much speed as possible, on account of its quicksands. The baggage horses were first hurried over, and reached the opposite bank in safety; the rest, except my artistic friend, followed as expeditiously. This gentleman had a natural antipathy to interfering with his charger, and had an utter dislike to managing the reins, while his horse, owing to this licence, had a peculiar predilection to a recumbent posture. This tacit understanding between the rider and his steed proved often very inconvenient to the former, who, in one day, alone found himself suddenly shifted from his saddle, to the bare ground, no less than three times! This was done without any premonitory symptoms, and the constant repetition of the practice produced such a spirit of independence in the horse as in some countries is rarely tolerated in man. He did

what he liked, and went wherever he pleased. In the present instance this absence of all restraint might have proved dangerous to both, for, instead of obeying instructions, the horse, on entering the river, stood and deliberately commenced pawing the water. The shouts of warning from the guide, and from the whole party, were disregarded. The horse now visibly decreased in size. He was fast sinking, and neither he nor the rider appeared much concerned about their impending fate. They seemed alike indifferent. A resolute effort was, however, made by us, and we succeeded in extricating both from the treacherous Waad Foscana.

Leaving the river, which flows from west to east, we approached a hilly country, and then entered a vast stretch of high table-land, thickly overgrown with *halfa*, through which there is neither a beaten road nor a direct path. A ruin, or a hillock, serves as a landmark, to which the traveller works his way by the tedious zigzag or serpentine intervals between the tufts or clumps of, what is here, useless vegetation, but which would fetch a high price in England or elsewhere. Having travelled nearly four hours, we steered towards a square ruined building, where we halted, and where we called Said's talents into requisition, and he, with his usual alacrity and promptness, prepared us an excellent breakfast. We were regaling ourselves upon delicious coffee, as well as on some of the stores we laid in at Tebessa, and, sheltered from the sun's rays by the shadow of the ruin, were reading over some of the articles in *Galignani* for the third or the fourth time. Neither encampment nor a single human being was visible within our horizon, embracing many miles. We were in the midst of a solitude abandoned alike by man and wild beast, and yet here was a vast extent of arable soil. A little labour would clear it of its rank vegetation, and would improve it for the growth of wheat, or barley, sufficient to maintain a great portion of the world's population. These sweeping plains are generally

bounded by bold hills, which, during the rainy season, would contribute to the complete irrigation of the cultivated fields. But there is no prospect of such a change for the present : the ground is therefore destined to continue barren and unfruitful.

The district of Foscana, through which we passed, and to which this part still belongs, was formerly occupied by the *Oulaad-bo-Ghaanem*, who, in the time of Shaw and Bruce, were exempted from taxation on account of their entirely subsisting on lions' flesh ; the object of the government in conferring that privilege being to rid the country of those animals with which it was then over-run. The great Abyssinian explorer ate here parts of three lions, one of which, a male, was lean and tough, and had a strong smell of musk ; that of another, a female, was rather better ; while the flesh of a third, a young lion, was much worse than either. The extraordinary *régime* of the *Bo-Ghaanem*, it is said, made them excellent horsemen, and this, Sir Grenville Temple considers a valuable hint to Meltonians and cornets of cavalry, and, I would add, it ought to be so also to my equestrian friend noticed above.

We were just preparing to start again, when we were joined by a *taaleb*, a student, of the *zowia* of Cafsa, or Capsa, mounted on a fine mule. Observing our horses from a distance, he thought that Arabs were encamped here, and as he was collecting contributions for his charitable institution, he came to see what was in store for him. His *zowia* maintains twelve students, every one of whom has his circuit assigned to him ; and, judging from the success which attended this man's efforts, they must collect a great deal of property. In two months he obtained, besides grain and money, 260 sheep !

"I hope your *zowia* makes a better use of these contributions than its sister establishment of Feriana does," observed one of us.

"We entertain strangers—we help the poor and the sick—we assist the widow and the orphan. That's what we do."

"An excellent charity, if you are true to your trust."

"*Inshallah*, if it so please Allah, we are," the *taaleb* rejoined, and we separated.

The *taaleb* was bound for Cassareen, and we proceeded on our journey to Sbaitla. On our way we amused ourselves by setting fire to the dry *halfa*, and the result of our freak was seen in a line of flame and smoke for miles behind us. Had the wind been high, we might have had a regular prairie scene; but it was calm, and to this the various animals who have their lairs here are indebted for being left undisturbed in their abode.

A little way further on we started a pair of lovely antelopes. They seemed to have taken their *siesta* in the *halfa*, in which they were disturbed by the sound of our horses' hoofs. The ground was not favourable for a chase, still Mr. Nicholson pursued the nimble creatures for nearly two miles, but to no purpose. On good ground, and with a fresh horse, a single sportsman stands but a poor chance of success in his attempt against an animal possessing such surprising power of velocity: what wonder, then, that my friend's jaded steed failed to answer his expectation.

As we neared our destination, the country became hilly and intersected by deep ravines. From one of the hills we obtained a sight of the sombre ruins amidst which we were soon after encamped. The actual distance between Cassareen and Sbaitla is scarcely more than twenty miles, but, owing to the peculiar nature of the road, we must have travelled over more than thirty.

On our arrival we found Hamed (whom we had despatched from Feriana to the Caid of the district for supplies) with one of the governor's agents. Both assured us that we should have no trouble either about barley or provisions; and the *hamba* particularly wished me to understand that he had

executed his commission "like a man," and prospectively took the credit for all the good things that were in store for us. But *vederemo*, "we shall see."

I had visited these ruins on a former occasion, but it was a very hasty visit that I paid them, and therefore the description I give of them in "Evenings in My Tent" is very imperfect.

The ruins of Sbeitla consist of a triumphal arch, three temples, an aqueduct, an amphitheatre, and various other massive public structures, besides the remains of a number of private buildings. They do not occupy much space, and there are no traces to show that it was a walled town, nor could I discover any vestiges of a citadel, unless the large square inclosures, in front and in the rear of the temples, were used as such. This is probable: and since the chief fear the inhabitants of this inland city had to apprehend was from incursions of hordes of undisciplined Numidians, partially armed and totally unprovided with siege engines, those inclosures, embracing the temples, were well adapted for the purpose.

The triumphal arch stands at the south-east end of the town. It is but a poor specimen of Corinthian architecture. The extreme width of this monument is forty-one feet five inches, whilst that of the gate is eighteen feet and a half; its thickness above the base is eleven feet and a half. On its exterior façade it bears an inscription, of which I could only decipher a portion.*

To the right of this arch, and close to the banks of the river, are the remains of a very extensive edifice, the walls of which were built of small stones and mortar, and with the ruins of these a number of broken shafts, capitals, cornices, and other ornaments, are intermingled. These belong to a date anterior to the arch, and, indeed, they have every appearance of greater antiquity than any of the other ruins

* See Appendix No. 1, inscription 39.

of Sbaitla. In the immediate vicinity of these remains there is a mound which greatly tempts excavation. A few days' labour, I think, would be amply rewarded. The same may be said of other localities among the ruined cities which we visited. From a stone close to this ruin I copied the inscription No. 40.

From the triumphal arch there is a paved street leading to the temples, and still in very good repair. Proceeding along this street, which is eighteen feet and a half wide, and which was flanked by pilasters, some of which are yet standing, we approach what was either another triumphal arch, or only a gate leading into the square inclosures within which the temples stand. The entire width of this gate is thirty-four feet, and it has one central and two smaller lateral arches. The former is ten feet three inches wide, and the latter are five feet. Its proportions are excellent; its ornaments are few, but in good taste; and, as a whole, this is a very good specimen of the architecture of the Corinthian order found in Africa. On the architrave can be traced the inscription No. 41, and over the capital of the column to the right, is No. 42.* The dedication, on the corresponding part of the façade, is totally obliterated.

Sir Grenville Temple describes this arch, and gives its inscriptions very nearly similar to mine. He then quotes the only one Shaw has in his account of Sbaitla, and adds:—"I cannot, I confess, see the least resemblance between this inscription and those which I have copied." Shaw calls this arch a portico. His words are:—"Near the end of this pavement [the paved street mentioned above] we pass through a beautiful portico, built in the same style and manner with the triumphal arch, which conducts us afterwards into a spacious court." But Shaw is totally wrong in his description of the triumphal arch, for he speaks of it as "sumptuous," which it certainly is not.

* See Appendix No. 1.

He then says that it consists "of one large arch, with a lesser one on each side of it," and this is not the case.

But how are we to account for the inscription, which neither Sir Grenville nor I could find on either of the arches? In a hundred years, it is true, an inscription might disappear; but that it should have been changed for another is not very probable: and yet the doctor speaks confidently of "the few words of the dedication which are upon the architrave," and then gives the inscription which will be found under No. 43 in Appendix 1.

This, I repeat, is the only inscription Shaw gives of this place, and it is a very important one, for it furnishes us with its ancient name, *Suffetula*, and it also shows that the Arabs retain its correct appellation to the present day. But whence did the doctor obtain it? I think I am able to answer this question.

The reader will remember that I alluded to a manuscript to which Shaw must have had access. In that manuscript, speaking of Sbaitla, the unknown author says, "Aqui en un marmol se hallan estos fragmentos que denotan alguna insignia fabrica dedicada al merito de Augusto," and then follows the very inscription in question, with the omission of the letters ONIN in the second line, and for this variation I cannot account.* That such an inscription therefore existed at Sbaitla is certain, but it is equally certain that it

* The MS. in my possession is a copy of a more ancient one, made by an Englishman. At all events, the handwriting is English, and there are also several annotations to be found in it in English. In the references to the Bible the names of the various books are cited in English; and I likewise find these words at p. 14; "In this place is half a sheet wanting; if can be found, shall be placed at page —." It is therefore probable that the transcriber omitted the letters ONIN, and that Shaw had access, not to this identical manuscript, but to the original one, from which mine is a copy. But whether what I have just said explains the difficulty, I myself am rather doubtful; for I cannot conceive why Shaw did not make use of the other inscriptions relating to this place which are given in the MS., unless it may be that the document was intended for publication, and the owner only supplied the learned traveller with limited information. This is probable.

never was found on either of the arches, and it is likewise certain that Dr. Shaw never visited Shaitla.

The enclosed area to which the arch gives admittance is nearly 250 feet square. This was surrounded by a colonnade, which may have been originally vaulted, or otherwise partially roofed. Towards the S.W. there has been another arched gateway, and besides this there are other entrances, all of which are now stopped up. Within the square, or rather at its north-western end, are the principal ruins of this place, consisting of three prostyle temples fronting the inner façade of what Shaw calls the *portico*, but which Sir Grenville Temple more correctly denominates the grand triumphal arch. The centre temple is of the composite order, and is thirty-four feet wide; the two lateral temples are of the Corinthian order, and are twenty-eight feet wide. These edifices are detached, there being a passage about eight feet wide between them, but at the back they are joined by an arched gateway, which has since been blocked up.

The cella of the middle temple is forty-four feet in length, and the pronaos, which is now a complete ruin, projects eighteen feet, thus giving to this edifice a total length of sixty-two feet. The smaller temples are somewhat (but proportionately) shorter. Each pronaos had originally four columns in front, and two lateral ones; the posticus is ornamented with four pilasters, and along the sides there are six more, all having their respective capitals. The pilasters of the centre structure are rounded, while those of the others are square. The columns of the larger edifice are three feet two inches in diameter, and the height of their capitals is three feet three inches.

The broken shafts, the capitals, and the fractured pediments, form a vast pile of majestic ruins, and this is intermingled with a great variety of other prostrate portions. The ornaments with which these temples are decorated are very elaborate and rich, and, at the same time, extremely

chaste, in excellent proportions, and of good execution. Beneath this pile are the inscriptions which the architraves bore, but which will, probably, not so soon be brought to light again. From my Spanish MS. I learn that the words *DIVI MARCI SACRVM* were found on one of the temples; and from another fragment, found "on another stone," the writer tells us "we learn the precise time of the dedication, and see that this city was comprehended in Proconsular Numidia."*

I have already observed, that the square enclosures, in front and in the rear of these temples, may have served as places of strength, and that not merely for the protection of the people in time of war, but for the safe keeping of the treasures which were deposited within the sacred edifices; for these, as is well known, often contained statues, and sacred utensils, of massive gold or of other precious metals. Hence it is that some of the most famous temples were placed within the citadels, as, for instance, the temple of *Æsculapius* at Carthage stood within the *Byrsa*, the *Parthenon* of Athens in the *Acropolis*, the temple of *Minerva* at Syracuse in the *Ortygia*, and the temple of *Jupiter* at Rome in the *Capitol*.

We have only one instance on record during which the strength of Suffetula was tried, and that was during the struggle for dominion between the Christian power and the Arabian conquerors in the time of the Caliphate of Othman, the third successor of the Prophet of Mecca. The victorious army of Abdallah, the missionary general of Islaam, drove the defeated remains of Gregory's forces to this town for refuge. They, however, soon surrendered, and the wealth found at Suffetula was so immense that every cavalry soldier is said to have received for his share of the plunder no less than three thousand gold dinaars!

* "I en otro fragmento de otra piedra se lee el tiempo de la dedicacion de donde manifestamente se reconoce estar sujeta esta Ciudad i comprehenda en la Numidia Proconsular." See inscription No. 44, Appendix 1.

But the circumvallation and the temples themselves evidently served as a fortification at a much more recent period—probably during some of the intestine wars of the Moslems. For we find the ruined walls repaired, and strengthened, with stones which belonged to other buildings. Many of the stones bear fragments of inscriptions,* and these being often reversed, clearly show the kind of people who performed this task. At that time too the three porticos of these edifices must have been *intentionally* pulled down to form a barrier for the combatants in case they were compelled by the enemy to retire into the cella of the temples.

While motives of safety contributed thus towards causing such havoc among these ruins, we have within the enclosure evident traces of the cupidity of those devastators, from which we learn that the temples now occupy a site on which stood a much more ancient structure. From the pits dug in this area (no doubt in search of treasure) we find, at a depth of three feet, what either was the flat roof of a building or part of a substructure. The excavators broke through this apparent pavement, and though they came upon masonry beneath it, they did not dig deeper than about seven or eight feet. Whether their labours were rewarded, and they made off with their treasure, or whether they abandoned what they considered an unprofitable task, no one can tell: the latter, however, is much more probable.

* Some of these I copied. Inside the enclosure, to the S.W., in letters about seven inches in size, ACTO; and on another stone near it, ROP; then PM; and near it again, VLIS. To the south of the exterior of the enclosure I found, in large letters, EC; a little below, NIM; lower still, VRIAEM, and near it, OERA. On another stone ISQ; and above it VMSS . . M. Again, RIMISNEO; and beneath, XV; and below this, AN. Another stone has the letters ORB, and to the left of it, VM. ROVISISO; also SP and AET and SRIO. Outside of the enclosure, on the ground, but near the wall, I found, on a wrought stone, in letters about seven inches in size, PENDORIS CIVIBVS. On another stone, TVAEIVA . IM . . . EIVM; and round the angle, in smaller letters, FESTVS. On another fragment, also in large letters, VIBV; and again, EIVSE.

South of the temples are the remains of another large edifice. Among the heap of its fallen stones we discovered inscription No. 45, relating to Adrian; and inside the building I found the fragment No. 46.

Very near this building there is another, but likewise only remarkable for the extreme solidity of its materials, and in a line with the temples, and towards the N.E., there are the remains of a structure which I am inclined to believe served at one period the purposes of a Christian church. At the N.E. end it is built circularly, and its ruins are extensive.

Higher up the *Waad Sbeitla* we have an ancient aqueduct built of small stones and mortar. It spans the river on five arches,* and appears to have conveyed a mountain stream to the amphitheatre for the representation of the *naumachia*, or naval fights. This is the only way of accounting for the existence of this monument, since the river has an abundant supply of excellent water. Its course, too, is in the direction of the theatre, passing the ruins of what is either the cella of a large temple, the remains of a palace, or of a fort, which ruins have, during the last six years, been appropriated for, and converted into, a *zowia* of *Sidy Mustafa Ben Azooz*. The aqueduct, it is very probable, served also the purposes of a bridge for foot-passengers. Its watercourse being covered in, and there being no traces of any other bridge over the river, the probability of my conjecture is greatly strengthened.

Besides the remains now specified, there are here the ruins of a variety of other buildings, private and public. One of the latter class stands immediately before the walled area of temples, but its precise character I think it is now impossible to define, notwithstanding its ruins are very extensive. Streets too can be traced running in different directions, as well as the foundations of many houses. Of the amphitheatre its form alone can be distinctly defined, owing to an accumu-

* Beneath one of the arches of the aqueduct we have inscription No. 47, given in Appendix 1.

lation of soil, which has, for centuries, been washed in, so that now but portions of the outer walls alone can be seen.

The situation of Suffetula was well chosen. It stands on high level ground at the foot of the hills *Magheela*, and commands a view of an extensive plain. The hills are very picturesque, and are covered with a variety of trees, among which the myrtle, the wild olive, and the juniper predominate. It had a plentiful supply of good water, for the town stands on the right bank of the clear and limpid *Waad Sbaitla*, which has its source a few miles higher up, and is perpetually rushing, in whirling eddies, by the town on its way to the plain, where it suddenly disappears in the sand.

Till within the last few years, these ruins were the haunt, and stronghold, of the banditti of the Maaajer Arabs, under the command of Sheikh Ahmed Belaarem ; but now Sheikh Mustafa, of Algeria, the representative of the founder of the Moslem sacred Order of *Rachmaneah* (Misericordia), has an agent at Sbaitla, whose commission is to found a colony of *the faithful*. What may have been the cella of a temple is already changed into a Moslem mosque, from the roof of which the *true believers* (amounting already to some thirty souls) are, at the stated times, summoned, in the true orthodox style, to perform their devotions.

The agent of the famous saint is now engaged on a work which may encourage Arabs to take up their abode here. Water is, of course, a great luxury in these latitudes, and water they have at Sbaitla in abundance. But the bed of the river is low, and its course tends towards a low, sandy part in the plain, where, as has already been said, it loses itself. Its beneficial effects for irrigating gardens and plantations are thus destroyed. To obtain the desirable result, Haj Ibrahim Ben Ali, the agent, who has learnt much among the French, and who calls himself a C.E., is building a regular aqueduct from a part of the river, the level of which he ascertained to

correspond with the higher ground on which the principal ruins stand. His object is to lead the water right into the town, and then to send the surplus, by channels, into that part of the plain where the soil is good, and where irrigation alone is required to convert a great portion of it into fruitful gardens. Haj Ibrahim's pretensions to being "a civil engineer" will ere long be brought to the test, and should he prove successful, this ancient city Suffetula,* "the city of judges," will, after having been abandoned for upwards of ten centuries, be occupied by the degenerate descendants of the Arabian conquerors, who are to change its name into *Elazoreah*—The Ancient, or The Venerable!

The jolly, red-faced, red-bearded, and red-coated restorer of Suffetula manifested his goodwill towards us the very first evening we spent at this place. We, alas! soon discovered that our providers, the *hamba* and the governor's servant, who, on our arrival, led us to believe that there

* The author of the MS. to which I have referred says, with reference to this city: "Aunque esta ciudad no se haga mencion en Ptolomeo, podemos ciertamente conjeturar la antigüedad dal nombre derivado de una dignidad de los Cartagineses; los quales como consta de Livio tenian un cargo en su Republica semejante á la Dignidad Consular de Roma que llamaban Suffetes de donde emano el nombre de Suffetula, como si dijéramos Ciudad Consular." The name *Suffet* occurs on several of the Punic inscriptions which I dug up at Carthage, and which are now in the British Museum. The same title was applied to the magistrates and leaders of the Israelites who delivered the people from the oppression of their neighbouring nations, between the time of Joshua and Samuel. The Arabs to this day use the word *Khaakem* in the sense of sovereign and judge. In the same way was *Suffet* used among the Carthaginians. Livy expressly tells us that those who bore those titles among the Carthaginians were similar in authority with the consuls of Rome (Hist. lib. xxx. c. 7). The author of the MS. is therefore right in claiming for Suffetula a great antiquity, and in denominating it *Ciudad Consular* (a Phœnician Consular City). During the prosperous days of Carthage her authority extended a long way into the desert; and at that time she probably saw the necessity of having an officer invested with high authority, to regulate the differences between the various nations of the interior as near those nations as possible. That this was a wise policy will be readily admitted; and as the *Suffet* made this his seat of residence, the name of the town was *Suffetula*. Researches at this place may one day bring very interesting objects to light.

was such an abundance of good things in store for us, had either totally failed in their mission, or had deceived us. The preponderance of evidence favoured our belief that they had sold us—that they had accepted a bribe; and this treachery now reduced us to the necessity either to shift in the best way we could, or else allow our horses and men to starve. We were undecided what to do, and at this juncture Haj Ibrahim came to our relief. He procured us a supply of barley; and, later in the evening, his exertions obtained us a *grand* supper, which, though served up in a pompous manner, we had at once transferred to our people's tent, where it met with a far more favourable reception than it had in ours. The supper consisted of three dishes, which reminded us forcibly of the Irishman's favourite meal—boiled pork, roast pork, pig's head and another piece of pork. But among these *true believers* the good qualities of the "prohibited animal" are unknown. The supper intended for us consisted of a dish of tiny pieces of meat swimming in oil, and strongly flavoured with pepper; another of equal portions of pepper and meat floating in oil; and the third of a dish of oil thickened with pepper and pieces of meat. At such a mess, to use a somewhat familiar expression, we did not always turn up our noses—particularly so when the alternative was either to eat or to starve. But our Tebessa fare had spoiled us for the delicacies of the Arab kitchen, and our supplies from Tebessa were not yet entirely exhausted. Only two, or three, days before our stores furnished us with a dinner, which, if the reader contrast with the above three dishes, he will not be surprised that we condemned them to be devoured by "the faithful" of our party. This is a correct copy of the bill of fare of the dinner referred to:—"Mutton broth, lamb and green peas, roast fowl and stewed chickens, fried potatoes, custard and sponge cakes, salad and cheese, dates, almonds and raisins, excellent bordeaux, coffee and rosolio."

"You have undertaken an important task," I observed to Haj Ibrahim, as we were walking about among the ruins. "You will require large sums of money to complete it. Are you a wealthy man?"

"I a wealthy man!" he exclaimed, laughing heartily as he spoke. "I carry all my wealth about me, and that would not fetch two hundred piastres [about £5], were it offered for sale. I am a *woled bab Allah* [a child begging at the gate of Allah], and *Rabbi yaamal daleel* [the Lord always provides]."

"But in what way do you expect the Lord to provide?" I asked again.

"If the work I have been sent to perform," he replied, "should require rivers of gold, the saint, in whose service I am, can bring them into existence with perfect ease. Our Order is far superior to that of *Tejaani*, and the guardian of the founder of our Order is a thousand times wealthier than the ruler of this country. Whatever Sheikh Mustafa requires, he has only to ask for, and it is granted."

"But, surely," I remarked, "you rely more on the prospect of your *zowia* being endowed, upon contributions and upon the alms which your people will collect, than upon any direct assistance from your saint? Some miracle, I presume, will, ere long, be performed in this *zowia* by the founder of the *Rachmaneah* Order; and, this once blazed abroad, it will cause the offerings of the faithful to flow in in abundance. Is this not your opinion, too, Haj Ibrahim?" I asked.

A significant gesture from me, and an expressive nod from him, clearly showed that we understood each other.

The future holds out bright prospects to pilgrim Abraham, but the present is replete with troubles. He has scarcely enough to maintain himself and his people; so we could expect no effectual aid from him. The Arabs, after the first night, positively refused to give us anything more; and Abraham's eloquent intercession even failed to make the

desired impression. We had often overcome Arab obstinacy by main force (*vi et armis*), and we entertained no doubt as to our being ultimately victorious even here. The negotiations were rapidly progressing to the culminating point—the train was laid, and just before it was being fired, I happened accidentally to ask after Sheikh Belaarem, the chief of the Maajar banditti, who formerly occupied these ruins.

“He is encamped with his people on yonder mountain, only a few miles from here,” answered a man who had attached himself to us on our arrival, and who assisted in grooming our horses.

This was cheering intelligence, and I forthwith despatched a messenger for Belaarem. But the cautious chief hesitated, apprehending some plot against him; and it was not till another express was sent, with the assurance that a friend desired to see him, and furnished him with certain tokens by which he was able to recognise his friend, that Belaarem, accompanied by six of his sturdy people, made his appearance.

After the formal salutations were gone through, I told the chief that I was greatly surprised that he had not come at once when he heard that Christian travellers were here, to see whether his old friend was not among them.

“But, O! brother,” he answered, “I have never had an opportunity of explaining to you the reason why I left you, in so mysterious a manner, on that dark night. I feared you harboured revenge against me on that account, and, therefore, have I ever since rather avoided Nazarene travellers.”

“And why did you disappear in that strange manner?” I asked. “We roamed about till midnight before we reached the Bey’s Camp. But be assured I harboured no feelings of revenge against you: indeed, the whole circumstance had almost escaped my memory.”

“*Antom nessara asdak minna*—You Nazarenes are more righteous than we are. Listen, and I will satisfy you,”

Belaarem continued. "You were placed under my protection, and, had an accident befallen you, my life would have been required as a satisfaction. I therefore guarded you and your friends from the malice and snare of the enemy. I learnt from a good source that a certain party was waylaying you, and as I knew the precise spot where danger existed, I left you,* and proceeded towards it. I changed the intentions of the banditti, and though you roamed about till midnight, *Alhamdulillah*, praised be Allah! your life was spared. A well-aimed, or a stray, bullet might have killed you. Now, say, have I not acted as a friend?"

"You certainly have," I replied: "but tell me what party was it which contemplated that treacherous act?"

"I have told you all that concerns you," he answered; "but I am not at liberty to say more," and he obstinately refused to add a single word on the subject.

My own suspicion is, that he himself had placed his own men in ambush with instructions to attack us; but having changed his mind, from some motive or other, he left us and countermanded his own orders.

On learning the difficulty in which we found ourselves, he observed,—

"I anticipated as much, and therefore, you see, I have not come empty-handed. Yonder man, with his mule, brings barley, a lamb, some fowls and eggs; and now you, and your friends, must consider yourselves my guests. Whatever you require, tell me, and obedience to your commands will give me the utmost pleasure."

Here was, indeed, a friend in need. Belaarem took up his abode near us, and carefully attended to all our wants.

Said, our great comfort on this journey, was now in high glee, for he had not only a capital caterer in Belaarem, but in the vicinity of Sbaitla there was an abundance of wild

* See "Evenings in my Tent," c. iv. vol. i.

pigeons, as well as other birds ;* and all these advantages afforded him ample scope to exhibit his skill in the art which he professed, and of which he was justly proud. His vanity, always replete with good-nature, was not only innocent, but of great use to us. Our own interests, and his exuberant spirits under all circumstances, entitled him to great consideration ; and he enjoyed a degree of freedom nearly equal to that of our artist's independent charger.

We were lavishing praises on our favourite domestic, when our attention was attracted to a scuffle, accompanied by a low and suppressed moaning, outside of our tent.

"*Edha essoraak yetchaasamo elmasloob yachodh khakho*—When thieves fall out, honest men get their rights," was the report of Said, who had stepped out, at our request, to ascertain what was up.

And so it was. Machfood and Hamed were doing their utmost to strangle each other with the coils of their turbans ; and when I found that the canting *hamba* was no match for his gruff companion, I interfered, and after some exertion, succeeded in making Machfood relinquish his hold. Hamed's face had an awful expression ; it did not look unlike that of a man hanged. It had a deep-blue hue, verging upon black ; his eyes protruded and were red ; and, for some seconds after the coil was removed from his neck, he appeared to find it difficult to replace the tongue into his mouth.

There was no necessity for me to ask what the fight was about, for Machfood's vehement remonstrances during the intervals of puffing and blowing (the effect of his exertions) taken in connection with Said's homely proverb, revealed the mystery. What we had all along suspected, proved to be true. We had been sold—regularly sold—by these *hambas*, but chiefly by Hamed. He had taken bribes from the caids and sheikhs, to

* The Appendix contains a list of some of the birds found in parts of this country. I am indebted for it to the Hon. Mr. Powys, a very able ornithologist, and a hardy and daring sportsman.

relieve them from the necessity of complying with the Government order ; and it now also turned out that they had both gained certain sums of money on the horses we purchased on our journey. Hamed carried the bag, and Machfood having insisted upon a division of the spoil, a quarrel ensued, which ended in a regular conflict. I succeeded in putting an end to the latter, and now I partly stayed further contentions by taking possession of the money with the consent of the combatants.

Arabs seldom come to blows—their fury is generally either exhausted in words, or it vents itself in cowardly revenge. The present was an exception to the general rule. To the attempt at strangling there was an end, but not so to their recriminations. No sooner had Hamed sufficiently recovered to give free utterance, than he summoned the faithful present to be witnesses to the injuries and wrongs he had suffered.

“Be silent, thou dog ! thou thief !” roared the furious Machfood.

“O ! Moslems, Moslems, listen to this abuse !” exclaimed the other in a doleful tone. “And has it come to this, that a true believer should be called a dog ?” . . .

Two hours after, I saw Hamed perched upon a ruin, going through all the evolutions of Moslem devotions with astonishing precision ; and shortly after he and Machfood, accompanied by pilgrim Abraham, accosted me, all grinning and smiling, as if nothing had happened.

“You see we are friends now,” observed Hamed. “*Naal eshaitaan*, cursed be Satan, for putting evil and malice into our hearts, and thereby causing brothers to fight. We have now agreed to divide the money fairly.”

The three appeared thunderstruck when I informed them that the money was in the Consul’s possession, and that Mr. Nicholson and myself had decided on keeping it—that a portion of it was our own, and that the remainder was

intended to be devoted towards the presents we made to those Arabs who comply with the Government order. All attempts to change this decision proved unsuccessful, and finally the orthodox sentiment—*Kol shai belkitba*—"everything is pre-ordained," solemnly repeated by the pilgrim, reconciled the two *true believers*, at least for the time being, to the consular judgment.

Belaarem considered this a very appropriate and well-deserved punishment.

"You have hit upon the only way in which these rascals can be chastised," said the old *Maajer*. "Imprison them, or flog them, and you will make no impression on them if you allow them to retain the plunder; but take the money from them, and you inflict a punishment they consider equal to death, for they love money just as they love their lives. Base cowards! What *the prince of the faithful* ordered for you, his friends, these scoundrels pocketed."

"But how do you think they obtained this money, O! Sheikh Belaarem?" I inquired.

"Call me not *sheikh*," he replied, drawing at the same time a heavy sigh; "for times," he continued, "have changed—Fate has proved treacherous to me in my old age; but of this hereafter. You want to know how they obtained the money, and I will tell you. These fellows, who are sent with you to see that the order of *the prince of the faithful* is respected, on arriving at an encampment of a *caid*, or of a *sheikh*, terrify them at first at the enormous expense to which your visit would put them, and then offer, for a certain pecuniary consideration, to arrange matters so as to satisfy you with as little as possible. It is to the interest of those chiefs at once to agree to the proposed terms, for they well know that if they were ever so attentive to you, and did not satisfy the *hambas*, these villains would conjure up some story and would report them at head-quarters. There, at head-quarters, are other leeches always anxious for oppor-

tunities to pounce down upon them, and, from no other than interested motives, to give them trouble and annoyance. You are therefore sacrificed to the avaricious fellows sent to protect you. You starve, your people starve, your horses starve whilst these rascals are fed and well paid. This is their mode of proceeding, and this is the way in which they made the money which, I am glad, is now in your possession."

What the old Maajer told me, I knew before ; but still I was glad to hear it from his lips. It not only shows how well this base system is known, and how it is practised notwithstanding, but it likewise shows the concatenation of sponging and extortion which exist in this country among the various grades of officials.

From the first evening of our arrival at Sbaitla we heard much of a black inscription, which was reported to exist in the bed of the river, about a mile, or a mile and a half, higher up ; and at a part which was just then accessible, as it was free from water. Desirous to inspect this relic of antiquity, we procured a guide ; and having crossed the serpentine stream some five or six times, and having climbed over rocks and cleared some chasms, we at length, to our intense satisfaction, reached the spot. Our cicerone, who had preceded us with surprising speed, halted and pointed out the "mysterious black writing," as he called it.

We were not duped, but we were victims to the prevailing ignorance. The man wondered at the indifference with which we eyed the "writing;" but when he found that our risible faculties were excited, and that the astonishment depicted on his countenance only increased our immoderate laughter, he was amazed beyond all description.

"Verily, you Nazarenes are a strange people," he observed, and the rotary movement of his head, and the action of hands, corresponded with the nature of his remark. "You are a strange people, indeed ! Every stone that has a letter or two on it you immediately copy into your book ; and here I

bring you to such a quantity of writing, and you laugh. Is it at me or at the writing you laugh? If at me, *aib alaikom*, it is wrong; for I am *khalk Allah*, one of Allah's creatures, as well as yourselves. But if you laugh at the writing, interpret it to me. What does it say?"

The interpretation of the writing was very simple, and our cicerone looked very simple, indeed, when he heard it. A vast number of small black shells, imbedded in the sandstone, were so far washed away by the rushing water, as to leave only portions, or sections, and the eccentric shapes thus caused constituted the "*mysterious black writing*," the fame of which had not only attracted us, but, I afterwards learnt, it had likewise reached remote regions.

The banks of the river in this part are very steep, and so evenly perpendicular that they have the appearance of being the work of art, rather than that of nature. They are about four hundred feet in height, and their crevices form a safe abode for the numerous wild pigeons. In these strongholds they are indeed protected against the encroachments of man, but they are exposed to the terrible ravages of the hawk and the eagle, their immediate neighbours.

On leaving Sufetula, we may say we quitted Numidia, the scene of the Roman struggles with Jugurtha. After the famous Numidian king was betrayed into the hands of Sylla by his own father-in-law, the treacherous Bochus, the country, which fell to the descendants of Massinissa after the destruction of Carthage, was again subdivided. Bochus, for his important services, received the territories of the Massaesyli, which were nearest to Mauritania, his own kingdom. The remainder of Numidia was divided into two parts; the western was given to Mandrestal and Hiempsal, descendants of Massinissa; and the eastern part, or that which we have traversed, was annexed to Africa Propria.

A few years after, the limits, or boundaries, of the country were again disturbed. Pompey having defeated Cneius

Domitius Abenobarbus and Hiarbas, a Numidian king who succeeded Mandrestal, and having slain 17,000 of their forces, was not satisfied with such signal chastisement, but pursued the fugitives to their camp, put Domitius to the sword, took Hiarbas prisoner, and gave his kingdom to Hiempsal, for his consistent opposition to the Marius faction.

During the future struggles in Africa, Juba, the son of Hiempsal, espoused the cause of the Republicans in opposition to that of Cæsar. To this, it is only natural to suppose, he may have been induced by motives of gratitude which the family owed to Pompey. Suetonius, however, informs us, that the king of Numidia was actuated by a spirit of revenge which he harboured against Julius Cæsar. That author states that, at the time Cæsar commenced to be famous, Hiempsal had a dispute with a certain Masintha, a Numidian noble, in which the Roman general took the part of the latter with great warmth, and even went so far as to pull the beard of Juba, who vindicated his father's conduct. Such an affront was an unpardonable one among the Numidians then, as it now is among the modern inhabitants of the same country. This insult, it would seem, was never forgiven; and hence Juba's inveterate hostilities against Cæsar. In an engagement into which (by stratagem) he drew Curio, Cæsar's general, he defeated him, and slew him. When Cæsar afterwards landed in Africa, and while encamped before Ruspina (in expectation of the arrival of the remainder of his forces and supplies, to enable him to commence his campaign against the Pompeian faction), Juba, at the head of a large army, marched to join the Republicans. Had the Numidian then been able to carry his intention into execution, the condition in which Cæsar found himself at the time was such, that the victor of Pharsalia might then have been vanquished on the shores of Africa. But before Juba reached Africa Propria, he received intelligence that Cirta

(Constantine) and two other towns were besieged by P. Silius, a Roman filibuster, and Bogud, king of Mauritania, both of whom favoured Cæsar's cause. Juba was not only compelled to relinquish his design, but he had to hasten back to protect, and defend, his own country. The line of march of the king with his hosts of Numidians, horse and foot as well as elephants, must have been the same, or very nearly the same, we took; and when he afterwards actually joined Scipio, and with him engaged Cæsar in the fatal, and decisive, battle of Thapsus, he must have led his army to the scene of action by a great part of our line of route.

Quitting these Numidian territories we proceeded towards that district of *Africa Propria* particularly famous for Cæsar's campaign, the successful issue of which not only put an end to the civil war, caused by the ambition of rival generals aspiring to supreme power, but it gave Rome her first emperor.

At Gilma, our first station in *Africa Propria*, we expected to find a martial camp, one not unlike those of the ancient Numidian kings. The heir apparent to the throne of Tunis was on his way to the capital from his annual expedition to the extreme south of the kingdom, in order to collect the tribute from those Arabs who now occupy a part of the territory of the ancient *Gætulians*. The prince's object is likewise to settle disputes among the different tribes through whose districts he passes. We reached our destination in a little more than three hours, having traversed the *Bahairat Elmargeb*, a barren, or rather uncultivated plain, and pitched our tents in a lovely meadow in the plain of Gilma.

We were greatly disappointed on finding that the camp had not yet reached this place, for we fully expected to sleep within the "gates" of the vast moveable canvas city, and to partake of the princely hospitality of the commander of the forces; but we were accustomed to disappointments, and therefore readily accommodated ourselves to our present

situation. This was not so very bad, for Belaarem was with us, and he readily procured for us all we needed from the two encampments of Farasheesh Arabs, near which we pitched our tents.

Gilma is the *Cilma*, or *Oppidum Chilmanense* of antiquity; but its remains are very insignificant. Somewhat more than a century ago, its ruins were still extensive. I find them thus described in an old manuscript which I presented to the library of the Royal Geographical Society:—"Here are the ruins of a very large town, built on the side of a hill. On the foot of it are several square towers, pretty high, but narrow, covered on the top, and a door to go in. Within each on the floor is a square stone about four feet high, and as many square. On the top is a round hole about six inches diameter, which runs downwards into another larger. Within the tower towards the top are four figures cut out in gips, one on every side—one with a lance, another with a bow and arrow, and such like arms. Here is also a rivulet of fresh water."

Our neighbours, the Farasheesh Arabs, were very civil, and I scarcely know whether to ascribe this to Belaarem's influence, or to the vicinity of the dreaded camp of Hamoda Bey. They are not usually famous for innocence and purity of character; on the contrary, they bear a bad name; but as we never trusted any, not even those Arabs of the best reputation, we took our regular defensive precautions—revolvers under our pillows, guns within reach, and a sentinel before our tent.

"I trust, O brother," said Belaarem to me, whilst I was ascertaining whether our horses were properly picketed—a task which I regularly performed every night before retiring to rest—"I trust," said he, "I shall leave a better impression on your mind when we separate this time than I did when I left you on that dark night."

"I am sure you will," I replied. "You have proved a

true friend to us, and have placed us under great obligations."

"Say nothing about obligations," he rejoined, "but, tell me, if I ask a favour from you, will you grant it?"

"If it is in my power, I will with pleasure," was my answer.

"It is in your power, and since you give your assent, I feel confident, ere the setting of to-morrow's sun, Belaarem will again be honoured with the title of *sheikh*!"

"What do you mean by this exultation?" I asked. "It is not in my power to make you a *sheikh*."

"It is in your power," the Arab replied, "if you will only use your influence in my favour. Sidy Hamoda Bey is your friend, as his brother Sidy Mohammed—*Allah yerashemho*—may Allah be propitious to him!—was. I will accompany you to the camp, and if you only promise to ask the Bey to make me *sheikh* I shall be satisfied, even if you are unsuccessful, which, I know full well, is impossible."

What influence I really possessed with this prince I scarcely knew. Before his exaltation to his present dignity he was very friendly disposed towards me; but who does not know the mutation of sentiments, and of feelings, of which human nature is susceptible, and to which it is liable, when raised higher—when called to move in a sphere above that in which it moved before? Who does not know that often—

Honores mutant mores.

This is a fact which few can call in question, for there are few who have not both received and given the cold shoulder in their time. The writer and the reader can alike readily call to mind some incident which will tend to corroborate this statement. But, alas! we are all but too prone to exculpate ourselves, and therefore I apprehend the particular incident which will present itself to our minds will only inculcate others. I would therefore say with

Horace, and that for the benefit both of the writer and the reader,—

“Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.”

Belaarem having obtained the promise to use my influence entered his tent in high glee, whilst I was really very much concerned as to the success of my effort on his behalf. Through our canvas separation I could distinctly hear the old man expatiating on the honour which awaited him on the following morning, and this premature publicity only increased my anxiety on his account.

Morning came, and a more charming one I seldom beheld out of Africa. The sky was clear and bright, without a speck on the horizon, while a gentle breeze just agitated the air, impregnating the atmosphere with the balmy perfumes it swept from the aromatic plants growing spontaneously on the mountain tops. At a distance of about three miles from us we saw one white pavilion pitched, and that we knew intimated the spot where the camp was to halt. Very shortly after, this vast solitude began to teem with life. The perfect stillness, which before was only broken by the warbling of the lark, was now succeeded by the shrill song, the shouts, and the merry laugh of the thousands of human beings who were rapidly emerging from a mountain-pass, and spreading over the plain. Regular and irregular cavalry, regular and irregular infantry, artillery, hosts of Arabs of every description and from every tribe, horses, camels, mules, asses, and a vast number of camp followers, were all pouring into the plain, and the whole of this mixed multitude was converging in the direction of the white pavilion. And now the *pitching* commenced—tent succeeded tent, till, in less than half an hour, an immense space was occupied by these moveable canvas dwellings, which were rapidly growing, as if by magic, into a large city.

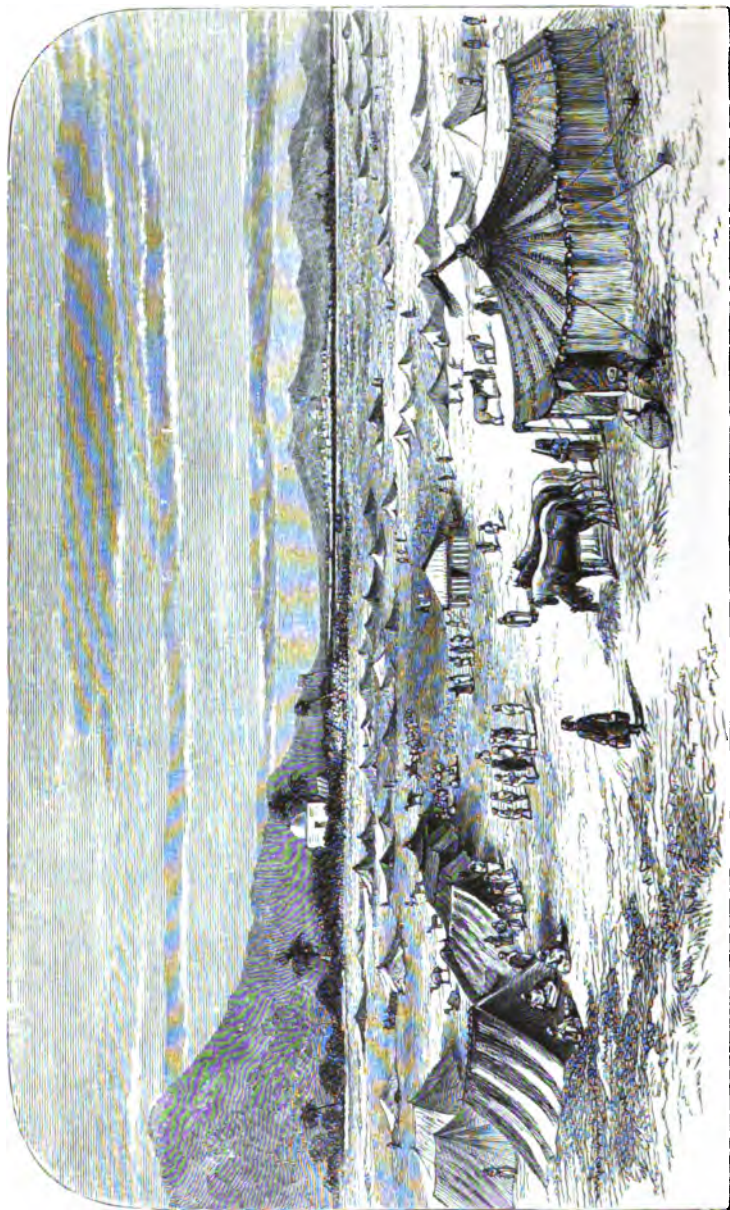
Mr. Nicholson and myself ordered our horses, and, accompanied by old Machfood, directed our course towards the canvas city. As we were leaving, we observed the Farasheesh Arabs, our neighbours, busily engaged in striking and packing their tents. The women did all the work, while the men sat idly on the ground, looking on, or occasionally condescending to give directions how the work was to be performed.

"Why do you not assist the women?" I asked, in riding past them. "In other countries men would perform this task, and not women."

"Then *Alhamdollah*, blessed be Allah, men are better off here than they are in other countries," was the reply.

These Arabs were hastening towards the mountains, on account of the proximity of the camp, to avoid being plundered, or otherwise molested, by the unprincipled rabble, or camp followers. These are generally the tent pitchers and *azaara*, grooms, who make use of the protection they enjoy to the detriment of the unfortunate Arabs in the vicinity.

When within half a mile of the camp, the roar from three pieces of artillery announced that the canvas city was completed in all its parts, and that the prince was within it. We soon after came upon the outposts, stationed under a canvas covering for shelter from the fierce rays of the sun. These sentinels challenged us in true martial style, and directed us to the "gate" of the *Mekhalla*, camp. At the *gate*, which was protected by four field-pieces, we were again stopped, and reported to the officer on guard. He again had to announce our arrival at head-quarters, from whence finally the permission came for us to enter. Traversing several circular streets of the canvas city, we reached a large open place, in the centre of which stood the *otak*, the canvas palace of the prince, a large and magnificent pavilion, divided into several compartments. Its front was wide open, and on the divans, as well as on the well-carpeted floor, we observed some of



THE CAMP, ON THE CANVAS CITY.

the principal personages of the expedition. On entering the open space another sentinel desired us again to wait for permission to approach the prince's tent, but just then one of the gentlemen we had noticed inside beckoned to us, and the soldier instantly withdrew. Some men were sent to take charge of our horses, and within a few minutes after we were in friendly conversation with His Highness Hamoda Bey.

The prince was dressed in the Moorish costume, which to an Arab is decidedly more becoming than the stiff European uniform introduced some few years ago. It is certainly more convenient and more comfortable in a hot country, and Sidy Hamoda looked remarkably well in it. He is slightly above the middle stature, and rather inclined to corpulency. He resembles his late brother, the excellent, and justly much lamented, ruler of this country. His countenance bears the same amiable expression, and his features, now that he has reached his fortieth summer, assume the same shape as those of Sidy Mohammed—one of the best princes that ever wielded the sceptre of Tunis. With him I once "performed the camp," as it is called, to Jereed, and his courtesy, and kindness, during that long and tedious journey, I shall never forget.

We conversed a considerable time with the prince on a variety of topics, but chiefly on subjects connected with our journey, in which he took a lively interest. He invited us to be his guests.

"But," his highness said to me, "you must apologise to the Consul if he finds that I am not able to offer him any delicacies. We are travellers, and in desert parts, where nothing can be obtained; but whatever I have is at his disposal. To you," he added, smiling, "I make no apology. You are accustomed to hardships, and, besides, we are old friends, and as a friend you are sure to put the best construction upon everything. I have the will to treat

you well, and if I do not succeed, it is because I lack the means."

We thanked his highness for his kindness, and whilst sipping our coffee, I embraced a favourable opportunity of redeeming my promise to Belaarem, and to my infinite satisfaction, the prince readily complied with my request to reinstate my friend as sheikh of the Maajer.

We now retired into the tent of Signor Schembri, the Bey's physician, and scarcely were we with the doctor ten minutes when the prince sent me a neatly folded parcel, on opening which I found it to contain Belaarem's robe of office! This courtesy—this princely act—I fully appreciated. Sidy Hamoda saw I was greatly interested in the man, and naturally concluded it would afford me pleasure to invest Belaarem myself.

CHAPTER XI.

A MOSLEM GATE TO HEAVEN.

A Government Appointment—An act of Treachery—The value of a Beard—
A healthy Climate—Morning Scene in the Canvas City—Character of the
Slaass Arabs—A shaven Horse—A Moslem Gate to Heaven—Description
of Cairwaan—Inscriptions from its large Mosque—"Unbelievers" in
"the Holy City"—Our quarters.

My third travelling companion not only gave unlimited latitude to his steed, but he extended the same privilege to every one else with whom he stood in connection. He loved unrestricted independence himself, and he saw no reason why others—man or beast—should not enjoy the same freedom. This proves, undoubtedly, an amiable disposition, but it is one which may do well in theory but not in practice, and most decidedly not among the people of the country through which we were wandering. Poor fellow! he allowed our men to have their own way after I started for the Bey's camp, and the consequence was that, instead of joining us at 11 A.M., he only reached the canvas city at 1 P.M., when the thermometer stood at 92° Fahrenheit in the shade. He was half roasted, and glad enough to take refuge from the sun's fierce rays in the large and commodious tent of Dr. Schembri.

With our baggage came my friend Belaarem, who no sooner dismounted than he began repeating, for the hundredth time—

"*Inshallah ma tinsaneesh*, if it please Allah, you will not forget me, my friend."

"No," I rejoined this time, "I shall never forget you."

"Then when will you see our lord the Bey?" he inquired.

"I have already seen him," I replied.

"And you have forgotten to make the request I so earnestly solicited," the old man observed with a sorrowful and downcast countenance, shaking his head as he spoke.

"No, Belaarem," I answered, "I have not forgotten you, and it gives me infinite pleasure to congratulate you as Sheikh. Here is your robe, which His Highness has already sent me for you, and it is free of all customary fees and charges."

No deserving, and meritorious, candidate for government employment, in civilised countries, was ever more rejoiced at the success which finally attended his repeated applications for office than this Maajer manifested at the sight of the *jibbah*. It is impossible to describe his delight and raptures, nor will I ever forget his exhibition of unfeigned gratitude.

But methinks I hear some one ask—

"Did this Maajer, whom you first knew as a robber-chief, and, for aught you can tell, may still direct the movements of banditti, justify you in employing your influence in his favour?"

My answer is, that I felt bound to serve Belaarem for his extreme kindness to me and my party, and in my application for his Sheikhdом, I distinctly stated that I was influenced by this sole motive. Then, reprehensible as the Maajer's former course of life is, he is not a whit worse than any of those who hold appointments similar to that I procured him; and he has an advantage over most of his compeers, for he is intelligent and is able to write and read his own language, which the majority of office-bearers in the country cannot. Besides, I would add that even in civilised countries it is not always the most estimable, the most virtuous, the most competent, who meet with most favour from ministers of the Crown—and if those who are at the helm of the states of Europe are not *always* exempt from a certain degree of

venality,—and if those who are favoured by them are not *always* the most immaculate, I think, as the world goes, there is not much ground for complaint either against him who procured, or against him who conferred, the office, nor against the happy Belaarem now rejoicing in his *jibbah*, or gaudy robe of office.

In the course of the afternoon we took a walk through the moveable city, and among other visits we called at the canvas mansion of Sidy Ali Essasi, formerly a *Cadi*, and now a *Caid*; and by this simple transposition of letters in his title, he changed the spiritual for the temporal, the ecclesiastical for the civil. From an expounder of the *Coran* he is now a governor of Jereed, or the whole of that part of the ancient Gætulia which acknowledges the sway of the ruler of Tunis.

Being a friend of this personage, he gave us a very cordial welcome, and desired us to be seated among a number of governors who were either reposing cross-legged, or reclining, on the carpeted floor. The host I found just as merry now as he was when Cadi of Nefta, and he laughed as heartily now at a joke as he did then. He has acquired much wealth since I last saw him, but he has not gained more gravity, which is rather extraordinary, considering the naturally grave character of the Arabs, among whom that particular deportment is regarded as a mark of wisdom. Juvenal says—

"Rarus sermo illis, et magna libido tacendi,"

and this is very applicable to Arabs, for they seldom speak, and give great preference to silence. Essasi, on the contrary, is very loquacious and rather flighty.

I last saw this personage in company with Captain Tarleton, who commanded the "Euryalus" at the time His Royal Highness Prince Alfred came to visit the ruins of Carthage. The captain was anxious to have an idea of the interior of a Moorish house, and I therefore introduced him

to the present governor of Jereed. A black cloud was then momentarily darkening his horizon—he was in temporary disgrace, and the cause of his disgrace was of a nature which fully deserves recording.

A few years ago the state of Tripoli was greatly agitated by an Arab patriot named Ghoma. This man, of a very ancient *shereef* (a sacred) family, was anxious to free his country from the yoke of Turkey. Arabs flocked round the standard of revolt which he raised, and for some time he baffled all the efforts of the Turkish forces sent against him to quell the rebellion. His person was considered sacred and believed to be invulnerable, and the deluded Arabs entertained confident hope in the ultimate success of Ghoma's struggle.

Of this state of things advantage was taken by a certain European party. From it the Arab chief met with encouragement and effectual aid, and this prolonged the conflict. Colonel Hermann, the intelligent British Consul-General of Tripoli, counteracted, and checked, the active interference of the party alluded to; but Ghoma still received advice, and according to that advice he sought to involve the Arabs of Tunis in the conflict. An Arab government in Tripoli *versus* Turkish usurpation and despotism, was a favourite, and popular, topic with the border tribes, and hence the chief was welcomed with open arms. To avoid a collision with the Porte, or, what was, perhaps, dreaded more still, to prevent losing his own throne, the Bey of Tunis was compelled to send an army to expel Ghoma from his dominions. But the incapacity, and utter inefficiency, of his forces in contending with a chief of consummate skill in the arts of war became soon apparent. At this juncture of affairs Essasi offered to betray Ghoma into the Bey's hands, and the offer was accepted.

Essasi received the necessary powers from the government, and forthwith proceeded to the head-quarters of the army. Here he made arrangements with the general to place, on a

certain day, a number of men in ambush, whilst he drove off in a splendid French carriage to the camp of Ghoma, with whom he formerly lived on terms of friendship and intimacy. Essasi represented himself as an *envoy*, authorised to treat with the Arab patriot, who, being himself anxious to come to some understanding with the ruler of Tunis, gave his old friend a most cordial welcome. Having transacted the ostensible negotiations, the two took a walk through the camp, and, as Essasi had anticipated, he found a dense crowd of Arabs collected round his carriage. The vehicle also proved a great attraction to the chief, who examined every part of it with intense interest. The *envoy* proposed a drive, and the unsuspecting Ghoma readily assented. The horses were instantly harnessed, and in a few minutes after the vehicle rolled over the desert at a tremendous pace. Ghoma was fairly entrapped.

But the Arab chief had, at all times, a number of his cavalry ready mounted, and these, watching the direction which the carriage took, suspected Essasi's treachery.

"*Yallah!* To the rescue of Ghoma!" shouted the captain, and the words were no sooner uttered, than the whole troop started off, with the utmost velocity, in pursuit of the carriage. The shouts of his own men revealed to the chief the danger in which he found himself, Essasi having kept him so occupied in conversation that he never even perceived the direction the driver was taking. The carriage was brought to a stand close to the spot where the Tunisian soldiers lay in ambush, and only a mile from the head-quarters of the Tunisian army.

The fury of the Arab cavalry was boundless. They desired to sacrifice Essasi on the spot, and begged for permission to cut down the Tunisian soldiers who stood trembling from fear.

"No!" said Ghoma, "leave these men, for they are merely tools of this base wretch, whose perfidy made him

forgetful of the sacred ties of friendship. Spare his life, too, for let it not be said that Ghoma slew a man who was once his companion and friend. Let him live! Let remorse consume him—let the thought of the diabolical deed he contemplated to perpetrate, torment him during the rest of his days! *Allah yostorna*, Allah protects us."

"But is not, at least, the trap which contained the noble lion to be destroyed?" asked the captain.

"Yes," replied Ghoma, "that you may smash to pieces."

And of this permission the infuriated Arabs quickly availed themselves.

"Essasi!" said Ghoma, as he turned back towards his camp, "let these fragments of the instrument you brought to effect my ruin remain as a monument of thy base, thy treacherous, and thy cruel heart."

The failure of this unprincipled exploit was the cause of Essasi's remaining in disgrace for some time. But his talents being of service to the government, he was appointed to the post which he now fills.

Among the visitors in Essasi's tent there was a thin, tall, very ghastly looking Arab, who, as he sat on the ground, carefully concealed the lower part of his face within the folds of his *burnoose*. Thinking that this man was a victim to toothache, I expressed my sympathy, and offered him a remedy which I thought might relieve him, at least temporarily.

"He has no toothache," answered Essasi; "the rascally *azara*, grooms, got hold of him and shaved his beard clean off, and the poor fellow now only conceals his disgrace."

This explanation was succeeded by a merry peal of laughter, in which I was pleased to observe scarcely any of the party joined.

The beardless Arab apparently noticed that I was not entirely ignorant of the importance of a beard. His heart seemed to warm towards me when I expressed my opinion of the infamous conduct of the *azara*.

"You say they ought to be punished; do you not, O Nazarene?" he inquired with deep concern.

"Most certainly," I replied.

"Then listen to the opinion of a Nazarene," the half-witted and grievously maimed Arab exclaimed; "listen, ye Moslems; even he, a Nazarene, thinks that I ought to have satisfaction."

And now, removing the drapery, he revealed features not unlike those of the Aztecs, and appealed to me to estimate his loss.

"Look at me, Nazarene," he said, "ought I not to have damages awarded me—ought I not to have 500 piastres [about 12*l.*] for my beard?"

"It depends," I rejoined, "upon what value the judge will put upon it. At the same time I doubt very much whether any of the gentlemen present would consent to part with their beards even for such an amount."

"*T'barek Allah!* may Allah bless such judgment!" the poor fellow ejaculated. "And think you not," he added, "that the miscreants ought to be bastinadoed as well?"

"With us," I replied, "justice is tempered with mercy; but here it will, of course, depend upon the judge."

In this tent there were about twenty persons assembled, and among these there were eight who had passed their seventieth summer, and still looked very hearty. I have often observed the great proportion of aged persons one meets with in this part of Africa. This fact ought certainly to be regarded as a great proof of the salubrity of the climate, for which it was even anciently famous. Sallust speaks of the inhabitants as "a race of men of healthy constitution, swift of foot and patient under toil. The greatest number are despatched by old age, except those who die by the sword, or are slain by wild beasts: disease very seldom carries any off."* This fact is corroborated by the cenotaphs which have

* Bell. Jug. § 17.

come under my notice. Yet in ancient, and in modern, times the country has, at lengthy intervals, been visited by some terrific epidemic, which has swept away its victims by thousands.

We learn from Orosius, that in the reign of Micipsa the country was visited by such a calamity. In Numidia, 800,000 persons perished, and in Africa Propria 200,000, among these were 30,000 Roman soldiers, quartered in, and about, Utica. At this city the mortality raged to such a degree, that 1500 dead bodies were daily carried out through one gate alone ! The author referred to assigns a cause for this epidemic which deserves notice. He tells us that it was preceded by an immense flight of locusts, which destroyed, and devoured, all vegetation—that a strong wind then carried them into the sea, and being thrown up in vast heaps on the beach the epidemic ensued. What importance people may feel inclined to attach to this statement I cannot tell ; but I am able to aver that the choleras of 1848 and of 1856, which raged at Tunis, were preceded by flights of locusts. That of 1856 caused but little havoc, but that of 1848 carried off thousands. The flight of locusts which preceded the first cholera was very dense. Its approach was noticed about noon, and soon after the whole sky was darkened : the locusts settled down, and on the following day fields were cleared, trees stripped of their foliage, and all verdure disappeared before these ravenous insects. They glutted to that extent that they at last were unable to use their wings, or even to move, and remained helpless on the ground. I remember going at the time from Carthage to Tunis, and found the locusts so thickly on the road, that in driving over them the horses' hoofs and the wheels of the carriage left impressions of two and three inches in depth ! Shortly after the devastating cholera broke out. There may be other causes which produce the same effect in other parts of the world.

But, generally speaking, the climate of this part of Africa is certainly not inferior (if it is not superior) to that of any

other part of the world ; and for persons suffering from pulmonary complaints it is considered to surpass all those places usually recommended as a last resort. A late friend of mine, a medical man, had reached that stage of consumption at the age of thirty that his was regarded by the profession a perfectly hopeless case. He went to Tunis, lived to the age of seventy, when he met with his death by a melancholy accident, but in no way connected with his *hereditary* complaint. It is his opinion, corroborated by other very intelligent physicians, to which I now give utterance.

There was much in the camp, even at night, to interest, and to amuse, those to whom it was a novel sight, but the knowledge that we should be roused at 2 A.M., when preparations for the departure commence, made us retire earlier than usual. At the hour mentioned the sound of the trumpet was almost immediately followed by such mixed noises that it was a vain attempt we made to prolong our sleep. The neighing of horses, the bleating of sheep, the braying of mules and asses, the barking of dogs, intermingled with the piteous moanings, and infuriated gargling, of some ten thousand camels, entreating and remonstrating, imploring and threatening, those who either overloaded them or placed the burden on their backs not to their particular liking. To this must be added the shouts and the screams of the thousands of servants, tent men and suttlers, all engaged in their respective tasks, and every one accustomed to demonstrate the amount of his labour by a proportionate amount of wild vociferation. To think of sleeping in the midst of such monstrous confusion is to think of doing what is an utter impossibility. We therefore rose, having had but a very short night's rest.

The scene outside was singular too. Darkness was made visible by a number of fires blazing in different parts of the vast area which the encampment occupied, and by means of these we could not only see the numerous groups of animals

and men, but also the canvas city partly dismantled. The ruin, or the work of destruction (if I may use the expression) perceptibly increased, and with the first dawn of day scarcely any traces of it were left on the spot. The prince's reception tent was the last to be struck, and when it was removed we mounted our horses and commenced our march.*

The numerous ruined cities over which I rambled, in the course of my peregrinations, has made me view modern cities not in their present pride and beauty, in which they are sustained by municipal regulations, but as future ruins. The vestiges of most of those proud cities, not many centuries after their doomed destruction—a fate, I presume, they cannot avoid—will I fear be very similar to those of the canvas city. As I looked back upon the site from the heights over which we were travelling, it seemed like a dream that but a few hours before it was crowded with human habitations, and teemed with life. It was again a desolation just as it was before, and such it is doomed to be till the following year.

We travelled over a hilly country, chased some gazelles without any success, and then encamped, after three hours' march, in a kind of hollow, or an inclined dale, near a stream of good water, where there was an abundance of luxuriant verdure. It is a lovely spot, and goes by the names of *Haajeb-jaafer*, and *Haajeb-Elayoon*. The prominent features in the landscape are the mountains *Jebel Truzza*, to N.N.E., *Jebel Magheela*, W. by N., *Jebel Taweel*, E. by N., and *Jebel Bo Cobrein*, S. E. by E. The first of these mountain ranges has a mineral bath near its summit, which is considered very beneficial in certain complaints, and particularly in cases of chronic rheumatism.

This district is claimed by a tribe called the Slaass, whose character is summed up in the following brief sentence:—

“In other parts,” said one of the Bey's officers, “the

* For further details relative to such expeditions, the reader is referred to “Evenings in my Tent.”

Arabs plunder and let you go; but these rascals, the Slaass, kill you first right out and then plunder you."

We reached this spot early, and resolved to remain in the camp a few hours, and then continue our journey by ourselves. The heat was great in the morning, and continued to increase very perceptibly, although a gentle northerly breeze was blowing at the time. At noon my thermometer stood at 83° Fahrenheit, and in an hour after at 92°. It then began to fall, and we resumed our march with an additional escort of four hambas, or mounted police. It was likewise thought necessary to send the sheikh of the district in which we intended to remain during the night, to accompany us, in order to insure our safety. All these precautions plainly proved what opinion the Bey himself entertained of the character of this tribe.

Four hours' ride in a north-westerly direction, over a very charming and lovely country, but devoid of all cultivation, brought us to the Slaass' tents, where we pitched ours. The spot is called Elhawaareb, and *Ain Baida*, "the white fountain;" and as there are extensive ruins close by, I am inclined to think that this is *Aquæ Regiæ*, of which the modern name is a free translation. In this neighbourhood we also noticed ruins whose antiquity dates prior to the Roman conquests; but this can only be thoroughly ascertained by means of excavations.

The Slaass were kind and hospitable to us; but kindness and hospitality formed no part of their real nature, for later in the night a stray traveller approached their tents and begged for shelter, which was not only refused but the poor fellow was flogged, otherwise maltreated, and driven away. Such was their conduct towards a brother Moslem; what would have been our reception had we come without a strong force to insure civility?

At this place, and entirely through the imprudence of our servants, we very nearly lost one of our best baggage horses.

They allowed the animal to wander off to the stream, of which he drank freely whilst yet heated from the journey. All agreed that he ought to be bled, but as no one could be found to perform the operation, I tried my hand at it and succeeded admirably. The poor brute, which was shortly before stiff, shivering, and unable to stand, perceptibly recovered soon after the bleeding, and in the morning he was in a fit state to resume his burden.

I happened to be busy in the tent loading a revolver, whilst the men were occupied outside in packing our baggage and saddling the horses, when Said unexpectedly entered, and told me,

"Sadek has managed to shave your horse,"

"Sadek shaved my horse!" I exclaimed. "Is the fellow mad?"

"You told him last night," Said rejoined, "to shave your horse; I myself heard you, and he has merely obeyed your orders."

I felt too indignant to notice Said's observation, and only pictured to my mind the awkward, the droll figure I should cut in riding into the Holy City of Cairwaan—one of the four gates to the Moslem Paradise—a city sanctified by the tomb of the Prophet's own *beard*—on a horse all shaven and shorne!

"I cannot understand," Said resumed, and smiling as he was always wont to do, "I cannot understand," said he, "why you should be so angry simply because Sadek shaved your horse. I assure you he did it very well" . . .

Just then a loud burst of laughter from outside greeted my ears, and interrupted Said's speech. "You are all quite right," I thought to myself, "to laugh at such a ridiculous scene—a shaven horse! And now, since the foolish deed is done, the sooner I get accustomed to being laughed at the better. Laugh, laugh away."

But the giggle of the perpetrator of this folly was to me

intolerable ; and yet it seemed as if it would never cease. It savoured of malice, and not of stupidity ; it appeared to me that Sadek designedly wished me to cut a ludicrous figure. This I could not stand. I threw down the weapon I held in my hand, and rushed out of the tent with the intention of insisting upon his riding the shaven animal, when, lo ! to my amazement, there stood my horse, and not a single hair of his touched.

" Have you been making a fool of me, Said ?" I inquired in a stern tone of voice.

" By no means," he rejoined, " I never take such liberties ; but don't you see your horse is shaven ?"—pointing, at the same time, to the saddle.

The poor fellow's impediment in his speech was the cause of this blunder. The Arabic word *khazama* means "to girt," and *khajama* means "to shave," and since Said always pronounced the *z* as *j*, he conveyed to my mind the ridiculous information which I have just recorded. To the people outside, who heard every word through our canvas walls, this strange piece of misunderstanding was, very naturally, a source of great merriment.

The scenery about here is very beautiful, partaking of a highland character, and in the valleys and dales the Slaass have rich crops of barley. Passing through one of the defiles of *Jebel Tarweel*, we entered upon the vast plain *Elharwaareb*, through which our road to Cairwaan lay in a north-easterly direction. This was one of the most uninteresting days' travel we have had. The plain was not only barren, but it appeared boundless, while the heat was excessive. We rushed through it with as much speed as possible.

Long before we reached "the holy city" we were entertained with a view of the lofty steeple of its celebrated mosque ; but the burning rays of the sun, which momentarily increased in intensity, prevented us from deriving the pleasure from the sight which under other circumstances we should

undoubtedly, have done. We pressed forward, and yet it seemed as if the distance would never diminish. Suddenly the scene changed. It was no more the steeple alone that we saw, but an entire city—its walls, domes, and minarets, and the whole stood out from the midst of a vast sheet of water. So complete was the delusion (for a delusion it was), that though I had seen Cairwaan before, I could not divest myself of the idea that this was a reality—that the city was situated in the middle of an expansive lake. My companions had, of course, no doubt on the subject. As we approached nearer to the town the lake gradually diminished in size, and it was not till we were within half a mile of the gate that the reality became apparent.

After having been seven hours in the saddle, and having partaken of no other refreshments than a cup of coffee and a drink of milk, which was extorted (I will not say how) from some Arabs on the road, we were rejoiced to enter this seat, this hot-bed, of Moslem fanaticism and bigotry. Without a special order from the "prince of the faithful," no *unbeliever* is admitted within its gates, and such an order we had.

The pious indignation of *the faithful* was unmistakably discernible on the sanctimonious visage of more than one as we rode through the streets to the *Dar Elbay*, "the Bey's house." It is only at lengthy intervals that a Nazarene intrudes upon the uninterrupted tranquillity of the *true believers* inhabiting this sacred place, but this does not make him more welcome. Most, if not all, are of opinion that unbelievers ought under no circumstances to be admitted into the *sacred town*.

"But alas!" say they, "the Nazarene has now the dominion of this world, and the true religion is under a cloud; we bow the head, and submit to a superior power. But the time is rapidly drawing nigh when the cloud, which veils us for a time, will pass away, and then the superiority of the faithful will again be felt. Nazarenes, Jews, and

Pagans shall again feel the force of the sublime truth that our Lord Mohammed is the Apostle of Allah."

Mohammed is said to have taught that there are in this world three gardens of Paradise, four cities of Paradise, and four oratories of Paradise. "Mecca, Jerusalem, and Yathreb"* are the gardens. "Aram† of Columns, Mansora in India, Caesarea on the coast of Syria, and Balka in Armenia" are the four cities. "Cairwaan in West Africa, Babelabwaab in Armenia, Abadan in Irak,‡ and Chorasans§ on the other side of the river Gihon" are the four oratories, or gates to heaven.

That Cairwaan had no existence at the time of Mohammed is no objection whatever to the *true believer*, who immediately answers that the prophet spoke prophetically, and the fact of the present existence of Cairwaan amply proves this.

But this, "the holy city of Africa," as Cairwaan is called throughout the Moslem world, owes its celebrity not to its containing "an holy population," or because within its walls there have always been a number of eminent Dervishes; nor even because it contains the tombs of several of those who knew the prophet personally, and who led the eastern armies to subjugate the whole world to the standard of the Arabian legislator, and to convert all mankind to the "*true religion*" he propagated—no; the celebrity of Cairwaan is based upon a precious relic of inestimable value. It consists of a portion of the prophet's own beard, which is buried in the grave of *Sidy Elawaib*, or (as this personage is likewise called) *Sidy es Sachbi*, "my lord the friend," for he was an intimate friend of Mohammed himself. He was not the prophet's barber,

* Yatrippa was the name of Mecca before Mohammed.

† Reported to be a magnificent place, though its situation is unknown. The rest, except Caesarea, are as little known. Mansora means the victorious, and Balka the varied in colour.

‡ Whether Persian or Babylonian Irak is not stated.

§ An extensive and fine country, the ancient Bactriana, lying to the north of the river Oxus, or Gihon.

as some have asserted, but his bosom companion. When Elawaib left Mecca on the important mission to enlighten the world with the light of the Coran, and to enforce its precepts with the edge of the sword—or, in other words, to Mohammedanise in the true orthodox style—he requested, and obtained, the precious memento which he carried with him in all his physical and moral conflicts; and on his death-bed he ordered it to be placed with him in the same grave! This relic, so well authenticated, constitutes the sanctity which Moslems attach to Cairwaan.

The governor of the town having gone to meet the camp, we were received at the Dar Elbay by his *locum tenens*, who was extremely affable, and did his utmost to make us comfortable. We were glad to find ourselves in an excellent house, of which we were told we were masters to dispose as we pleased.

“And as to provisions, or anything else you may require,” said the *haleefa*, “you have only to let me know, and if it can be obtained, your request will not be made in vain.”

Such an offer of hospitality fully merited the thanks we gave him in return, and, let me add, those thanks were well bestowed, for his acts were quite in conformity with his words.

The house was hot, for it had been shut up, and was only opened for our accommodation, but its heat was nothing compared to that we had encountered in the plain of *Sidy Ali Ben Saalem*. My thermometer, in a leather case, was kept at the bottom of a trunk, and this was carefully covered over with straw-matting. Immediately on our arrival I examined it, and found it to indicate, at one P.M., 99° Fahrenheit! This gives some idea of the fire through which we passed this day.

Having recruited ourselves we resolved to view the town, and actually commenced leaving the house for the purpose, when several sheikhs entreated us not to venture upon so rash an enterprise, and begged us to wait for the *haleefa*. This gentleman soon after made his appearance, and having

mustered what was considered a sufficient force of the principal citizens to inspire the fanatical populace with respect, we were conducted through the town. Our protectors kept close to our sides, while in front were several police to clear the way, and a few yards in the rear of us were others to keep the crowd back. The *faithful* seemed to view us with a great degree of curiosity, but that they did not look upon us with pleasure was certain. The women, whose costume here is not unlike the masked dominos one sees in Italy, during carnival, fled from us *en masse*. Had they stood, and gazed at us as the men did, we might, at least, have seen their eyes—the only part, indeed, not enveloped in their black robe—but such a favour they would not confer on mere “*infidel dogs*.”

The city of Cairwaan—considering it is a Moslem city—is clean, and its inhabitants, judging from their appearance look less wretched than most of the subjects of “the prince of the faithful” which have recently come under our notice. The city itself, built in the form of a square, is not more than a mile and a half in circumference, but the suburbs would probably increase its size by another half a mile. The walls are in better preservation than those of Tunis, and most of the houses, built of brick, are in a tolerably good condition. But all architectural skill has apparently been lavished on the mosques, and whatever defects may be discovered in these, I have no hesitation in saying that the general effect, particularly when viewed from a distance, is excellent. Those graceful, magnificent, and admirably proportioned fluted domes, surpassing the purest alabaster in whiteness, are the work of a man who was no tyro in his profession. The spire of the great mosque deserves also to be noticed; but what attracted my attention most was the little *Jama Bosasbebaan*. I much regretted that I was not permitted to examine that little edifice more minutely. From hasty observations I am inclined to believe that it is

built of ancient Roman materials, and its name (which may be translated "the mosque of the owner of the ruined gates") justifies my conjecture that it may have been built of the ruins of a triumphal arch.

I was not satisfied with so superficial an inspection of a town of such renown, and, considering this was my second visit to Cairwaan, I was determined this time to see more of it, and, moreover, to obtain a sketch of it too. The *haleefa* would not even listen to my proposal to have another stroll through the town, and from the windows of the *palace* which we inhabited we could only see blank walls. But the house was lofty, and I had no doubt but that the terrace commanded a complete view of the town. The objections to our being permitted to ascend to the terrace were, however, great.

"You can from the top of this house look into those of other people," said the lieutenant-governor, "where, even without your wishing it, you might see the women, and you know that according to our religion this is prohibited."

"But," I rejoined, "did you not observe how the women that met us in the streets fled from us? and, surely, they are not likely to manifest a greater partiality for us when they see us on the housetop."

"True, true," he answered, "but what will the people say when they see Nazarenes on the terrace of the highest house in the *zowiat Afrekeah*, the sanctuary of Africa?"

I answered this objection as well as I could, when the *haleefa* urged another still. The terrace door was locked, and no one could tell what had become of the key. I offered to force the door, and have the lock repaired at my own expense: and, before he had time to say another word, I ran up the flight of steps which led to the terrace to commence operations, when, to my surprise and delight, and to his dismay and chagrin, I found that the door was not at all locked, but only bolted!

In a few minutes after, the three Nazarenes were on the

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CAIRWAAN, A MOSLEM "GATE TO HEAVEN"—THE ANCIENT VICUS AUGUSTI.

housetop of the Dar Elbay, and, to the amazement of the Moslem sheikhs, who accompanied us, the appearance of the *holy city* was perceptibly transferred to paper!

"*Ya rasool Allah! O Apostle of Allah!*" exclaimed one of the sheikhs to his companions, "behold, here is actually the *summa*, the steeple of the great mosque! And here is *Sidy Abaada* with its five domes! *Rabbi yostor!* may the Lord protect us!"

From the terrace the principal objects of attraction have the following bearings:—The great mosque is to the N.E., and the tomb of Mohammed's *beard*, outside the Tunis gate, W.N.W.; *Sidy Abaada*, the mosque with its graceful five domes, is to the W.S.W. and the *Jama Bosasbeaan*, built of ancient materials, is to the S.E. by S. Being low, this beautiful little edifice is partly hid from view by the clumsy minaret of another insignificant mosque. Most of these mosques have either round their minarets, over the principal entrance, or in some other prominent part, the formula of the Moslem faith in large Cufic letters, in very bold relief.

To the S.E. of Cairwaan there is a vast salt lake called *Sidy Elhaani*, and to the N.E. is the lake *Kelbeah*, from which the Cairwaanians obtain, all the year round, a plentiful supply of large *teethless* fish. This fish is called *Batoma* and *Boori*, but it is not much appreciated.

In the distance, among the other prominent heights (such as *Zoghwaan* to the N.N.E., *Jebel Esserj* to the N.W., and others) we have to the W.N.W. the range of the *Jebel Waslaat*, the *Mons Usalitanus* of antiquity, famous formerly, as it now is, for its warlike population.

Cairwaan is supposed to occupy the site of the *Vicus Augusti* of the Itinerary, and this supposition, I think, is strongly confirmed by the existence of quantities of ancient materials, of which some of the large edifices are constructed. The great mosque, which stands on a vast space, contains

numerous columns, and other architectural portions, which once graced Roman temples or other public structures. On a former visit to this town, a Roman renegade procured for me two inscriptions, which he copied from two separate columns within the large mosque. They will both be found in the Appendix, and respectively marked Nos. 48 and 49.

It is very unfortunate that No. 48 is so mutilated, for I am strongly inclined to believe that it contained the name of the town, the termination of which I see in the letters TAE.

Shaw says that this mosque "is supported by an incredible number of granite pillars," and that the inhabitants of Cairwaan told him "that there were no fewer than five hundred. Yet," he adds, "among the great variety of columns, and other ancient materials, that were employed in this large and beautiful structure, I could not be informed of one single inscription."* I doubt very much whether the learned doctor ever saw this city, unless he did so in a Moslem garb and as one of *the faithful*, for in his time a Christian venturing into Cairwaan would have been torn to pieces. Colonel Sir Grenville Temple adopted the Moorish costume, and visited this city just a century after Shaw left Algiers, where he was British chaplain. Though the colonel was provided with an express letter from the Bey to the governor, he had to wait a quarter of a mile from the town, whence he sent the letter, and, as he says, he was uncertain "whether we should be admitted or be obliged to continue our route." His messenger returned and brought him the permission. He then informs us: "Our promenades through the town were managed with the greatest mystery, and the *kæed* [caid, or governor] at first refused positively to allow us to walk out, except after the Moghrab, or sunset, when all persons would be busily employed with their dinners. As, however, I did

* Travels, vol. i. p. 218.

not perceive that much pleasure could accrue from a walk in the dark, I told him I should not go out at all; when, after making some further difficulties, he appointed one of his officers to attend us, making us promise that we should not stare about too much, take notes or drawings, or speak any European language."*

Such was the difficulty in visiting Cairwaan in 1833, when the Barbary states had received severe humiliations from Christian powers; what then must it have been in 1734, in the days of Christian slavery—when intolerance, fanaticism, and bigotry reigned triumphantly, and when these pernicious elements were specially dominant in this hot-bed of superstition? Not only did Shaw not visit Cairwaan, but he seems even to have been ignorant of the peculiar sanctity Moslems attach to this town, and of the prohibition which precluded, and still precludes, Christians and Jews from entering its gates.

The information contained in Shaw's work relative to this city he might have collected at Algiers, or at Oxford, with the same result: indeed, I have no doubt on my own mind that he did gather most of the materials for his "Travels and Observations" in those places.

But with reference to the famous columns of the large mosque (which, with the exception of its steeple, possesses no architectural beauty), I am able to say that on my previous visit to Cairwaan I happened to be led past this edifice when one of its principal entrances was wide open. As we walked very slowly I had an opportunity of peeping in, and I must say those columns certainly did not impress me either with their magnitude, their elegance, or their magnificence. The existence, however, of these ancient remains, as well as the materials of the mosque *Bosasbeaan* and the fragments met with in different dwellings, tend to

* Excursions, &c., vol. ii. p. 96.

prove that Cairwaan occupies the site of a former city, and its position appears to agree with *Vicvs Augusti*.

The history of Cairwaan is the history of the brilliant exploits of the Moslem missionary generals in Africa. As early as A.D. 647, Africa was invaded by Abdallah, who made himself master of Pentapolis and Tripoli, but for want of proper organisation, and owing to the prevalence of a terrific epidemic in his army, he was compelled to abandon his conquests and retire to Egypt. In 660 the veteran Okba, with a large force of infantry and 10,000 chosen Syrian cavalry, not only re-conquered the lost ground, but marched his victorious troops to the remotest parts of the present empire of Morocco. When his progress was checked by the Atlantic ocean, this enthusiast is said to have spurred his horse into the waves, and, looking up to heaven, exclaimed, "O omnipotent Allah! if this obstacle, the sea, did not impede me, I should have gone in search of other nations and compelled them all to adore thee, and to confess that Mohammed is thy prophet and thy apostle."

But before Okba marched so far west he built the city of Cairwaan, for no other purpose, as Leo Africanus informs us, "than that the Arabian armies might securely rest therein, with all such spoils as they won from the Barbarians."* Afterwards, however, this city became the capital of Africa, and the Moslem statesmen, assembled in this capital, planned, and executed, those mighty achievements which terminated in founding the splendid Moorish kingdom of Spain. The aggressive policy of these statesmen of Cairwaan planted also the standard of the Aglabite dynasty in Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, and even in Rome! And when we bear in mind that the empire, of which this city was the capital, comprised the whole of that vast stretch of country now subdivided into Egypt, the Bashalic of Benghazi, that of Tripoli, the kingdom

* Leo, p. 254.

of Tunis, Algeria, and the empire of Morocco, I think we shall entertain no mean opinion of Cairwaan. But her power and her glory have faded away; her intolerance, her fanaticism and her bigotry are her only inheritance, and these she retains with an astonishing tenacity.

This city, as I have already intimated, is situated in the middle of a large plain. The ground in the vicinity is strongly impregnated with saltpetre, which is collected and turned to an advantageous account. Potash is another article of industry of the Cairwanians. The yellow leather slippers made here are as famous throughout the East as the red skull-caps made at Tunis. The only other article of native industry consists in the manufacture of copper utensils, which, though rudely executed, are highly esteemed, and have a large and ready sale in the country. The land for miles round Cairwaan is very fertile, and yields rich crops, even when the harvest proves a complete failure everywhere else.

At Cairwaan, the reader ought to know, we inhabited *the palace* (for so the mansion assigned to us is designated), and yet (it will scarcely be believed) I abandoned my share of it to my fellow-travellers, and betook myself to my primitive abode—my tent. I preferred my humble mattress beneath a canvas roof to the silken couches within a painted room, ornamented with rich arabesques, and otherwise embellished. But let no false construction be put upon my conduct, nor let it be supposed that owing to my long intercourse with barbarians, I became a barbarian myself, like the man who spent so much time among "tumblers that he became a tumbler himself," and that upon the principle that "evil communications corrupt good manners." No such thing. But neither do I wish to convey the idea that I am so prudish as to despise a luxurious oriental divan, nor have I any special dislike to a sumptuous apartment, nor was I even yet so tired of the perpetual company of my fellow-travellers as to

shun their society. Nothing of the kind. The motive by which I was influenced is simply this: I detest and I hate (and I avow it without any disguise) monstrous and greedy fleas, and starved and ravenous bugs, whether they are quartered in chambers embellished with arabesques and furnished with silks and satins, or whether they are ensconced in the humble *bait eshaar*, "the house of hair," of the Bedouin Arabs. Legions, hosts of these merciless, and blood-thirsty, insects were swarming the place, and from them, and them alone, did I escape. My companions smiled, our attendants grinned, and the Arabs laughed, but in spite of all this I persevered in pitching my tent in the open quadrangle, the marble pavement of which I had first carefully swept. The consequence was that I had a comfortable night's rest, while those who smiled reclined indeed on rich divans, but they could not sleep!

On the morning of the day that we started from Cairwaan, Hamoda Bey's camp arrived and pitched at the spot called *Dar Elemaan*, "the house of fidelity," about a mile to the north of the town. We were glad of this, for fresh discoveries of the infamous conduct of our two "protectors" compelled us to resolve upon dismissing them. We informed the Lieutenant-Governor of our decision, and desired him, as he was going to the camp, to ask the Bey for another escort. But before this reached us we started, accompanied by the sheikh of the place, where we intended to encamp for the night. The temperature * had undergone an agreeable change, which made travelling again more pleasant.

* For the variations of temperature, &c., during the month of May, see Appendix.

CHAPTER XII.

SOLITARY, YET NOT ALONE.

An Arab's Domestic Economy—Our new Escort—A rude Arab Dame—The impotence of Nazarenes—First view of the Eljem Coliseum—The destroyers intimidated—The Coliseum—The modern Tisdrians—A terrible Night Journey—Arrival at Sarsura—A marvellous Digestion—Approach a Maritime City.

OUR guide, under whose protection Haj Amor, the *haleefa* of Cairwaan, placed us, was a person named Soleimaan, one of the sheikhs of the Slaas tribe. He was mounted on a magnificent young mare, of which he was justly very proud, and was attended by one of the country police. Our course lay nearly due south. The peculiar feature of the country for the first few miles was its extreme flatness; and wherever it did not bear a rich crop of barley, its surface was thickly incrustated with saltpetre. We then ascended higher ground; and before we reached the sheikh's encampment, which was only about ten miles distant from "the holy city," we passed some ruins, but it was too dark to enable us to ascertain their nature. Our tents were pitched by lamplight, and in such a manner as to face those of the sheikh, which were arranged in a line.

Sheikh Soleimaan manifested (in words at least) a great desire to entertain us hospitably; but we dissuaded him from incurring any unnecessary expense, as the *haleefa* of Cairwaan had replenished our stores with a supply calculated to last us two, or three, days. But the sheikh was resolved to act the part of host, and brought us some fresh milk,

excellent butter, and fresh bread—contributions which were very acceptable, and were accordingly thankfully received.

Sheikh Soleimaan is considered to be a wealthy man. He possesses (speaking conformably to the usage of the country) many camels, plenty of cattle, several fine horses, ten children,* and four wives. The last he denominated "four cows;" but I certainly could discover no affinity between those animals and the Arab dames who share the affections of "lord Soleimaan." I saw them. Two were young and good-looking; one was in her prime, and could boast of enough obesity to constitute her a belle, according to the taste of the country; the fourth had only just passed the meridian of life, and she even was far from being ugly. If the sheikh, however, meant to compare his fair partners to cows on account of their great utility, then he was certainly right. These women toiled hard, and did all the work and the drudgery for this enormous family. Motives of domestic economy, I believe, are often a primary consideration with Arabs when they take advantage of polygamy, authorised by the prophet of Mecca. All the cooking, for instance, is done by the women. What would a rich Arab like Soleimaan do, employing as he does some twenty farm labourers, if he had not his four wives to attend to the kitchen? He can obtain no female servants, for the meanest, and the poorest, Arab would not permit his daughter to enter the service of another. Another wife is therefore taken, where in other countries a man would only secure another female domestic; and an Arab wife is, in the strictest sense of the word, nothing but a female domestic.

The sheikh, four of his sons, and three other Arabs, spent some time with us in our tent. These visits were not always very acceptable; but we had to submit to this kind of ordeal, since it was in conformity with the etiquette of the country.

* *Ten boys*, for, as a matter of course, girls are not counted.

A guest is welcome in proportion to the time his host spends in his company ; to have left us therefore to ourselves, would have shown that we were unacceptable guests. But our visitors on this particular occasion were at least decent and clean. Indeed the Slaas (their reputed *peculiar* failing, of course, excepted) are decidedly the finest men, and the most cleanly, we have met with among all the Arab tribes. According to Soleimaan, the Slaas can bring twenty thousand horsemen into field ! The tribe is as numerous as that of the Farasheesh, and is divided into four sections, each of which has its distinct governor.

At eleven o'clock at night, and shortly after our visitors had taken leave of us, our new escort arrived. They brought us a letter from Hamoda Bey, in which his highness expressed his regret at the conduct of the *hambas* whom we were compelled to dismiss, assuring us, at the same time, that the two he sent us were men in whom he had great confidence, and he hoped that we should be satisfied with them. We hoped so too.

By seven in the morning we were ready to resume our journey. The sky was overcast, but there was nothing about it to indicate immediate rain. Leaving, therefore, *Elhaajeb Elayoon* (the name of Soleimaan's estate), we descended from the high ground and entered the plain, which is a continuation of the one in which Cairwaan is situated. In winding our way down into the level country, we observed the ruins we passed the evening before, consisting of foundations and portions of walls.

We were now able to scrutinise our new *hambas*, and were pleased with their appearance. One was a fine tall old man, with a flowing grey beard, a ruddy complexion, and a very amiable expression of countenance. He seemed a man who had seen better days, and he certainly was superior to the class to which he belonged. The other was much younger. He was above six feet in height, had a martial bearing, and

the cut of an honest man. They were both well dressed and well mounted. But the old man outstripped the other in agility. Scarcely were we a mile from Soleimaan's tents, than both aimed at a wild pigeon. Both fired, but the old man shot it. Both attempted to secure the bird, but before the young man had cleared his saddle, the veteran had already ran many paces in search of his object.

We commenced our day's journey by losing our way, having left the salt lake too much to our left, and kept too close to the hills on our right. Indeed, had not our progress been checked by swamps and ditches, which we were unable to cross, we might have continued further still in our wrong course. Some women engaged in washing wool directed us into the right road, which we found after making a detour of about four miles.

We were, however, partly rewarded for our extra ride, for, by having come this way, we saw the famed *Cassar Elayoon*, "the palace of the springs," a name by which the Arabs designate a cluster of ruins, whose magnitude and beauty have been greatly exaggerated. They consist only of the walls of what has been a two-storied mausoleum, a portion of the remains of another edifice (the dilapidation of which is too great to enable one to ascertain its nature), and of some foundations of smaller buildings. These ruins are situated near the foot of the heights, and close to some springs whose waters create those very swamps which impeded our progress. Either these ruins, or those on Sheikh Soleimaan's estate, may be the *Terentum* which some believe was situated in this neighbourhood.

The district through which we now travelled is claimed by the *Sewaasa* tribe, whose immense droves of camels are found grazing in different parts of this extensive plain. We also passed a number of their encampments, the occupants of which appeared highly pleased when they found that all we wanted from them was information respecting the road,

with which they gladly supplied us. Whether they intentionally misled us, or whether they misdirected us through ignorance, I am unable to say; but we wandered about for some time in search of the *zamala* (the *Sufetula*, or seat of judgment) of the Sewaasa, to obtain a breakfast from the congregated sheikhs, until hunger and fatigue compelled us to abandon our intention. After six hours' ride, during which we were not only scorched by a burning sun, but pinched by an acute hunger, we halted on a sandy spot in the plain, where we pitched a tent near some "goat-hair houses." Here our men regaled themselves on a sumptuous *cocoso*, our horses upon straw, and ourselves upon bread and sour milk. But a sound *siesta*, in spite of the preventive efforts of swarms of flies, refreshed us sufficiently to resume our journey by five P.M. Even at that hour our thermometer indicated 90° Fahrenheit in our tent!

As we could not reach Eljem that evening, we decided upon seeking quarters at another *zamala* of the Sewaasa, which, we were informed, was only about two hours distant. With that view we sent our younger hamba to announce us, and we followed at a leisure pace. Towards sunset we reached a number of tents pitched near some deep pits, dug for the purpose of collecting the rain-water, and here we were advised to let our horses drink. The old hamba galloped up, and politely asked the inmates for the loan of a bucket, which was not only refused, but the women, and one dame in particular, drove him off, pelting him with stones.

"Are you intimidated by women?" asked Said, laughing. "Why did you not let them feel your superior strength?"

"*Naal-bo-eshaitaan!* cursed be Satan's father!" the veteran rejoined; "do you think I would disgrace myself by touching a woman? Let Allah chastise them for their rudeness and want of courtesy to travellers. But their husbands shall suffer for not training them better. By the head of the prophet! by all the beards of his associates! I shall lodge

a complaint against them this very night. The husbands whose wives can pursue so disgraceful a course of conduct, shall touch the ground with their beards." *

Other women, who just then happened to come for water, from a different encampment, helped us, not only by lending us their bucket, but by actually drawing water for us. Their task was, however, soon completed, for the horses would not drink.

"Truly wonderful!" exclaimed one of the girls; "these horses refuse what Moslems are thankful for. We use this water for cooking, and we drink it, and yet these horses turn from it with disgust. Truly this is wonderful!"

We wondered, too; but we did so in astonishment that any human being (unless compelled to it by extreme necessity) should drink such impure, such nauseous mud—for such it was, and not water.

The governor of the Sewaasa tribe having been informed of our intended visit, had the consideration to send a horseman to meet us, in order to conduct us to the *zamala*, his seat of residence. It was fortunate that he did so, for we should most assuredly not have found it.

It was perfectly dark when we entered the encampment occupied by the governor and his sixteen sheikhs. On our arrival, the chief, with some eight or ten subalterns, came out to welcome us; and when we dismounted, they politely invited us into the official tent—the town-hall. Here we were served with coffee, and exchanged a few current compliments, during which *his excellency* continued attaching his seal to a number of documents, more of which were being prepared by six cross-legged secretaries, who were writing with the utmost diligence. The governor begged us to excuse him for persevering with his task, and assigned as a reason the importance of those *tiskaras*, and the necessity of their being issued on the following morning.

* When prostrated for the infliction of the bastinado.

When our own tent was pitched we retired to it. Later in the evening "his excellency," accompanied by two under "excellencies," honoured us with their presence; and, considering the urgency of their pending public affairs, I may say they did the polite to the utmost extent, for they remained with us nearly two hours! Our guns were much admired, and our revolvers—the standing miracle among the Arabs—were objects of unbounded astonishment. The upshot of the whole was summed up in the Caid's ejaculation:—

"By Allah! these Nazarenes can do everything, and are able to overcome all things: but they cannot conquer death!"

There is, therefore, after all, no great difference between the ingenuity of the Moslems and the Nazarenes, since they are alike impotent against the common foe and universal leveller of all mankind! Such is the Moslem's conclusion. "It is true," he says, "you can make revolvers, you have steam-engines, and you have telegraphs; but you cannot invent a machine that will vanquish grim and unsatiable Death!"

A heavy shower of rain which fell during the night cooled the atmosphere, so that we had a pleasant ride over a very lovely country, the first portion of which was well cultivated, and bore rich crops of wheat and barley. A Sewaasi Arab, who rode with us, spoke in high terms of the agricultural knowledge of his tribe, as well as of its warlike spirit, and stated that it is able to muster one thousand choice horse; but I believe that these assertions are greatly exaggerated. At a short distance from the *zamala* we passed three cupolas, beneath which repose the remains of saint *Nassar* and his two sons, all alike famous for their reputed power of working miracles and curing all kinds of diseases.

"But can they conquer Death?" I asked my informant, who had also listened to the governor's remark the previous evening.

"No," he replied ; and then added this from the Moslem funeral service :—

"Allah hos elowl bela bedaaya ;
Howa elachero bela nehaaya." *

"But all mankind," he continued, "are doomed to taste of death."

Having passed the cultivated portions, the country becomes hilly, and partakes occasionally of the picturesque. The succession of hills terminate in high table-land of considerable extent, in the middle of which stands the justly renowned amphitheatre of Eljem. We obtained the first glimpse of it from one of the hills, from whence it seemed as if this sublime structure had been the only object within this vast area ; and the nearer we approached it, the more still were we impressed with its solitary position. But when we came closer, we found that while it was indeed solitary, yet was it not alone, for within a few paces of it are the dwellings of some four, or five, hundred inhabitants, who have their gardens and olive plantations close by. But the houses, the gardens, and the plantations sink into such utter insignificance beside this stupendous pile—this majestic monument of ancient art—that they attract as little notice as a paltry fishing-boat would beside a noble and stately line-of-battle ship.

Only two hours in the saddle was not calculated to fatigue us after the long rides to which we were accustomed. We therefore hastened to inspect the *African Coliseum* with more minuteness. We were, of course, prepared to see the destructive effects of time upon this edifice, considering the lapse of centuries during which it is exposed to its decaying influence ; but it was truly heartrending to find that the wilful, and intentional, havoc, caused by malice and ignorance,

* Allah is the first without beginning ;
He is the last without ending.

actually surpassed the ravages of ages. During certain civil turmoils, somewhat more than a century ago, this amphitheatre served as a fortification to one of the contending parties; and to prevent its being used for a similar purpose in future, a certain Mohammed Bey pulled down the western principal entrance, and also the portion of the superstructure belonging to it. Since then a gradual demolition has continued, to which, however, I flatter myself I have given an effectual check.

"What motive have you for destroying this building?" I asked a number of *citizens* by whom we were surrounded; "surely not to construct your miserable hovels?"

"No," they replied; "but we use the stones for the graves of the dead."

"But are you so ignorant," I observed, "as not to know that the very step you take to secure the resting-places of the dead will only lead to their being disturbed, to a certainty, hereafter?"

"How so?" asked a number of voices: "who will disturb the graves of true believers?"

"The Nazarenes will," I answered. "You yourselves say that this country is shortly to fall into their hands; and do you think, when they are masters of it, they will not restore this edifice? They will, and I shall not fail to make it known where the missing stones are to be found."

"May my hand wither if I ever touch again a stone of this building!" exclaimed one; and his resolution was re-echoed by the rest. "By the head of the prophet! we must not expose the remains of true believers to such ignominious treatment."

"He spared not his own progenitors," observed our old *hamba*, "and therefore is not likely to spare Moslems. Have I not seen him, with my own eyes, dig up the graves of the Nazarenes at *Moalkah* [Carthage]? He did it without any remorse, or compunctions, of conscience. If, then, his

own ancestors met with such treatment at his hands, what will not he, or other Nazarenes, do when the time comes to repair this wonderful building? O, Moslems! I would not be buried here if you made me possessor of the kingdom of Tunis. Desist, then, from this demolition, and be satisfied to deposit the body in the earth, which is the mother of us all."

I believe they will now desist, not only on account of superstitious fear, but because they will be prevented, by a special order, from the reigning prince, to whom, on our return to Tunis, we represented the barbarism of this practice, and who positively promised to issue immediate instructions to stop all further demolition of this magnificent relic of African antiquities.

But in spite of the ruthless usage to which this edifice has been exposed, its present remains, its exquisite beauty, and its size, entitle it to rank only second to the Roman Coliseum. With the exception of the ranges of seats, which have suffered much, the pilastrade which surmounted the three tiers of arches and columns, of which but little remains, and the portions intentionally destroyed—this building presents as perfect a specimen of its kind, and is as magnificent and imposing a ruin, as any of the remains of antiquity with which we are acquainted.

The western principal entrance excepted, the three tiers of arches, their flanking columns with their composite capitals, and the respective stylobatæ: or, in other words, the whole of the vast circular façades, are, I may say, in a complete state of preservation. In the exterior consists, of course, the chief characteristic of the beauty of this kind of edifice; and it is in this that the African Coliseum excels all the others of a similar kind.

In my notice of this remarkable structure in "Carthage and her Remains," I followed Sir Grenville Temple's measurements; and though I generally found this traveller very

accurate in his details, I discovered that in some unaccountable manner he made a gross blunder here. He gives as its extreme length 429 feet, and as its extreme breadth 368; whereas the extreme length is no less than 489 feet, 7 inches, and its extreme breadth is 403 feet, 3 inches; thus reducing the actual magnitude of this amphitheatre one way by 60 feet, 7 inches, and the other way by 35 feet, 3 inches.

From my measurements—and I can vouch for their correctness, for I repeated them no less than four times to convince the American Consul (who also assisted me) of the fact—it will appear that there is only a difference of 16 feet, 5 inches in length, and of 1 foot, 9 inches in breadth, between the African amphitheatre and that of Verona, which is considered to rank next to the Coliseum of Rome. But this rank ought certainly henceforward to belong to that of Africa, particularly so when we bear in mind that while the Verona edifice has its ranges of seats, it is, with the exception of four remaining arches, totally devoid of what constitutes the attractive beauty and exquisite elegance of an amphitheatre—its exterior—its façades.

There were originally two principal entrances to the African amphitheatre, one to the east, and the other to the west. The latter is destroyed, and near it, slightly to the south, on one of the key-stones of the lower range of arches, is the bust of a female, and on another, near this, the head of a lion. It is therefore very probable that it was intended that all the arches should be decorated with some sculptured ornaments; but this intention was never executed, for on the other key-stones we see nothing but their rough projecting exteriors.

I have searched in vain for the inscription which this edifice must have borne, but it may have been over the entrance now destroyed, and, very probably, now covers the remains of some *true believer*. In rambling, however, through the inner galleries, I found, in numerous places,

a variety of Arabic sentences cut in the stone. They are such as these—*Nasser min Allhi*, "victory is from Allah;" *wela ghaaleb illallah*, "none conquers but Allah;" *la Ela illallah*, "there is no other deity but Allah," &c. Most of these sentences had either near them, or over them, the figure of a sword, or a dagger. The authors of these inscriptions are readily recognised as those who originally planted the standard of the crescent in this part of the world; and the particular emblem, combined with those inscriptions, may serve as an historical record of the manner in which the religion of Mohammed was propagated. "Confess," said those militant preachers, "that there is no deity but Allah, and that Mohammed is his apostle, or thou shalt feel the deadly effects of this weapon." There was no alternative: "Either Mohammed or the sword—the one or the other must enter thy heart." Who could resist such acute, such powerful, reasoning—such evidence of the divine mission of the Arabian prophet! Why then should we wonder at the total extirpation of Christianity from North Africa?

Outside, and towards the south-east, I observed a Cufic, and also a Numidian inscription, which I intended copying, but which I was forced to neglect, having been hurried away from Eljem much sooner than I had anticipated.

Eljem is the ancient Tysdrus, *Thysdrus** or *Tisdra* (the *θυσδρυσ* of Ptolemy), and from the direction of our line of march, it is the first town connected with Cæsar's African campaign. The inhabitants appear to have been opposed to

* The reader will be able to appreciate the difficulties with which a traveller has to contend in his efforts to identify ancient sites, from the fact that an authority like Heeren makes Tysdrus to have been a maritime town, although, in a straight line, it is more than twenty miles from the sea. He says that the coast of Byzacium was covered "with a succession of flourishing sea-ports, of which Adrumetum, the Leptis minor, Tysdrus, and Tacape were the principal." *Historical Researches*, c. i. p. 20. According to the best authorities, Tisdra was an inland town, "Intus sita Tisdra, reductior a mari;" and according to the Itinerary, it is thirty-three miles from Leptis. From Hirtius, too, it is evident that it was an inland town.

the Pompeian party, and sent early to request a garrison from Cæsar. But the town seems soon after to have been reinforced by the Republicans; for when the conqueror of Pharsalia appeared before Tisdra, he found it under the command of Considius, with a strong garrison and a cohort of gladiators. Want of corn deterred Cæsar from besieging the town. After the famous battle of Thapsus, C. Domitius was sent to invest Tisdra; but Considius, having previously heard of the defeat of his party, collected his treasures, abandoned the town privately, and fled into Numidia, accompanied by a few Gætulians, by whom he was murdered. The town appears to have suffered much from a licentious and reckless soldiery, thus left without any restraint or control; for when Cæsar, at the close of the war, fined the different cities for having sided with the enemy, he made a distinction with the Tisdrians, on account of their wretched state—*propter humilitatem civitatis*.*

The other remains of Tisdra are very insignificant, and merit no special notice.

The best room of the modern cluster of hovels which constitute the *town* of Eljem was assigned to us, and it partook much of the character of a prison cell, measuring about fifteen feet by six. The modern Tisdrians had to be coerced into being civil, having before that shown their teeth at my fellow traveller of "consular dignity." The sheikh was not very anxious to enjoy our society longer than was absolutely necessary. On these accounts, and on other accounts, we had our baggage packed, our horses saddled, and at 5 P.M. we were *en route*, for what place we really knew not, except that we intended steering for the coast. The sullen citizens, and the inhospitable sheikh, solemnly assured us that we should fall in with an encampment of rich Arabs only four, or five, miles from Eljem; and relying upon this information

* Vide Hist. Bell. Afr. cap. 36, 76, 86, 97.

(although we had so repeatedly been misled), we started at the late hour mentioned.

Most reluctantly did I leave the noble amphitheatre so soon. I lingered about these majestic ruins as long as I could, and when I looked back upon them for the last time, from a distance, the brilliant red sky of a setting sun, seen through the numerous arches, gave to this magnificent structure the appearance of being illuminated. Its splendour was considerably enhanced, and the impression this noble pile—this glorious scene—left on my mind will never be obliterated.

Descending from the table-land occupied, I may say, *solely* by this colossal monument of ancient art and civilisation, the country is diversified by hills and sweeping dales, bearing occasionally rich olive plantations. Among the trees we espied, here and there, a solitary tent; but we looked in vain for "the rich encampment." It was evident that the sheikh and people of Eljem, anxious to rid themselves of us, had wilfully deceived us.

With the setting of the sun the sky became rapidly overcast with dark and heavy clouds, whose ominous foreboding did not keep us long in suspense. A drizzling rain commenced, by which we were urged to redouble our speed, and, as the darkness increased, our anxiety to find an encampment became greater. But no tents were within sight. The rain fell heavier, and it was now only by the flashes of lightning that we were enabled to see our way. We marched on in perfect silence until, to our infinite joy, we caught the sound of the barking of dogs, an unmistakeable sign of being near an Arab encampment. We diverged from our road, and turning off towards the left, whence the sound came, soon found ourselves in front of four tents.

Men, women, and children all came out, and from them we learnt that we had lost our way. They were very civil, declared that they were wretchedly poor, and entreated us

not to saddle ourselves down upon them. But they showed us the way to other tents where, they said, we should find plenty of barley.

We took the advice of these people, and found a couple of tents in the direction they indicated. But here two women only made their appearance, and these protested that they had not a single grain of barley.

"Besides," said they, "you would, surely, not intrude upon two lonely women—women whose protectors are far away."

We had our suspicions that the men lay hid in the tents, and that these were not unprotected females; but the appeal they made to our gallantry was irresistible. We left them and returned to the first tents, where our aged *hamba* exhausted his eloquence in vain endeavours to impress his hearers with the necessity of adhering to the proverbial hospitality of the Arabs, and not to allow themselves to degenerate in the infamous manner in which some had done. The Arabs only met his declamation by reiterating their first excuse. Whether this was feigned or real, we could not tell; but as it was evident that the miserable plight in which we found ourselves could not be remedied by our *hamba's* stock of Moslem ethics, I tried what I could do.

"Is *Kesar-saaf* far from this?" I inquired.

"A very short distance indeed," was the answer, and it was confirmed by all the men, women, and even children.

"If you start from this at *moghrab*, sunset, at what time would you reach *Kesar-saaf*?" I asked again.

"A little before *dshá*," about an hour after sunset.

"Then the distance is certainly not great?"

"Not in the least: if you had not stopped here so long, you would have been there already. Keep to the *shark*, east, and you will be there in no time."

"We can never find the way by ourselves in this dreadful night, and therefore we require one of you to accompany us."

When the party heard that one of them was to accompany

us, the alleged distance was instantly greatly multiplied, and a long discussion ensued between them and the old *hamba*.

"Leave us not, O brethren!" said the old man in soft and silvery accents—"leave us not to wander about in a wilderness, in intense darkness, and in such terrible weather. I declare to you ten thousand times by the *Emaan* [the Moslem Faith] that these are men of high rank, and if aught befalls them, our lives will have to atone for it. O Moslems! be advised by one who has experience, and be not guilty of folly which may end in your, and in my, ruin."

In this strain he proceeded without producing the least impression on his hearers, who silenced him with a host of false excuses.

But the rain increased in force, and the lightning played about us most terrifically, revealing, now and then, the roguish countenances of the villains before us. Under such circumstances, the chain of patience is apt to snap, and it did snap. The wretches refused us shelter, they trifled with us, they lied to us, they endeavoured to send us off, knowing that it was utterly impossible for us to find our way. They refused us even a guide, though we offered to remunerate them. They were obstinately deaf to all our proposals.

"It is evident you are a set of heartless scoundrels," I said at last, "and do not appreciate the lenient manner in which we have hitherto acted towards you. Now I give you your choice,—you either shelter us here, or one of you acts as our guide, and that instantly!"

I said this in a tone of voice which I knew would not fail to carry the conviction that I was in earnest. I would listen to no further prevarications, but taking a rope from one of our people, I threw it round one of the Arabs and hauled him off, calling upon our party to follow. The fellow struggled and shouted, the women and children screamed and shrieked. The men made a rush to his rescue, but the

mere pronouncing of the magic words "guns and pistols" made them desist.

"Oh! my lords," exclaimed one of them at last, "have but a moment's patience, and, by the head of my religion! I will saddle my horse and accompany you. Only liberate this man."

This was all we wanted, and that it would finally come to it I well knew. In a few minutes the guide was mounted, and we resumed our journey.

I have witnessed many deluging rains—real African rains—but in such a dense torrent I never found myself before. We seemed to be riding through one mass of water, which came down with such an incessant roar that we could not even hear the sound of the horses' hoofs. This caused us an additional inconvenience, for in such impenetrable darkness it would have enabled us to follow the guide with some degree of certainty. But deprived of this, we had repeatedly to halloo and shout to each other to know whether we were in the right path. More than once had we to halt, and, by dint of shouting, direct some one, less careful, back into the track from which he had gone astray. I was astonished then, and I have often wondered since, how the guide ever managed to find his way. As for ourselves, had we been blindfolded we could not have seen less than we did. During the beginning of the evening we were, at least, favoured by lightning, but these flashes ceased when the rain set in in good earnest, so that we were left to the mercy of our conductor, on whose fidelity, considering the manner in which we enlisted his services, we had not sufficient reason fully to rely.

In this state of uncertainty, in this blindness, and in this wretchedly saturated condition, stiff and benumbed with cold, we rode on hour after hour, our horses occasionally stumbling, one of the riders more than once on the point of tumbling, while our heads were several times brought into an uncomfortable proximity with branches of trees. On we

pushed, and finally, to our united satisfaction and pleasure, entered the town of *Kesar-saaf*. Here we were well received at the *Dar-elbay*, "the bey's house," by the lieutenant-governor of the place, whom we roused from his sweet slumbers, for we reached our destination at the unseemly hour of twenty minutes past midnight !

At two A.M. a *hot* supper (hot in its double sense) was served up, of which, however, scarcely any of us partook, each giving the preference to sleep ; and by it we were so much refreshed, that we felt no inconvenience whatever from our dreary journey of the previous night. In the morning we summoned our guide, in order to reward him for his trouble, but the poor fellow had gone. He was evidently afraid that we might lodge a complaint against him, and his friends, for not having sheltered us.

Kesar-saaf is much larger than Eljem, and is situated in a rich and fertile plain. In the walls of its houses are seen materials which belonged to ancient buildings ; and fragments of ruins, as well as old foundations, which are met with in different parts of the place, prove that it occupies the site of a former city. In the name *Kesar-saaf* there is enough left to recognise it as, and to identify it with, *Sarsura*,* and such a town existed in this neighbourhood. Cæsar approached it from Agar, about twenty miles north, and from it he marched south-west towards Tisdra, by the same way that we travelled over at night. The general took Sarsura by storm, in the presence of the enemy,† (*inspectantibus adversariis*), Labienus, who had harassed his rear during the march, being close by with his cavalry and light armed troops, but did not venture to advance to its relief. P. Cornelius was in command of the town. He made a vigorous defence, but, being

* The Arabs often try to attach a signification to a proper name ; and to do so in this instance, by changing Sarsura into its present name, they made it to signify "the palace of purity."

† Hirt. Bell. Afr. c. 76.

overpowered by Cæsar's legions, he was slain, and the whole garrison was then put to the sword.

We could not start from *Kesar-saaf* so early as we wished, for our tents and wet baggage had first to be dried before they could be packed. The morning was very propitious for the purpose, for the sun shone brightly, and there was not a vestige of the black clouds of the previous night. Our men were all in good humour, and felt proud at having performed "the terrible night march," as they called it, and of which they bragged unceasingly to the crowd which had collected before the house to view our various objects exposed to the sun's rays. There were many things which seemed to these primitive people great curiosities, about which they asked many very simple questions. I gratified them at first by explaining the uses for which they were intended; but as fresh batches continued to arrive, I became weary of the task of repeating the same thing, and therefore withdrew into the house.

I had only escaped a few minutes when Sadek made his appearance, and as he was laughing I felt pretty sure he had something of a disagreeable nature to communicate, for it was only under such circumstances that he did laugh. Generally speaking he looked very morose, except when eating, and then his features brightened; but no sooner was the meal dispatched, than his long visage resumed its natural, sour and sullen, aspect.

"What evil has happened, Sadek?" I asked as he was advancing. "Come, out with it at once!"

"*Inshallah*, if it please Allah, it is no evil at all. A man outside wants your assistance; he has eaten his horse, his saddle, his bridle, and his gun. He is now suffering very much, and sends me to ask for your assistance."

A man eating his horse, saddle, bridle, and gun! Talk after this astounding feat of the digestion of an ostrich, or of the immense strength of the gorilla's teeth!

"It is impossible," I replied ; "the man is mocking you, and you are silly enough to believe it."

"No such thing," he rejoined ; "for there are respectable people outside who declare that it is quite true."

But the real meaning of Sadek's words flashed across my mind, and the marvellous part at once vanished. The feat of this Arab was only such as is daily performed by hosts of people in large cities, when urged by necessity, as money-lenders and pawnbrokers can readily testify. The same achievement is also but too often accomplished, upon a much larger scale, through folly, indiscretion, and recklessness, as gambling-house keepers, and the proprietors of the like haunts, can easily prove.

Having relieved the "sufferings" of the voracious Arab, and our baggage being dry and packed, we took leave of our host, and at the same time of the interior cities. Resuming our saddles, we rode towards the nearest maritime town, distant only a few miles from *Kesar-saaf*.

We had a delightful ride through a most lovely and fertile plain. The first part of our road led through its beautiful and fruitful olive groves, interspersed with some other trees, which to us had no small charm, having sometimes travelled for days consecutively without seeing a single tree. Barren hills, rugged mountains, arid plains and sandy wastes, devoid of refreshing foliage and verdure, we now exchanged for green fields studded with luxuriant trees. Approaching the line of hills which girt the shore, we left to our right Sulecta (the *Sullecti* of the Byzantine period), with its extensive ruined fort or citadel, and passing by fragments of ancient masonry, we came upon some quarries which bore marks of having once been extensively worked. These quarries have undoubtedly supplied the materials for the buildings of the different cities which existed in this vicinity on the sea border, and they, most likely, also contributed towards the construction of the stupendous

amphitheatre of Tisdra. For the maritime places the stones were easily embarked, the quarries being only a short distance from the sea, while those destined for the inland towns, such as Sarsura and Tisdra, were conveyed upon carts, or some machine upon wheels; for we have the distinct traces of a road, cut through the rock, in which the ruts are deeply worn, and tending in the direction of those very cities.

Near the quarries are the remains of a square edifice, which, like the amphitheatre of Tisdra, received a subsequent Cufic inscription from the Moslem conquerors of Africa. It is known by the name of *Borj-Areef*, "the fort of recognition," and is only about two miles south of Mehedeah.

Approaching the margin of the Mediterranean, we rode along the sandy beach, and passing several small modern structures, with rather graceful porticos of two contiguous arches, supported upon ancient columns, we reached the dilapidated walls, and entered the gate of Mehedeah. Before the town we observed a number of ancient grey and red granite columns, which, unquestionably, once adorned either a majestic temple or some other splendid structure. They have since been rolled down to the beach, apparently for embarkation, and from some cause, with which we are unacquainted, abandoned. This alone would tend to prove that much of African architectural wealth has found its way to Europe, had we not the authority of accredited writers who positively state the fact.

From the distant heights Mehedeah looks well indeed, but that view does not correspond with its interior aspect. Distance alone lends to this, as it does to almost all Moslem cities in Africa,—a kind of charm and attraction which, however, vanish upon closer inspection. But regarded as a Moslem city, it is far from being contemptible.

CHAPTER XIII.

CÆSAR'S LAST AFRICAN BATTLE-FIELD.

Mehedeah and the Impostor Mohdi—Mehedeah proved to be the ancient Thapsus—The modern Town—An honest Merchant—The ancient Leptis—A Man of no mean descent—A restless dead Saint—A weeping Column—More ancient Towns—The speaking Leopard—A truly restless Night—Account of Monasteer—Arrival at Susa.

OF African Moslem towns, Mehedeah is one of the best. Its streets have something of regularity and order about them, and it possesses some moderately good houses, one of which was assigned to us by the *locum tenens* of the governor. It has a population of between six and seven thousand souls, in which are included a number of Jews, and some ten, or twelve, Christian families, mostly Maltese, who have their chapel, and maintain a priest at their own expense. The trade is not very prosperous, still some years good profits are realised in grain, olive oil, and wool; and a little smuggling of contraband articles (whether export, or import) always proves very lucrative. This latter kind of industry is not connected with much danger, since the government officials themselves are, at all times, prepared to lend a helping hand for a very moderate remuneration. But this is not only the case here, for the same remark holds good of all the maritime towns.

Mehedeah is built on a promontory, marked on charts as *Cape Africa*. It projects a good way into the sea and forms a kind of peninsula, the isthmus of which is scarcely half a mile wide. It possesses natural advantages of being made a

strong place ; such it was during the middle ages, under the Moslem sway, and such it must have been in more ancient times. When the Aglahite dynasty was subverted by the religious impostor Obeidallah, he assumed the name, and the functions, of the *Mohdi*, or "Director," whose advent the prophet is said to have predicted should take place at the end of the third century of the *hegira*. When this successful adventurer became master of Cairwaan, the African capital, and sovereign of the northern coast of Africa, from the Straits of Gibraltar to Egypt, he is said to have built Mehedeah. In his monstrous guise, Obeidallah personified the famous Ali—the first of the twelve Imaams—for it is this personage to whom Mohammed's prophecy referred. Having succeeded in making himself recognised as "the director of the faith" by an immense portion of the Moslem world, Obeidallah built a town and called it Mehedeah (or Mohdiah), after his assumed name, and the town so named stands as a monument commemorative of his base, his infamous, deception and imposture.

But though historians do state that Mohdi built* Mehedeah, we ought to understand that he simply restored a previously-existing ruined city. There are abundance of remains, though none of any magnitude and importance, which prove, beyond all doubt, that the modern town occupies the site of a city of a very remote date. Cisterns, public and private ones, foundations, fragments of sculpture, and illegible parts of inscriptions, all combine to establish this fact. But the site of what city does Mehedeah occupy? Shaw tells us, "This place, or El Medea [so he calls this town] should be the tower, or Rus Urbanum, as Justin calls it, of Hannibal ; from whence he is said to have embarked after his flight from Carthage."† Sir Grenville Temple follows

* "El Mahdia oppidum nostris fere temporibus a Mahdi primo Cairoan pontifice conditum."—Leo. Afr. p. 222.

† Travels, &c., vol. i. p. 203.

Shaw, and says that this town was formerly *Turris Hannibalis*, without quoting any authority for the assertion. But Shaw's authorities are Livy and Justin, and how the learned doctor managed to *reconcile* these two authors on this particular point is to me a very difficult problem. I say *reconcile*, but I mean to his *own* mind, for in his book he has taken care not even to attempt the task. In another place* I have shown that according to Justin, Hannibal escaped from his estate near Carthage, situated close to the shore, where he had vessels and rowers ready for his purpose. Let us now see how far Livy coincides with Justin. "Finding," says the former, "horses prepared in the place where he [Hannibal] had ordered, he traversed by night the part which the Africans call Byzaicum, and arrived on the following day, in the morning, at his own castle between Acilla [or Acholla] and Thapsus—'postereo die mane inter Aciliam et Thapsum ad suam turrin pervenit.'"† Here, Livy further informs us, Hannibal had a ship ready, on board of which he embarked and sailed the same day to the island *Cerecina*, the modern Kerkna, whence he set sail for the east.

I now solicit the reader's attention for a few moments, particularly to the words which I have given in *italics*. The position which the historian assigns to "Hannibal's tower" justified those who follow him in looking for the remains of *Acholla* on the sea coast, and those remains Shaw says he found at a place he calls *Elalia*, situated between *Salecta* and *Sbe-ah*.

Now we ought to remember that no ancient writer who mentions the town of Acholla says that it is a maritime town. Strabo‡ speaks of it, as he does of Zella, as *ἐλευθεραν πόλιν*, and Hirtius§ relates that deputies came to Caesar

* Carthage and Her Remains, chap. xxi. p. 468.

† Liv. lib. xxxiii. c. 48.

‡ Lib. xvii. c. iii. § 12.

§ Bell. Afr. c. 33.

ex Acilla civitate libera, "from Acilla, a free town," while Pliny* positively states that there were in Africa thirty free towns; and in enumerating some of them he begins—"in the interior those of Acholla, Aggarita, &c." Besides, we have actually some ancient remains at a place about six miles south of Eljem, which has retained the name of the town in question. There being a well on the spot, the Arabs call it *Bir Sala*, "the well of Sala," or *Cela*. *Sala* is, I maintain, a very near approach to Acholla, or rather, *Ucilla*, as it was also called.† This "interior" town Shaw found on the sea coast!

Livy's error in geography is not the only reason why his authority, in the present instance, ought to be rejected. According to him Hannibal escaped from Carthage "soon after it grew dark," and arrived at his tower "*postereo die mane*—early on the following day." This circumstance, the historian relates in the same chapter,‡ occurred "in the middle of summer." In the latitude of Carthage it grows

* Hist. Nat. Lib. v. c. 4.

† It may not be amiss to add the following extract from the manuscript Geography which I presented to the Geographical Society: "Calla el Kebeer [the great Calla], a village of about one hundred houses, — miles from Susa, built on an eminence, and walled with mud walls; and there are sundry trenches, wherein the water runs in winter time. This place was attacked by Sidi Yonas [a Bey] in 1736; but by the bravery of the inhabitants and the timidity of the soldiers, he was shamefully beaten off, with great loss, even the women throwing stones. It held out till the surrender of Susa, and then it was forced to surrender. Ali Basha caused it to be destroyed." The distance and direction from Susa being omitted, we are unable to ascertain the precise position of this place. But that it was in the interior is certain; for when a village or a town is situated on the sea, the writer invariably mentions it. The "trenches" he speaks of may be those of the military camp of Considius, who besieged Acholla, in which Cæsar had a garrison, under the command of P. Messius. After continuing a long time before the place, he abandoned his design. Bell. Afr. c. xxxiii. and xliii.

Gesenius, who notices a coin from Acholla, is wrong in saying, "*huius urbis in ora maritima Byzacenes sitæ*," though he is quite right in stating, "*etiam Achulla, Achilla, Acilla dictæ*," for they are one and the same place. Script. Ling. Phœn. Lib. iii. c. v. p. 318.

‡ Ut supra, Lib. xxxiii. c. 48.

dark, during the season indicated, about 10 P.M., and giving Livy the full benefit of the word *early*, let us say Hannibal arrived at his tower at 6 A.M., although this would be considered now, as it was then, rather late. The Carthaginian hero had, therefore, eight hours to effect the distance between the African capital and his presumed estate, or tower, at Mehedeah. Now, though I am so great an admirer of Hannibal as to be ready to believe that he was equal to any prowess, and capable of surmounting the most extraordinary difficulties, I cannot give credence that he achieved the feat Livy, and those who are guided by him, ascribe to him. The distance between Carthage and Mehedeah, in a straight line, is 112 English miles, and such a distance neither horse nor rider could have accomplished in the time mentioned. On this point Livy is therefore no authority. We fall back upon Justin's account, and by so doing the name *Turris Hannibalis* vanishes, and we have yet to ascertain what ancient site the city of Mehedeah occupies, and this, I believe, we are able to do with a degree of certainty.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances under which the modern town of Mehedeah was founded, the name of the city, on whose site it stands, was entirely lost to the present occupiers of the soil, who, in numerous instances, have either completely retained, or only slightly altered, the appellations of ancient places. But though deprived of this aid, and though I have no inscriptions as a guide, I have notwithstanding come to the conclusion that Mehedeah occupies the site of Thapsus, whose fields are so memorable for the famous battle between Cæsar and Metellus Scipio—fields renowned for the signal defeat of the Roman Republican party, and for the victory which placed the destinies of the Roman dominions in the hand of Cæsar, and which led to the foundation of a Roman Imperial Government.* But it is not the mere natural

* After the battle of Pharsalia, and after the death of Pompey, Cato sailed for Africa, and traversed the deserts of Libya to join the army of Scipio. When

strength of the position by which I am led to the conclusion that this is the site of the famous Thapsus: I am, as it were, conducted to it by the few notices we have of it in ancient writers, as I will now briefly show.

1. All those who mention the maritime towns connected with Cæsar's African campaign, invariably name Thapsus as being the last, or the most southern, as well as one of the strongest, and to this Mehedeah answers fully.

he approached the fane of Jupiter Ammon, Lucan tells us, he was requested by Labienus to inquire of the oracle: "What the fate of Cæsar was to be! Whether Rome was to be enslaved! In what virtue consisted!" &c., &c. Cato then replied:—

"Quid queri, Labiene, jubes:"

or rather, as the words are rendered by Sir William Young,—

"What would thou, Labienus!—should I ask,
If being free, that freedom I'd resign?
If I would die, before I'd be a slave?
If life is naught, when measured but by years?
If evil can affect the good; or whether
The threat of fortune's lost upon the brave?
If to deserve well is enough? or if
Desert is yet dependent on success?
All this I know: Ammon can't tell me more!
We all depend on God (his priest and oracle
Silent). His will is known; nor does he need
A voice but that within the breast of man.
Our duties are implanted on our births!
The God of Nature ne'er confined his lessons
Here to the few; or buried his great truths
In Afric's sands. Is not his holy place
At once all earth, sea, air, and heaven, and virtue?
God is, whate'er we see,—where'er we move!
Let those who doubt, go ask at yonder fane
Their lot—not knowing how they'd act, or feel.
No oracle confirms, or moves, my thoughts;
Makes nought more rare:—I know I am to die,
And this doth make me sure,—of how to live!
The coward and the brave, the bad and the good,
Alike must die! And God declaring this,
Made known to man all man requires to know."
Thus Cato spoke,—turn'd from the hallow'd fane
In faith and virtue satisfied; and left
Ammon to Ammon's votaries—the people.

(Lucan, Lib. ix. v. 564.)

2. Strabo, describing the coast, says that after the *Tracheia*, some small islands now called *Kuriat*, is "the city Thapsus, and over against it Lopadussa, an island situated far from the coast."* This passage I understand to signify that Lopadussa, or Lampadousa, and Thapsus are in the same degree of latitude, and nothing can certainly be more exact, as a simple reference to English or French charts will show. They are both in $35^{\circ} 31'$, and modern geographers could not have fixed two localities with greater precision.

3. Again, Cæsar had his camp for some time at a place called Agar, which I think has been correctly identified with the modern *Bo Hajar*. Indeed, when we bear in mind that *Bo* may merely mean "the proprietor," and that *j* is in many parts pronounced as *g* hard, we shall find that the original name has actually been retained. Agar sounded to the Arab ear very nearly like *Hagar*, which signifies "a stone," and since there are there many stones from the fallen ruins, the place received the name of *Proprietor of stones*. This name may, perhaps, also have a reference to the owner of the estate. But be this as it may, Agar is clearly enough traced in the modern name. Now Hirtius† informs us that Cæsar decamped and "advanced" sixteen miles beyond Agar to Thapsus, where he fixed his camp. Cæsar "advanced" southward, and if we measure sixteen Roman miles from Agar, in the direction of the sea-shore (for Thapsus was a seaport), we are brought exactly to the modern Mehedeah.

4. The remarkable correspondence between the natural features of Mehedeah and the etymology of Thapsus ought of itself to settle the question. Thapsus was of Phœnician origin, and like the name Thapsacus, a city on the western bank of the Euphrates, it signifies a "passage" or a

* Eib. xvii. § 16. Edit. Cas. p. 834.

† Pridie Non. Aprilis tertia vigilia egressus ab Agar xvi. millia passuum nocte progressus, ad Thapsum, ubi Vergilius cum grandi præsidio præerat, Castra ponit. (Hirt. Bell. Afr. c. 79.)

"crossing," and hence an "isthmus." Thapsacus received its name from its situation at the bridge by which the Euphrates was usually crossed ; and this Thapsus, no doubt, received its appellation from being situated on a peninsula, having its narrow "passage," or "isthmus," by which the town was approached.* Admiral Smyth's excellent chart displays the real form of this place, and it fully corroborates my statement.

Such are my reasons for identifying Mehedeah with Thapsus, and though even some of the natural features about this town may not exactly correspond with the account of Hirtius, we ought not to forget that the sea has been encroaching on this shore for centuries, and has considerably transformed its aspect.

But though Mehedeah is a Moslem town, it has numerous monuments of its struggles with Christian armies. I noticed an inscription which relates to a Malta Knight, and there are sufficient architectural remains which prove that Europeans were its temporary masters. Its citadel and its ruined walls, flanked by towers, are the work of Charles V. In 1519, Pedro de Navarre, made an unsuccessful attempt to take this town, and about thirty years after a combined fleet composed of Spanish, Genoese, Maltese, and Neapolitan vessels, under the orders of the Viceroy of Sicily, the famous Doria, and De la Sangle, conquered Mehedeah at the expense of torrents of Christian blood. By the orders of Charles V., it was subsequently strongly fortified ; but on finding that it was not tenable, the works were destroyed, and the town was abandoned. Mehedeah was also, at one time, the stronghold of the notorious Dragut.

The citadel is large, but it is in a neglected, and partly dilapidated, condition. Its garrison consists of six, or eight,

* Thapsus urbe Byzacii in isthmo sita Non dubito, quin scriptum fuerit *ἰσθμῶς* pr. transitus , dein *isthmus*, quo transitur ad peninsulam. (Gesenii Mon. Phœn., vol. i., p. 428.)

hungry soldiers. Its guns are corroded, and, if fired, would unquestionably prove more dangerous to the garrison than to the enemy. But being built on the summit of the cape on which Mehedeah stands, the citadel commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country for many miles.

Since our departure from Tebessa we had to rough it, with few exceptions, till we reached this town, and here, I must say, we met not only with great civility and hospitality from the Lieutenant-Governor, but it was here that we were again cheered with the sight of objects which reminded us forcibly of civilisation. Chairs, tables, forks, spoons, &c., though of the roughest possible description, savoured of Europe, and the sight of these was more grateful than many persons can even conceive. Here, too, did we receive civility from the family of a once wealthy French merchant, M. Arno, whose extreme honesty unfitted him for dealings with the shrewd, cunning, crafty, and subtle Tunisians. The consequence was that he died poor, and his family retired to this remote spot from motives of economy. M. Arno had once a commission from the reigning prince of Tunis for a set of jewels of immense value, and the Paris house with which he did business, before transmitting the valuable order itself, thought it safer first to send an imitation set for approval of the design, &c. Owing to M. Arno's not bribing those who sold their influence on such occasions, the transaction miscarried — the prince cancelled the bargain. A long time after, M. Arno received a communication from the Paris merchant, informing him that, owing to an unaccountable blunder, the real, and not the imitation, jewels had been sent, and now earnestly requested either to have them returned, or their value (nearly a million of francs) remitted. But M. Arno having considered those objects merely as a capital imitation, and devoid of intrinsic worth, had handed them over to his children as ornaments for their toys. By this time they were partly destroyed and partly lost. Diligent search was, however,

made; most of the precious stones were found and sent to Paris, and what could not be found, the honest merchant readily made good by bills which were duly honoured.

On quitting Mehedeah we sent our baggage horses to a place called Bekaalta, whilst we, keeping to the margin of the sea, rode towards Cape *Dimas* or *Demaas*. The line of beach for nearly the whole of the nine miles distance, was covered with sponges of a large size, which the Arabs are afraid to touch, owing to the sponge fishery being a government monopoly. At *Dimas*, or rather *Lejaab*, as the place is called, are the ruins of a small amphitheatre, and those of an edifice of considerable solidity. Besides these, there are here twenty-five cisterns and the remains of a pier. But none of these ruins bear the impress of great antiquity. Whatever place stood here, its present remains do not, I think, date further back than the period of Justinian. Before the cape (which is low), or rather to the north of it, are the rocks marked on charts as the Baltah Isles. These rocks, together with the pier, may at one time have formed a safe harbour for small vessels. For commerce this may have been a convenient place, but it does not present any features of natural strength.

These ruins have been taken for those of Thapsus, but which I think more likely to be those of an unknown place built upon the site of Leptis, which some have fixed about eight miles more north, at a village called *Lamba*. They saw an affinity between *Lamba* and *Leptis*, but I think there is as much of the proper name *Leptis* in *Lejaab* as there is in *Lamba*. In the present instance, therefore, the name is but of little avail.

But an event occurred during Cæsar's campaign which I believe enables me to determine, with a degree of certainty, that we are now upon the ruins of *Leptis*.

Whilst Cæsar was encamped at *Uzita*, his fleet before *Leptis* was surprised early one morning by the enemy's

vessels. All the transports that were out at sea were burnt, and two five-benched galleys were captured.

When Cæsar heard of this occurrence, we are told he immediately took horse and went full speed to Leptis, which was only *millia passum VI.**—six Roman miles—distant. At Leptis he embarked, and with the rest of his vessels pursued the enemy.

Now it is generally believed that *Sayada*, a village N.W. of these ruins, occupies the site of Uzita, and that village is *exactly* six Roman miles from *Lejaab*, or the ruins which I take to be those of Leptis.

The Lepitini were the first who offered their free submission to Cæsar. During the Jugurthine war, this town, after the fall of Thala, sent ambassadors to Metellus, asking for a garrison of Roman soldiers and for a præfect, assigning as a reason that a certain Hamilcar was plotting a revolution, and unless the consul complied with their request, they, who considered themselves Roman allies, would be exposed to great danger. Metellus granted their request. In the present instance they embraced the cause of Cæsar. But it is very strange that the author of the Jugurthine war, who made the African campaign with Julius Cæsar—who actually sailed from Leptis for Cercina† (the modern Kerkna) by order of the General, and who, at the close of the war, was appointed pro-consul of the province which formerly constituted Juba's kingdom—it is very strange, I say, that he should place this Leptis “between the two Syrtes;”‡ or rather, should confound this with the *Leptis Magna*, beyond Tripoli.

Sallust's description of his Leptis decidedly refers to this, for he says that “it was built by the Sidonians,” while the other, of Greek origin, was of a more recent date, and hence Strabo § says it (the one “between the two Syrtes”) was

* Hirt. Bell. Afr. c. lxiii.

† Ibid. c. viii.

‡ Bell. Jug. § 77.

§ Lib. xvii. c. 111, § 18. Ed. Causaub., p. 834.

also called Neapolis, the new city, to distinguish it from the older, whose ruins we have at Lejaab.

Leptis was the birth-place of the emperor Septimus Severus. It was a wealthy town, considering it paid a tribute to the Carthaginians of a talent a day*—*ea singula in dies talenta vectigal Carthaginiensibus dedit*—and the wealth of this place, as well as that of the whole district in its vicinity, was a source of envy to Masinissa, and that envy led to the third Punic war, and to the barbarous overthrow of Carthage.

It was at this place, we learn from Livy, that Hannibal landed, with his veteran legions, to save his country from the destruction with which those very forces which he had so repeatedly vanquished, threatened it. To avoid an inauspicious omen, he steered for this place; but this did not alter the decree of destiny: the hero, and the victor, of numerous battles was defeated in the fields of Zama.

Leaving Lejaab, we rode inland in a north-westerly direction for about four miles, over a fertile, and highly cultivated, country, when we reached the village Tubulba, where we found our escort and baggage horses before the residence of the descendant of the eminent founder of the place, and the owner of immense property in the vicinity—Sidy Ayaash. He himself, decked out in magnificent robes, came down to welcome us, and politely conducted us to a well-furnished apartment, which he placed at our disposal, and where, he said, we might remain so long as we pleased at his expense.

Sidy Ayaash is not more than twenty-two years of age, and, though so young, has already thoroughly succeeded in ruining his slender constitution. He is descended from a saintly family, but has fearfully departed from the ways of holiness. He has the unrestricted use of an annual revenue of about £4,000, which proved a great auxiliary in securing what he now has—a tottering frame. But Ayaash is very kind-hearted, and we had only opportunities of judging of that,

* Livy, Lib. xxxiv. c. 62.

and not of his peculiar depravities. Indeed, in spite of his failings, the faithful regard him with a degree of awe and reverence; for not only were his ancestors saints—and that, surely, is something—but he is now their legitimate terrestrial representative, and the guardian of their tombs.

The great-grandsire of Ayaash was a native of the empire of Morocco. He was early impressed with philanthropic views, and left his country with the sole desire to benefit his fellow-men. He traversed many regions, and, on account of his piety and supernatural power, he was repeatedly entreated to take up his abode in different parts of the African continent; but he declined to do so till he reached the *desert* of Tubulba. Here he found a barren soil, and the people in abject misery and wretchedness. Their mode of life resembled more that of the brute than that of man.

"This is the place," the saint said, "for me; here I can benefit man, and further the cause of Allah. I will dedicate myself to both."

He set to work, and under his hand, before many years elapsed, Tubulba became what it now is. Vast olive plantations, vineyards, gardens, villas, and a number of houses, sprung into existence as if by magic. The arid soil became fruitful and produced plentiful crops. The people laboured and gladly availed themselves of the opportunity when the *moadzan* summoned them to their devotions, instead (as they were accustomed to do before) of living upon plunder, and indulging in the vilest of crimes.

"But"—and now let my informant conclude this biographical sketch—"Allah has decreed that the earthly pilgrimage of man, whether good or bad, should be limited. The reprobate and the saint must alike taste the bitter cup of death. The hour fixed by destiny came, and the soul of the saint of Tubulba, fortified by the wings of love, faith, and charity, took its upward flight, leaving the people to the care of the grandfather of this my lord Ayaash.

"With devotion and reverence were the holy remains committed to the ground, and the people retired with heavy hearts to their respective homes.

"At the rising of the sun on the following morning, the whole place was alarmed at the surprising intelligence that the grave of the saint was found open, and no traces of the body could be discovered. Search was made, but in vain.

"But as the son appeared quite indifferent about all this, the people marvelled, and inquired the reason.

"'Why should I seek,' he replied, 'for what I have not lost? Look yonder, near that tree, and you will there see the body of my lord, my father.'

"They ran to the indicated locality, and lo! to their amazement, they found the body of the saint.

"Indignant at what they considered an impious and sacrilegious act, the people remonstrated with the son; but he in a calm, and deliberate, tone replied,—

"'I am innocent of the charge you bring against me. Replace the body in its grave, set a guard upon it, and you will discover that I am not guilty of the crime of which you accuse me.'

"The people did so. A number of men were appointed to watch the sepulchre. But at midnight the grave suddenly burst open, and when the guard looked in they found it empty; the body had returned to the spot where they had found it the day before.

"'What is the meaning of all this?' the people inquired of the son, whose knowledge of the mysterious and divine thing they now perceived: 'What does our lord, your father, require us to do?'

"'By this supernatural conduct,' he replied, 'my lord, my father, merely indicates that he has selected his own resting-place. But that the believers may see the power of Allah, I desire you to let the Sultan of Africa [the reigning prince of Tunis] know what has occurred in our midst. Let him

send trustworthy persons to verify the fact ; and let this fact proclaim to unbelievers the truth that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah.'

"The people did so ; and the Sultan of Africa sent a number of eminent men, and a guard of soldiers, who were all convinced of what I told you. Ten times did the saint abandon his tomb in their presence. They praised Allah, whose works surpass human knowledge ; and, before they returned to their master, they interred the body of the holy man on the spot he himself had selected. The prince of the faithful had a cupola built over the tomb at his own expense, and here it is to this day."

Such is the founder of the saintly house of Ayaash. The son became as eminent as the father, and the son's son more so still, for he has not merely a simple cupola, but a mosque towers over his remains ; and whether the son of the grandson of Ayaash, our present host, will also reach the dignity of canonisation, remains yet to be seen. At present he does not aspire to it, nor does he even imitate his great-grandsire ; for instead of escaping from his grave, he is rushing headlong into it.

In this age of scepticism, some may be disposed to reject the credibility of this narrative altogether. Let them do so. Those who are more rational, and are in the habit of carefully weighing the evidence of everything that is brought before their notice, will readily believe, when I assure them that a portion of it is not so problematical as appears at first sight. It cannot be denied that Tubulba has been transformed into a neat and prosperous village ; that it has magnificent and prolific olive plantations, and a rich and fertile soil. But the houses, the plantations, and the soil appertain to the descendant of the saints, while the people have the gratification of continuing to labour for him.

Ayaash informed me, that at a place called Bothaar, about twelve miles N.W. of Tubulba, there were numerous remains of antiquity ; and, at the same time, expressed his

great amazement at the *weeping column* near Sidy Machloof, between Mehedeah and Sfax.

I had only just replied that I had never heard of the wonderful column, when the *tabeeb*, "the doctor," in the pay of Ayaash, entered the room, and he was at once requested to furnish me with the particulars.

"The column to which my *padrone* (master) alludes," the *medico* proceeded in Italian, with an unmistakable Maltese accent, "is one of a number in a small temple near Sidy Machloof. It has the figure of our Saviour engraved upon it, and every Friday it sheds tears—at least drops of water fall from its eyes. This miraculous exhibition has been witnessed by Moslems, and by Jews, as well as by Christians. All believe it, and it is an object of great marvel to every one who beholds this miraculous column."

"All believe it"—I cannot believe it; but *credite, posteri!*

We were well treated at Tubulba, and were strongly urged to remain, at least, over night; but we had resolved to reach Monasteer that day, and we invariably adhered to our plan. Leaving again our baggage horses in charge of the old *hamba*, Mr. Nicholson and myself, accompanied by one soldier, started for Sayada. We passed some of the saint's beautiful gardens, and splendid plantations, through which our road lay. At Sayada there are only a very few traces of antiquity. We observed here, however, a portion of an old aqueduct; and, no doubt, at regular intervals, the plough now passes over much of the old city of Uzita.

Hirtius mentions, besides Uzita, a town by the name of Zeta, for which Sayada must not be mistaken. When Cæsar abandoned his Uzita camp, he entrenched himself before the town of Agar. With part of his army he started on a foraging expedition, on which occasion he made himself master of Zeta. Scipio was encamped six miles from Agar, and hence the historian * tells us, that Zeta being on Scipio's

* Hirt. Bell. Afr. c. lxviii.

side (by which I understand the northern parts of Africa Propria, or the inland towns in the direction of Utica), was not more than ten miles from his camp, but might be about eighteen miles from Cæsar's. Scipio must, therefore, have been encamped about six miles N.W. of Agar, and about ten miles further, in the same direction, must be the site of Zeta. But Hirtius subsequently gives us, apparently, to understand that this town was near Vacca,* the modern Baja, which is about ninety miles N.W. of Agar. Unless, therefore, we are to understand the historian simply stating that the people of Vacca were in *alliance* with those of Zeta (taking *finitimus* in this sense), there is here a palpable contradiction in his geography.

Lamba is a village close to Sayada, and here also are a few paltry remains of antiquity. On our way from this to Makloba, the next village, and which is only at a short distance from it, we met a young *leopard*, who sullenly refused to supply us with the information we desired; and it was only when our *hamba* threatened him with the whip that he told us (and then even reluctantly) which path we were to take. This sentence will no doubt startle the reader, who will readily consider the prominent word a misprint, and, perhaps, volunteer to supply *leper* for leopard. But this correction would not convey my meaning. There is here no misprint, and I really mean what I have written. As a traveller I record what I have seen and heard; and if leopards will be so far intimidated by the sight of a whip as to talk, and that audibly and intelligibly, I am, surely, justified in recording the fact.

"Gross exaggeration! monstrous absurdity!" and the like exclamations, may perhaps escape the reader's lips; but I entreat him not to throw the book aside, but patiently to peruse what follows.

At Makloba, the village to which I am now conducting

* Legati interim ex oppido Vacca, quod finitimum fuit Zettæ, cujus Cæsarem potitum esse demonstravimus, veniunt (Bell. Afr. c. lxxiv.).

the reader, there is a permanent ecclesiastical menagerie, containing lions, bears, jackals, camels, hyænas, &c., &c., and the animal we met on the road belonged to this menagerie. Here those who are in search for the connecting link between man and the brute creation can find specimens to their heart's content. Those philosophers need no longer confine themselves to the hideous and disgusting monkey species for the solution of their theory; for at the menagerie of Makloba they can, without any hesitation, readily recognise animals after their own kind in the dog and in the cat, in the bear and in the boar also. For this extraordinary contribution to science we are indebted to the illustrious Aisa, the founder of the famous African Moslem sect which goes by his name. Every member admitted into this society assumes the character of some animal, and that animal he imitates, and acts, at the regular meetings of this religious body. The frenzy, ferocity, and madness exhibited on these occasions are terrific; but what is surprising is, that every animal at the assembly feeds, and that exclusively, upon the kind of food for which it is most remarkable. The leopard and the lion devour raw meat; the camel eats the leaves of the cactus, regardless of its projecting thorns; and the ostrich swallows pieces of iron and coins! I have never been present at these horrid banquets; but I only repeat what is universally believed among all Moslems, and what a certain Baron de Kraft, whom I saw in Africa, and who was a member of the Aisaweah fraternity, assured me was perfectly true. All the snake-charmers belong to this sect, and in all their extraordinary exhibitions, before they even attempt to touch a serpent, they invariably invoke the aid, and protection, of their founder "lord Aisa."

At Makloba we found the ruins of a very strong fort, the walls of which were some eight, or ten, feet in thickness. Within these massive and ponderous walls is the chapel dedicated to Aisa, and here is the famous menagerie of his adherents, and to which our young leopard belongs. We

were soon surrounded by camels, lions, and tigers, who volunteered to supply us with all the information about the place ; but as they all agreed in ascribing its origin to Sultan Ben Aglab (of the first Moslem dynasty that reigned in Cairwaan), we preferred relying upon our own judgment, particularly as its Roman character was too apparent. Still the wolves, the bears, and the boars were resolved to act as Ciceroni ; and as they were perfectly harmless, we allowed them to vociferate at their own pleasure.

After sunset we reached Monasteer, having had a delightful ride, partly along the beach, and partly by moonlight through the forest of olive-trees which belongs to the town. At the gate we found a M. Sacuto, who acts as American consular agent, and he kindly invited us to take up our abode at his house, instead of proceeding to the governor's mansion. He was so pressing that we accepted the proffered hospitality, and sent an apology to the chief official of the town, to whom we had notified that we should be with him that evening.

The sight of the extreme cleanliness, and neatness, of M. Sacuto's house at once reconciled us to our choice. It certainly reconciled me ; for I had not forgotten, and I never shall forget, the night I once spent at the governor's residence. Nothing could have surpassed his kindness ; but when bed-time came, although everything had the appearance of cleanliness, I felt myself suddenly exposed to such a shower of bugs, that the thought of sleep was out of the question. They fell from the ceiling, and in doing so kept up an incessant clatter, not unlike the falling of hail. I paced the room in agonies, when I was suddenly startled by the appearance of a tall white figure. I rubbed my eyes, for I ascribed the apparition to the creation of my own fancy, caused by a feverish and drowsy state. But a keener vision only enabled me to ascertain, with greater certainty, the fact of the real presence of some strange being. I could only see the figure indistinctly, owing to a dense cloud which just

then prevented the light of the moon from entering the chamber.

“O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted.”

But the cloud floated by, and the stream of light which immediately followed enabled me to ascertain that I was visited, not by a spectre, but by a somnambulist ! I permitted my visitor to have the uninterrupted and free range of the chamber, and almost regretted when I was again left alone to the mercy of my pitiless tormentors.

The recollection of that night reconciled me to the consular agent's abode, with which we had indeed every reason to be highly pleased.

Monasteer has a population of about 8000, in which 350 Jews and 50 Christians (chiefly Maltese) are included. It does an excellent trade, principally in oil, and has some very wealthy citizens. It is built with a certain degree of design and order, and not like some Moorish towns, which appear to have been brought into existence by chance or by mere accident.

In the morning we strolled about the town, and then received, and paid, some “official” visits. Among the former was the vice-governor, who urged us to spend at least one night at his mansion ; but this invitation we had to decline, as we had resolved upon starting for Susa in the course of the afternoon.

This town does not appear to occupy the site of any ancient place. Everything about it looks modern, and there are no traces of antiquity to be seen within the precincts of its walls, or in its immediate vicinity. But as its name does not savour of Arab origin, I am inclined to believe that it was built by Christians at the period when, actuated by political, anti-slavery, anti-piracy, and anti-Moslem hostilities, such vigorous, and costly, efforts were made by Spain, and by other European nations, for settlements on the North African shores.

To suit our convenience, our amiable host ordered for us an early, but a sumptuous, dinner. It was, of course, placed at our disposal, and yet each of us had a desperate struggle for his share. Our right to it was disputed, and that with an impetuosity truly astonishing, by legions of greedy, and voracious, flies. A brisk conflict was sustained for some time, but we had at last to give in to overwhelming odds. We capitulated on very advantageous terms to the enemy, and left him complete master of the field. The king of fleas is enthroned at Siberias, but the king of flies, or Beelzebub, must have his seat, or hold his court, at Monasteer.

Having escaped unhurt from an unequal combat, the consul and myself, accompanied by our veteran *hamba*, started on our way to Susa, leaving the baggage and our people to follow in the course of the afternoon, as the distance was only twelve miles. Mr. Ferriere preferred spending another night at Monasteer, as he was suffering from the effects of a fall from his horse.

Passing through the olive plantations, and skirting the gardens with their villas, we came upon a causeway, across a morass, which extends for about a mile and a half parallel with the line of beach. Before the construction of this causeway, travellers had to make considerable detours during the winter, or rainy, season, before they could fairly start upon a safe and solid road. This is the only piece of modern artificial road we had seen since we left Tunis. It is not likely to last very long; and when once in a state of decay, it may, in all probability, take a century (if the country is indeed doomed so long to continue under the present misrule), before it will either be repaired or restored. Beyond the morass, we approached the beach. Here, near the village Tacheela, we found a boat, which we hired; and leaving our horses in charge of the *hamba*, we had a most delightful sail to Susa, which place we reached in about an hour.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARITIME TOWNS OF CÆSAR'S AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

A Dinner Party—The Moadzan and Church Bells—A labyrinth in a Tomb—
Susa, the ancient Ruspina—The Horse-dealer's Escape—Results of Usury
—Remains of "Towers and Castles" on the Beach.

THE British vice-consul, Mr. Stephens, and the American consular agent, Signor Moro, invited us to be their guests during our stay at Susa ; but as we neither wished to divide our party, nor to give cause for jealousy to the representatives of two great nations, we resolved upon giving the vice-governor the benefit of our society. The two gentlemen accompanied us to the residence of his sub-excellency, who readily put us in possession of "the guest chamber." Susa being an important, and large, town, the hospitality we received here was upon a proportionate scale. We had here a European steward, to whose special care the vice-governor recommended us, informing us, at the same time, that we were to consider ourselves, in the portion of the house assigned to us, perfect masters to do what we pleased.

"Order what you want," the old gentleman said, "and this person [pointing to the steward] has instructions to procure it for you, if it is procurable in the city of Susa."

This was certainly very kind, and we at once made arrangements for a dinner party, invitations for which were accepted by our consular friends. But the cook was a civilised Arab, and as some civilised cooks will do, even in Europe, just when his services were most required, got drunk, and burnt some of the dishes. This accident was a

source of great annoyance to the steward, although we had an abundance of good things, and excellent wines too, and that in the house of a zealous *true believer* !

We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves ; and Mr. Nicholson, was particularly delighted to find some one, besides his travelling companions, to whom he could communicate his thoughts in genuine American. His conversational powers had hitherto been confined to us, and whatever information he desired to obtain, during our wanderings among the Arabs, he had to obtain through me. He made now the best use of his emancipation, and the evening passed on very merrily. Only one interruption occurred, and that I am resolved not to leave unnoticed.

It is a well-known fact that the charm of exquisite music has attracted many to the Roman Catholic Church ; and it is another well-known fact that the incessant clangour of bells has driven many away from it. Now I do not dislike a church-bell of moderate calibre, and tolled for a reasonable length of time ; but I detest, in common with most people, the perpetual, and deafening, *ding-dong* which is kept up in some continental churches. Wherein consists the utility of this horrid noise ? If it is intended to summon people to the house of God, a brief time ought, surely, to suffice for this ; for if a man does not obey the call after hearing the thundering invitation for ten, or even fifteen, minutes, he is not likely to obey it at all. But if the clatter of bells is part of the religious service, then why not let us know its precise utility ? The priests of Baal were accustomed to shout and scream in order to make their deity hear them ; the priests of Moloch, or Saturn, kept up a tremendous sound of instruments, in order to drown the voices of the dying infants, immolated in their diabolic rites ; the Mozarabic Christians of Spain celebrated mass to the sound of drums and other wild music, under the excitement of horse-races, and fearful vociferations, to conceal their contempt for a creed which they were forced to embrace. For

all these unreasonable acts we can account, but wherefore this dissonant ecclesiastical artillery of the priests of modern Rome? It, surely, can have no affinity with the motives of the Mozarabs, the votaries of Saturn, or the enthusiasts of Baal.

In his religious services the Moslem has neither music nor bells; but his mode of inviting the faithful to the stated devotions is as musical, and attractive, as the bells are inharmonious and repulsive. To hear the *moadzan*—and he is generally chosen for the excellent quality of his voice—announce the hour of prayer (and particularly those devotions appointed for midnight and before sunrise) might prove quite as attractive, and as alluring, to a certain sentimental class of people as the ravishing music of Romish churches.

That the Moslem mode of summoning the faithful to their sacred duties partakes of the sublime and the solemn, has always been my opinion. Great therefore was my amazement, when, seated with my friends at the table of the vice-governor of Susa, our ears were assailed by the most horrible sound I had ever heard before.

"It is only our *moadzan*," observed one of the attendants, who noticed my astonishment; "he is announcing the hour of prayer."

The voice seemed to combine all the discordant sounds imaginable, and had more of the fiendish than of the human about it.

"Impossible, that you have such a *moadzan* here," I replied.

"No," said the man, laughing, "he is not the real *moadzan*, but he is crazy—he is a dervish [a pious idiot]—and imagines himself a *moadzan*. At his supposed times for prayer, he gives utterance in the manner you have just heard him. Poor man, he is crazy."

This was certainly a satisfactory answer; and if such an excuse, at least, could be made on behalf of those who inflict

on us such perpetual torment with their bells, it would, to some extent, prove a consolation under our sufferings.

On the following morning our friends called, and conducted us to view a recent discovery made here. In a garden, about half a mile west of the town, some labourers, whilst engaged in digging, came upon masonry, which the owner was induced to have cleared, by some European gentlemen, interested in antiquities. A few days' work completed the task. An ancient family tomb was disencumbered of the earth which had been washed into it during a lapse of centuries.

This tomb is about fourteen feet square, and contains several niches for urns, none of which were, however, found. Its real interest consists in its Mosaic pavement, which represents the celebrated labyrinth of Crete. The Minotaur, according to Ovid,

"Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem,"

is seen dead in the centre. Below the labyrinth there is a boat in full sail; and among the several Greeks in it, there are the prominent figures of a female and of a youth standing together. These are, undoubtedly, intended to represent Theseus, who slew the monster, and Ariadne, daughter of Minos II., whose love for the Athenian prince induced her to extricate him from the intricate windings of the labyrinth, and for which tender passion, and service, she was afterwards requited by his ungratefully deserting her at the island of Naxos.

Above the labyrinth there are these words, also in Mosaic, and in letters alternately red and black :—

HIC INCLSVS VITAM PERDIT

Whether we are to understand from all this that there was some affinity between the name of the individual buried here and that of Minotaurus, or that there was a similarity between the death of the occupant of this chamber and that of the famous monster of Crete, are questions which are not

very likely to be settled now. It certainly is a very curious subject for a tomb.

The execution and colouring of this work of ancient art are very similar to the fragment I found at Utica, representing a fishing scene, and which is now in the British Museum. The British and French vice-consuls, and a few other Europeans resident at Susa, took the necessary measures to have this relic properly preserved. This discovery serves also as an encouragement for them to prosecute further researches, which they are resolved to do, so that the labyrinth may be regarded as the nucleus of a future museum of Susa.

Not far from this tomb are other fragments of ruins; and in the town itself we meet with a great variety of square wrought stones used in the construction of houses, but which once formed component parts of ancient structures. Cornices, portions of shafts and capitals are dug up in this part, and in the elevated portion of Susa, which appears to be the real site of the former city, and which stood at a short distance from the sea.

Susa must occupy the site of Ruspina,* the *Ρουσπίνα* of Ptolemy. It was at no great distance from Leptis, for Cæsar marched to it easily in one day,† and it stood between the last-named town and Adrumentum.

* The towns below Cape Bon, or *Ερμάδα ἄκρα*, are thus laid down by Ptolemy :—*Κορυβοίς, Νεάπολις, Κολώνια, Σιαγόνυλ, Ἀφριδίσιον, Ἀδρουμηττος*, Lib. iv. c. 3. Then follows Ruspina. But not all these places were situated on the sea: some were a considerable way inland. Between Adrumentum and Ruspina, we are told, there were several towns and castles, for on his march to the latter place deputies came to Cæsar *ex oppidis et castellis*, offering to furnish him with corn. (Vide Hirt. Bell. Afr. c. vi.) Strabo makes no mention of Ruspina, nor of *Λέπτις μικρά*, and misplaces Neapolis; while Pliny gives the names of the towns principally memorable for Cæsar's campaign according to this order: Leptis, Adrumentum, Ruspina, and Thapsus. (Hist. Nat. l. v. c. 3.)

† Cæsar, ad iii. Non. Januar. castra movet, Leptique vi. cohortium præsidio cum Saserna relicto, ipse rursus, unde pridie venerat, Ruspina cum reliquis copiis convertit. (Hirt. Bell. Afr. c. ix.)

Ruspina, according to the annalist of Cæsar's campaign, may be considered as the illustrious general's African headquarters, in whose neighbouring fields many bloody skirmishes, and engagements, took place. But, in identifying it with Susa, I know that I differ from Shaw, who fixes upon the paltry village Sahleel as the site of Ruspina; and from Sir Grenville Temple, who believes that Susa occupies the spot where once stood the city of Adrumentum. In his belief the gallant, and learned, colonel is confirmed by the remains of an ancient mole which formed the harbour. This harbour he denominates *cothon*. He says—"The existence of this port, where we find it, greatly tends to confirm me in placing Adrumentum at Susa, and not at Herghla, as Shaw has incorrectly done: for at the latter no vestiges of a port are to be seen."* But the mere remains of a harbour is but a poor confirmation of the assertion that Susa is built upon the ruins of Adrumentum. Ruspina had also a port, and the situation of the remains the colonel alludes to, tends strongly to corroborate that it is the port of Ruspina, and not the *cothon* of Adrumentum. A *cothon*, like that of Carthage, was an artificial harbour, excavated at a short distance from the sea, with which it communicated by a canal; whereas the remains Sir Grenville speaks of are "traced under water [the sea], and several parts arise above its surface." I shall point out the remains of the *cothon* when I reach Adrumentum: at present it may be as well only to add, that I believe this to be the port of Ruspina, because it is at a considerable distance from the ruins of the ancient town. Gesenius derives Ruspina from the Punic, and makes it to signify *caput anguli*, which may indicate the form of the elevated part on which it was built, and that part is at some distance from the ruins of the port. Hirtius makes it to be nearly two miles in his time; but as the

* Excursions in the Medit. vol. i. p. 125.

sea has considerably encroached on this side of the coast, it is now much less. If I have laid down correctly the positions of Thapsus, of Leptis, and of some other towns mentioned in the "African War" (of which, I think, there can be no doubt), then—with this additional evidence of the existence of traces of this ancient harbour where they are found—it will readily be admitted that Susa must occupy the site of Ruspina, and not that of Adrumentum.

Susa is a flourishing town, and has a population similar to that of Monasteer; but there are here more Europeans, some of whom are very wealthy. A brisk export trade, principally in oil, is carried on with Italy and Malta. The imports, too, are great, for Susa supplies Cairwaan and some of the other inland towns with European manufactures. The city is walled, and stands close to the edge of the sea, but it gradually rises towards the land side, and terminates before it quite reaches the summit, where I believe Ruspina stood. There are here some very good houses, among which that belonging to Her Majesty's vice-consul is one, and in it we were both kindly received and entertained. Susa also boasts of a club, which was thrown open to us, and where we had the pleasure of meeting some old friends and making new acquaintances.

An interval of rest at Susa refreshed man and beast, so that both resumed the journey in good spirits. The neighbourhood of Susa is not so beautiful as that of Monasteer. Emerging from the olive plantations, which occupy a declivity, we at once entered upon an extensive plain, bounded to the right by the sea, and to the left by a chain of hills of moderate height. This scenery corresponds so exactly with the description given of the vicinity of Ruspina by the author of the "African War," that it alone ought to suffice to carry conviction that Susa occupies the site of that ancient city. We are told that Cæsar went to Ruspina, whence he continued his route to the left of the camp, along the sea,

and passed a declivity which opened into a fine plain, extending fifteen miles, and bordering upon a chain of mountains of moderate height, which formed a kind of theatre.* Nothing can be more exact than this description, making, at the same time, due allowance for the change since produced by the ravages of the sea, for near the small declivity there is now a kind of swamp, across which a causeway was constructed for the convenience of travellers.

We had only been travelling about two hours when I discovered an Arab, who had been hovering about us for several days, again in the rear of our party. His appearing, and disappearing, seemed very suspicious. We sometimes met him on the road, sometimes we found him in a village or in an encampment, while occasionally he travelled in our company, but always at a respectful distance from us. My curiosity was roused, and I was resolved to know something more about this mysterious individual. Falling gradually back, I soon found myself side by side with the Arab, who was just then leading his horse, whose back was fearfully chafed.

"*Neharkom mabrok*, may your day be blessed," said I, addressing him, and to this salutation he responded, but in a very reserved, and shy, manner.

"You are not from this part of the country, judging from your dialect; where do you come from, O friend?" I asked.

"I come from the far west."

"And whither are you going?"

"To the tribunal of the prince of the faithful."

"I trust no evil has befallen you."

"Evil has been my share," he now answered with less reserve; "and it is, alas! that evil which compels me, suf-

* Inde (from Ruspina) parvulam declivitatem digressus, sinistra parte campi, propter mare legiones ducit. Hic campus mirabili planicie patet millia passum xv., quem jugum ingens a mari ortum, neque ita præaltum, velut theatri efficit speciem. (Hirt. Bell. Afr. c. xxxvii.)

fering as I do from pain and hunger, to travel to the seat of justice."

"May I know what the nature of your complaint is?" I inquired.

"I will willingly tell you all," he replied, "seeing you, a Nazarene, are interested in a Moslem who has suffered such grievous calamities from those of his own creed. Know then, O Nazarene! that I am a dealer in horses, and trade generally with your people in the west [Algeria]. Somewhat more than a month ago I sold two horses at Tebessa, and on returning to this kingdom, I resolved to visit a friend of the Hammama tribe, who was formerly my partner. I reached the spot where he usually pitched his tent, but found it deserted, and as the day was drawing to a close, I hastened to search for shelter, and at the same time to make inquiries about my friend. Night came on, and I still wandered about in a very solitary part of the country, with but little prospect of finding what I sought. But on reaching the summit of a hill, I espied, to my intense joy, the fires of an encampment at a very short distance off. I hastened to it, and was hospitably received. The tents belonged to Hammama Arabs, who knew my friend, and promised to conduct me to him in the morning.

"At dawn on the following day three young men called me, saying they were ready to lead me to the tent of my former partner, and soon after I started with them. They were well armed, and mounted on good horses. We rode for some hours through very lonely and wild ravines, and as I observed the repeated whispering of my companions, I began to entertain suspicions of their intentions. It was not long before I was confirmed in my apprehensions, for one of the fellows fell gradually back. In a few seconds after a pistol was discharged, and I felt the bullet pass through the fleshy part of my arm. The man declared that this was a

mere accident, but I now took care to ride behind my guides, to be at least prepared for a defence.

"We rode on for some hours longer through very intricate windings among the mountains, the fellows being all that time apparently undecided upon the precise course they meant to adopt. At last they proposed to halt for a short time. But scarcely had I dismounted, than the one who had fired at me desired me to show him my money.

"*'Billahi alaik*, may Allah regulate your evil passions,' said I, 'Covet not what belongs to others, and do not expose yourself to the wrath of Allah.'

"'Do you suspect us of treachery?' the fellow replied with apparent indignation. 'Are we not Moslems as well as you are? We are simply curious to see the gold from the land of the Nazarenes, and, surely, you cannot refuse us this, seeing the trouble we take to conduct you to your friend's tent.'

"I replied that if they were solely actuated by curiosity, I should willingly show them my money in my friend's tent.

"'And are the Hammama to be suspected of a breach of hospitality, and that by a dog who is friendly with our enemies, the despisers of the prophet, the infidel Nazarenes?' the same fellow exclaimed furiously. 'Stand up for the honour of our tribe,' he continued, 'and let us avenge this insult!'

"These words were no sooner uttered than I found myself in the powerful grasp of all the three, and in my struggle with them I received another bullet wound. My money was taken from me, and my real concern now was how to save my life. I lay prostrate on the ground, the blood streaming from me, and I felt my strength gradually sinking. But the thought of falling a victim to these wretches roused me from the stupor which I felt fast coming over me. Whilst they were busy in dividing the spoil—my hard-earned money—I made a desperate effort, and succeeded in leaping into my saddle. In an instant after I was borne away by my

favourite—but, alas ! now starved—horse, who, though he outstripped the speed of the robbers, who tried to pursue me, could not surpass the velocity of their bullets, one of which lodged in his body, while another grazed my leg. My horse tore away from the scene of danger and wickedness, and as he rapidly increased the distance between me and my assailants, I felt my strength fast sinking. Fortunately I found that my faithful, and sagacious, animal was hastening towards a group of tents, and as he came to a stand before them, I cried out with my remaining strength—

“ ‘ O Moslems ! aid a dying brother, who has just escaped from the wicked hands of murderers.’ ”

“ With the utmost care and tenderness did those people help me off my horse. They dressed my wounds, and treated me with great kindness. Through their exertions the miscreants were seized, and through the attention I received from them I was able to proceed to Cairwaan and state my grievance to Sidy Hamoda, the bey of the camp. He sent the robbers to Tunis, and advised me to proceed thither in order that the case may be tried before the prince of the faithful.

“ But I have been informed that it is the intention of the friends of the prisoners to murder me, in order to quash all further proceedings. I therefore resolved to keep near your party, for I know I can nowhere else be safer ; but as I was afraid that I might be driven away, I always avoided coming too close either when you were travelling, or when your tents were pitched.”

“ You did wrong,” I replied, “ in not stating your misfortune to us at once, for we would have assisted you with much pleasure.”

“ Yes,” he rejoined, “ your kindness shows me that I did wrong. I had to sell my saddle and bridle in order to feed my horse, and yet the poor animal is dying of hunger.”

I made the poor fellow mount one of our baggage horses,

and charged myself with the responsibility of seeing him, and his jaded animal, properly attended to during the rest of the journey.

The gratitude he manifested was very great. Every party we met on the road he stopped and informed them how Moslems had plundered him, and how Nazarenes had befriended him.

We reached the village of Hercla after three hours' ride, and here we halted for some time at the house of the sheikh.

Hercla is a poor village of agricultural Arabs, and possesses scarcely any ancient remains. But north of this place, and on our way towards Hamamaat, we observed portions of the walls of some edifice, and near it pieces of a tessellated Byzantine pavement. If Hercla existed in the time of Cæsar, then I think it must have been one of the towns, or castles, on the road between Adrumentum and Ruspina, deputies from which, we are told, met the Roman general and offered to furnish him with corn. Shaw, however, places here Adrumentum, which, Sir Grenville Temple justly observes, he "has incorrectly done;" but I reserve my reasons for differing from the learned doctor till we reach Adrumentum itself.

The sheikh of Hercla was very affable and extremely talkative. He said that the poverty of his people was principally ascribable to the exorbitant interests they pay to the Christian and Jewish merchants of Susa.

"We work for those merchants," he said; "we enrich them, and, consequently, we remain wretchedly poor."

"But what do you call exorbitant interests?" I asked.

"I do not know what your opinion may be," the sheikh replied, "but I think four for every hundred is too much."

"We consider four per cent. interest very moderate, even in Europe," I rejoined, "and therefore I certainly do not think that you have cause for complaint. Indeed, I am surprised how the merchants can let you have their money at so

low a rate of interest. In Tunis the people have to pay a great deal more."

"All this may be true," said the sheikh, shrugging his shoulders, "but I know it is a very hard thing when a poor fellow like myself wants a loan of 10,000 piasters [£250], and scarcely receives more than 5000, the rest being at once deducted for the first year's interest."

I now saw the reasonableness of the sheikh's bitter complaint. He meant that the people had to pay to the usurers "four for every hundred" *per month*, and not per year! This I could well understand, for I was aware that such wholesale robbery did exist in the country, and I knew that the basest means were frequently employed in order to obtain the foulest ends.

Visit the prisons, and you will find the most miserable wretches, who may have pined in those filthy dungeons for years through the avarice, the intrigue, the malice, and cunning of those who are enjoying the property that once belonged to these unfortunate inmates. Usury is prohibited by the author of the Coran, and, hence, there are no laws concerning it in Mohammedan countries; but owing to the non-existence of proper regulations on this subject, there are no bounds to the percentages which the unprincipled demand, and which the thoughtless Arabs readily give. I know several, once wealthy, families, who have been reduced to beggary by having become clients of a usurer. Occasionally only a small sum is advanced, for which a promissory note is taken before a regular notary, in which the interest is included without its being specified. The time for payment approaches, and the borrower is unable to meet the claim. Imprisonment is threatened, to avoid which the party consents to renew the document, increasing considerably the original liability. This scene is enacted again and again; obligations are cancelled, and new ones, with increased amounts, are procured; and this practice is

continued till the paltry sum assumes a most important figure. Then *legal* steps are taken, and immediate payment is enforced. The debtor is thrown into prison, and left to pine there till he liquidates the unjust claim, which generally can only be done by the sacrifice of his whole property. Reduced to poverty and starvation, he soon finds himself again in the horrible den which he had so recently quitted—with this difference, that now there remains scarcely any prospect of his condition being ameliorated, as he has been deprived of all that could satisfy a greedy and unjust creditor.

Through my intervention a man, ninety-two years of age, was set at liberty, having been an inmate of a filthy jail for many years. He once ranked among the wealthy of the land, and owned several fine estates. During his incarceration, his wife and two of his children died from sheer want; and, whilst they were lingering on their death-bed, the aged prisoner begged, as a special favour, to be permitted to see them once more; but his request was refused by the obdurate money-monger who kept him in confinement. When liberated the poor man felt ashamed to issue from his dismal abode, and encounter the broad daylight, for he had not a rag left wherewith to cover himself!

Poor Arabs! they are, at the same time, the spoil of the European and native usurers, and the prey of an unprincipled, merciless, and ignorant Mamlook government.

An enterprise, which would have proved profitable to the promoters, and would, at the same time, have been a great relief to the population, now at the mercy of usurers, was the contemplated establishment of an Anglo-Tunisian bank. But the French consul thought it either his personal interest, or the interest of France (?), to oppose the speculation. His undue ascendancy in the country, and other causes which I will not mention, conspired together to frustrate the undertaking, and, consequently, in spite of all the efforts

and exertions of Her Majesty's Agent and Consul General, Mr. Wood, the Anglo-Tunisian bank was not established.

Leaving Hercla, we traversed a barren plain, which is, during the rainy season, a perfect swamp. We kept as close to the beach as we could until we reached what is called the *Assa el-Kabera*, a military guard, stationed here to prevent smuggling. The guard-house is built upon, and with the materials of, an ancient edifice. Similar ruins are met with every four or five miles, and as their existence tends to confirm the statement of Hirtius, that there were "towers and castles" on the road between Adrumentum and Ruspina, I have thought it proper to mark them on my route plan. But from the *Assa el-Kabera* we branched off to the left, and having crossed a swamp, about 300 feet in width, in which our horses, to our great horror, more than once threatened either to capsize or to stick fast, we reached an encampment of Mehaadebah Arabs, comprising about fifty tents. This tribe can mount 1000 warriors, but it is dispersed over the country in small bodies, like the division for whose hospitality we now presented ourselves, at the place bearing the comprehensive name of *Nefaar m'ta oulaad Said*, "the persons of the children of Said."

The "elders" of the encampment approached us whilst we were engaged in pitching our tent at a short distance from theirs, and welcomed us in very civil terms, informing us, at the same time, that they were prepared to supply all our wants, and this they did very amply and very cheerfully.

Not far from this spot there was another encampment of the Methaleeth Arabs, a tribe which generally inhabits the open country near Sfax. But the dread of a famine which threatens the southern districts, owing to a failure in the crops, has driven multitudes northward. In every direction we saw groups of their tents, whilst the road was full of fresh comers, whose starved and squalid appearance was truly heartrending.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RUINS OF "PARADISE" AND THE REMAINS OF "THE HALL OF DEATH."

A Merry Guide—Ruins of Paradise—A Pilgrim's Knowledge—More Geographical Differences—Arrival at Hammamet—The Modern Town—The ancient Adrummentum.

THE *Mehaadqbah* Arabs, of *Nefaar m'ta oulaad Said*, not only entertained us very hospitably, but they sent one of their people to conduct us to the ruins of *Elfaradees*, Paradise, some miles among the hills above their encampment. On the slope of this chain of heights we noticed ruins, both on our right and on our left, but our programme for the day did not permit us to deviate from our road for the purpose of examining them.

Our guide was a venerable old man, who had once been a sheikh, and, in his day, prosperous in the world: he was now reduced in circumstances, but he was merry in prosperity, and he is now merry in adversity.

"Everything in this world, and every condition of man," he said jovially, "is *bilkitba*, according to destiny. If Allah wills us to be rich, we are rich; and if He decrees otherwise, we are poor. But whatever He ordains is for the good of his people, and we ought to be satisfied, particularly since we have no claim upon Him. A few more years will roll into eternity, and what will it then matter whether a man has been rich or poor, honoured or despised? Has he been a good man? Has he done all the good in his power? Has he served Allah? will be the important and mighty questions."

I liked this man, for he was attached to his creed without being fanatical, he was religious without canting, and, in his way, he was pious and devout without being gloomy and morose.

The first part of our way to Elfaradees lay through splendid barley fields, and then we commenced threading our path through the windings amidst the hills, gradually ascending higher and higher, till we reached a most lovely spot, called *Ain Elkhaloof*, "the boar spring." Here are the remains of an aqueduct and a reservoir, besides a few other fragments of antiquity. From this spot we had to pass over some dizzy crags, by which we entered a very charming little dale, forming a regular amphitheatre, in which are the ruins of *Elfaradees*, the Afrodision of Ptolemy, and the Grasse of the lower empire. Here the Vandal kings had a country palace—a Paradise—which was occupied by Belisarius when on his way to Carthage to wrest the power from Gelimer, and to re-conquer the African dominions for Justinian.

Elfaradees does neither appear to have been a town of great extent nor of magnificence, but its secluded situation was well adapted as a retreat. It is sheltered from all winds except from the northerly, which is a welcome visitor during the prevalence of the hot weather. Right through the centre of the valley there is a meandering stream of most delicious water.

Its principal ruins consist in the remains of a palace and of a fort, both of which edifices stood on the heights facing the sea. They were built of hewn square stones; but these structures commend themselves more for their solidity than either for their magnitude or elegance of architecture. The spot which the palace occupies commands a very extensive, and truly beautiful, view, not only of the sea, but of the land also, and that for many miles; and as this was probably a summer palace, a good prospect may have been a primary consideration with the Vandal chiefs, who were, perhaps, greater lovers of nature than what we know them to have been of

art. Below, among other prostrate remains of various massive constructions, we find a triumphal arch, still standing and in good preservation, but it displays very bad taste. On one façade it has niches, and on the other columns, which are not only out of proportion, but they are not even symmetrically disposed. Its ornaments are few and poor, and it bears no engraved memorial, nor does it appear ever to have had any; and among all these ruins, though I searched very diligently, I could not discover a single inscription.

The little stream runs right through this arch, and seems to triumph in its solitude. Its original course has either been altered accidentally, by some sudden fall of ruins, or it was changed intentionally by the Arabs, who are encamped in the neighbourhood, and who come here for their regular supplies of water. The spot was so tempting that we halted beneath the arch, and, during the time that our horses were grazing, we partook of a humble meal. Whilst thus engaged an Arab with five of his children, two boys and three girls, in tattered garments, and each supplied with a jar, arrived at the stream. I called the children and gave them all the food that we could spare. They were grateful for this donation, and the father, after eyeing us steadfastly for some seconds in perfect silence, suddenly turned to our hamba and aged guide, exclaiming—

“*Wallah homa khair milmosalmeen*—By Allah! they [pointing to us] are better than Moslems.”

Our philosophic guide having pointed out to us the way to *Kasr Zaita*, wished us a prosperous journey, and returned, in high spirits, to his encampment. The way down into the plain is not bad, and as it was studded over with groups of tents of the starving *Methaleeth*, there was no probability of our missing the road.

We were accosted by several travelling parties, or migrating villages, with their inhabitants, goat-hair houses, furniture, and cattle, who were hastening northward to escape from the threatened famine in the south. From one of these parties, a

haj, a pilgrim, (whom we recognised by his privileged badge, the red turban,) attached himself to us, and having on his way to Mecca visited Malta, began to talk to us, or rather to me, about *bar Nessara*, "the land of the Nazarenes," of which he spoke in terms of praise.

"But what are you?" he asked, after having conversed with me for some time, "are you a *rey* or a *consol*—a king or a consul?"

"Which do you think I am, O! Haj?" I asked, in my turn.

He could not tell with any degree of precision, for there was something about me which, to him, savoured of both dignities, and he therefore relinquished the task of guessing. But he made another effort, and inquired,—

"Is it your nation over which a lady rules?"

"It is."

"She has a *bash grado*—an eminent title—has she not?"

"Decidedly."

"Your nation is the nearest to *Islaam*. You are akin to us, for when you promise you never deceive."

"But such is not the character of Moslems," I replied, "for the people here, generally speaking, are very deceitful."

"True," he answered, "but it is the result of great *baatel*, injustice, which is prevalent in our country."

"Do you mean injustice from the government, or from among yourselves?"

"From both."

"But you gain nothing by your falsehood and deception. You are all wretchedly poor. By honesty, straightforwardness, and truthfulness you would be much better off."

"There is, no doubt, much reason in what you say," the *haj* replied; "but what can we do? How can we alter matters? Everything is *bilkitba*, according to destiny, and who can overrule the decrees of fate? If Allah wills us to be so, we cannot help it."

At *Kasr Zaita* are the ruins of a large fort and the foundations of a few other buildings. This place has evidently been serviceable at a more recent period, for it bears distinct traces of Moslem architecture. Shaw says that this is the site of Civitas Siagitana, while Sir Grenville Temple thinks that it is "probably the ancient Siagol," but neither for the conjecture nor for the assertion are any reasons assigned. I am inclined to believe that Siagitana and Siagol (the Σιαγούλ of Ptolemy) are names for one and the same town, which, like Afrodision, was more inland, while I take *Kasr Zaita* to be a corruption of the *Usceta* of Hirtius, which was near Adrumentum. I say a *corruption*, but I believe it was rather an adaptation, for *Usceta* sounded to the Arab ear like *Zaita*, "oil," while *Kasr* only signifies "a fort," or "a tower," and this addition alludes to the existing ruin.

That the town of *Usceta* stood at a short distance from Adrumentum* is evident from the fact that Cæsar, after his victory before Thapsus, went to *Usceta* and made himself master of the place. He then entered Adrumentum, and set out "*the same day*" (eodem die†) for Utica, which he reached in the evening by torchlight. Now, if Sir Grenville Temple is right in identifying Susa with Adrumentum, the Roman general must have had a march of upwards of eighty miles; if Shaw is right in fixing on Hercla as Adrumentum, then Cæsar had a ride of seventy miles; and if I am right in regarding Hammamet as the site of that city, then he had a ride of fifty miles. But, whichever receives the preference, it must be remembered that the distance between *Usceta* and Adrumentum must be added. Now, I make this distance to be about nine, or ten, miles, if it is admitted that *Kasr Zaita* is correctly identified with the *Usceta* of Hirtius. But an argument based on distance

* The name of this town is sometimes written Adrumentum, Hadrumentum, and Hadrumetum.

† Hist. Bell. Afr. c. lxxxix.

would have been disregarded by the authors named, for we have already seen that Shaw has no hesitation in making Hannibal ride 112 miles in eight hours, while Temple makes Achates, the companion of Æneas, walk 180 miles in the course of one day, and considers this no very extraordinary feat for a Trojan hero!*

Passing the *Kasr Elmenara*, "the tower of the lighthouse," a mausoleum built in the form of a circular tower, near which are some ancient cisterns,† we reached *Bir Elbaita*, the half-way house between Susa and Tunis, erected a few years ago for the convenience of travellers. Here we found our baggage-horses and our escort, who had taken the direct road, and, consequently, arrived many hours before us. We only halted a very short time, and continued our journey to Hammamet, which is scarcely more than four miles distant.

A little way from *Bir Elbaita* we observed to our right ruins which occupy a considerable space, extending in the direction of the sea; but being now pressed for time, we were unable to examine them. As we neared Hammamet, the road became very heavy, our horses sinking many inches deep into the sand. Here we crossed two deep, and wide, dry channels, which have the appearance of beds of rivers, near which are the gardens and vineyards; and having passed the ruins of an aqueduct, as well as those of several other minor remains of antiquity, we reached the *dar elbay*, "the bey's house," which stands outside, but close to, the walls of the town.

Our government order procured us ready admission into

* See Carthage and her Remains, c. xv. p. 339.

† Shaw says that several little altars were placed upon the cornice of this mausoleum, and these were "inscribed with the names of—

L. AEMILIO AFRICANO AVVNCVLO.
C. SVELIO PONTANO PATRVLLI.
VITELLIO QVARTO PATRI."

But neither cornice, nor altars, nor inscriptions, are now to be seen.

"*palace yard*," where we had scarcely dismounted when the vice-governor arrived to welcome us. He was extremely affable, and at once desired us to tell him whether there was any food for which we had a preference. Having recently had an abundance of beef and poultry, we expressed a wish for some fish. A servant was instantly despatched to procure a supply, whilst we, having partaken of a cup of coffee, felt sufficiently refreshed to view the town.

Hammamet is a small place, containing scarcely more than a thousand inhabitants, and though its houses are pretty decent, and, judging from the exterior, even neat and clean, it is nevertheless very dull. The inhabitants are either weavers or agriculturists, and depend for a subsistence chiefly upon the Arabs encamped in the neighbourhood, who resort hither for the supply of their limited wants. The citadel of Hammamet is imposing enough outside, but its interior is in a dilapidated condition. It is neither supplied with the means of defence, nor would its weak walls be proof against an assault of a very moderate force. "Formerly," says my old MS. geography, "there was [here] a very good port, but for want of being kept in due repair, is only capable of receiving sandalls and small boats." The northerly winds have periodically swept down clouds of sand, which being arrested by the heights in the vicinity of Hammamet, have not only destroyed its port, but buried the ruins, which, judging from the numerous fragments we see projecting from the arenose mounds, have occupied an immense space. The remains of an extensive ancient city are thus, by this devastating cause, hid from view. But not only are the ruins buried, but the modern town is, I fear, doomed to the fate of Camart, in the vicinity of Carthage. On one side a sandhill is already on a level with the battlements of the wall, so that in a few more years the wind will discharge its arenose contents right into the town, and in a few years more still, the traveller will stand on a mound beneath which will be entombed the Moslem town of Ham-

mamet, together with the remaining traces of the ancient city of Adrumentum.

Temple, who visited this place, tells us—"On the sea side I remarked some remains of an ancient pier. Hammamet was the ancient *Civitas Siagitana*, as is proved from some inscriptions which were found here, and were not brought from Kasr ezeit, [Kasr Zaita, where Shaw places his *Civitas Siagitana*,] as some have supposed."

He then produces three inscriptions (which will be found in Appendix I., marked Nos. 50, 51, 52), and adds, "But none of them at present exist—at least, not at Hammamet."*

Now, I must say there is something very unfair in this dogmatic assertion of Sir Grenville Temple. He affirms that this is the *Civitas Siagitana* upon the authority of the inscriptions which he did not see, but which he copied † from Shaw, and yet he declares that they were not brought from Kasr Zaita, without giving us any reason for this assertion. Shaw states positively that they "were brought from the neighbouring ruins of Cassir Aseita, [Kasr Zaita,] the *Civitas Siagitana* of the ancients." But then he speaks so vaguely about his having actually seen them, that it seems more than probable that he himself only copied them from another source;‡ and from that source it does not appear at all that those inscriptions ever were at Hammamet.

I consider Shaw's laboured efforts to prove that Hercla occupies the site of Adrumentum, in opposition to Hammamet, as really undeserving of a serious refutation. The idea of his saying because we are told that Varus left Adrumentum in the second watch of the night, (about nine P.M.,) and arrived before Leptis early in the morning, "therefore there could have been no considerable distance betwixt Leptis and Adrumentum;" and since he considers Hammamet a

* Excursions in the Medit. vol. ii. p. 10.

† See Shaw's Travels, vol. i. pp. 180, 181.

‡ Shaw refers to Bochart, Chan. lib. i. c. 24.

considerable distance from Leptis, therefore Hammamet cannot be the place where Adrummentum stood. Now, the real distance between Leptis, or the modern Lejaab, and Adrummentum, or Hammamet, is fifty-five miles. Varus intended to surprise Cæsar's fleet, which was in a rather disordered state, before Leptis. To accomplish his design, it is only natural to suppose that he took advantage of a favourable wind, with the aid of which, and the assistance of oars, let us say, he only made seven miles per hour. Varus started about nine * at night, and, supposing that he reached Leptis at five in the morning (which, at the season of the year during which this occurred, is not only early, but is before daybreak), and we shall find that he accomplished a little more even than the actual distance required. But what really surprises me is that Dr. Shaw should have had the conscience to urge such an objection, when he himself made Hannibal ride a hundred and twelve miles in precisely the same space of time—eight hours. His other objection, regarding the long day's march of forty miles between Hammamet and Ruspina (which he says Cæsar's men, because they had to repel some sallies of the enemy in the morning, could not have accomplished), is readily silenced upon a simple reference to histories of ancient, and modern, military campaigns.† But if forty miles is too long a march for one day, I should like to know what those who agree with Dr. Shaw think of the march to which I have already alluded—between Adrummentum and Utica, with the additional piece of ten miles between Usceta and Adrummentum.

But I do not consider the mere fact of Hammamet being nearer to Utica than the other two towns a sufficient proof that here stood the ancient Adrummentum; nor even because others before Shaw, as Buno and the Sansons, have come to the conclusion that it does occupy that site. I have other reasons, which I will state as briefly as possible.

* *Vigilia secunda.* De Bell. Afr. c. lxii.

† The *Itinerary* is in this instance, as in numerous others, no guide.

1. The historian of the African war mentions the ports of the various maritime cities, but none of those does he denominate *Cothon* * except that of Adrumetum. A *cothon*, I have already said, is an excavated harbour which communicates by means of a channel with the sea, similar to that of Carthage. It was a naval and mercantile harbour, and it is to such a port that Virgil alludes—

“Hic portus alii effodiunt,” †

and of which Strabo ‡ makes mention. Indeed, the word *cothon* § refers to the island which was generally in the centre, round which wide circular channels were cut, so that vessels could go in and out without the necessity of turning. Now, clear and evident traces of such a *cothon* are found at Hammamet. The two wide channels, like deep beds of rivers, which I mentioned on my approach to the town, are undoubtedly those of the excavated harbour. The ruins of Adrumetum have been buried by the sand, but the sand could not choke up these channels; for the heavy winter rains, which supply torrents of water from the neighbouring heights, wash the deposits annually into the sea. The existence of traces of such a *cothon* goes a long way to prove that Hammamet stands upon the ruins of Adrumetum.

2. When the forces of Agathocles were besieging Adrumetum, we are informed that the Sicilian monarch lighted a

* We are told that Varus, on the occasion above referred to, “*Vigilia secunda Adrumeto ex Cothone egressus*.” Again, when his ships were chased by Cæsar, “*Adrumetum in Cothonem se universæ contulerunt* ;” and, again, that Cæsar burnt all the ships “*quæ erant extra Cothonem*,” and compelled the others to take refuge “*in Cothonem*.” De Bell. Afr. c. lxii. lxiii.

† *Æneid*. l. v. 427.

‡ In describing the coast the geographer speaks of Cape Taphitis, which he lays down correctly in the same latitude with Cosura or Pantellaria ; and adds, “Then follows the city Adrumes, in which there was also a naval arsenal—*ἔτα Αδρύμης πόλις, ἐν ἣ καὶ ναῦα ἦν*.” Lib. xvii. c. 111, § 16, Cassaub. p. 834.

§ It is a Phœnician word, and signifies “small,” “little,” and refers to the small island it always had in the centre.

number of fires on heights from which he could both see this town and Carthage.* This stratagem proved very advantageous to him; for the Adrumentians, believing that a strong reinforcement had arrived for the besiegers, at once surrendered the town, while, at the same time, the Carthaginians, who were about to lay siege to Tunis, thinking that the invading forces were marching to cut off their retreat, hastily retired within the walls of their own capital.

I would now ask which are the heights here referred to? Shaw answers, Zoghwaan, the loftiest mountain in the whole of this country; but he was evidently not aware that his Adrumentum, or Hercla, cannot be seen from that eminence, for nearer mountains intercept the view. But did he really think that the Carthaginians, or Adrumentians, could have been so alarmed at fires lit on that mountain, (which is no less than thirty miles from either place,) as to adopt such precipitate decisions? I cannot believe that he did. Moreover, there is no road, and there never was one, across Zoghwaan; so that if even fires had been seen on it, it would never have been supposed that they intimated the approach of the enemy. But the distance between Hammamet and Carthage is a little more than thirty miles; and from the heights, only two hours' ride from the former place, those two cities can be distinctly seen.

3. Again, *Adrumentum* is a name of Phœnician origin, and signifies, according to Scaliger, "*the hall of death*" (Atrium Mortis)—or (as I feel disposed to derive it from *Hedermot*) "*the chamber of death.*" An appalling name for a town, it will perhaps be said; but we ought to bear in mind that the Phœnicians, among other deities, worshipped Mot,† who, we are informed, was the same as Pluto, and he was probably the patron, or protecting divinity, of this town, in which he,

* Diod. Sic. lib. xx. p. 721.

† According to Sanchoniathan, Cronos deified his son *Mot*—*ἢν ὀνόματι καὶ Πλουτῶνα πόλιν κτες ἐνομάζουσι*. Euseb. Præp. Ev. 1, c. 10.

very likely, had a temple. Ominous, however, as this name sounds, it is surprising that the modern Arabic name retains very nearly the same signification. *Haima* means "a tent," and *mot* "death,"—*Haimamot* "the tent of death." * And when we consider that a "tent" is with the Arab "a hall, or "a chamber," I am quite justified in saying that the original name of the ancient town has been strictly handed down to us.

Such are my reasons for maintaining that this little Moslem town occupies the spot where once stood the famous city of Adrumentum, of which Smetius has this inscription :—*Colonia. Concordia. Ulpia. Triana. Aug. Frugifera. Hadrumetana*. And on the coins of this colony we find—*Colonia Concordia Julia Hadrumetana Pia*.

Adrumentum is one of the many African towns which the barbarous Vandals destroyed. It was, however, restored by Justinian, whose name it bore for a time. As the capital of *Byzacium*—a district so called from the original inhabitants, who had settled here before the Carthaginians—it certainly deserved to be called "the fruitful," for it was, and, to a great extent, still is, the granary of the country. The district was likewise called *Emporia*, probably from its having had the principal sea-ports, and the most flourishing towns, which carried on foreign trade, as well as regular commerce, with the interior and with central Africa.

Having now ascertained the true site of Adrumentum, I trust I may be permitted to say that I have succeeded in removing some geographical difficulties hitherto connected with the different towns mentioned in Cæsar's African campaign.

* It was customary to call towns after the names of the deities ; thus, *Sicca Veneria*, "the tent, or tabernacle, of Venus," the modern Kef. The city of Tunis appears also to have derived its name from *Tanith*, the Persian deity, whose worship was introduced into Africa at a very early period. See "Carthage and her Remains," chap. xii. p. 258.

The conqueror's march to Utica, the fate of the vanquished republican party—the death of Cato, of Scipio, of King Juba,—Cæsar's triumph and subsequent career—appertain to the pages of history, and for such a history we are now waiting from the pen of His Imperial Majesty of France.

The kingdom of Juba, through a portion of which we travelled, was converted into a province; and Crispus Sallustius, the author of the "Jugurthine War," was appointed to take charge of it, with the title of Proconsul.

CHAPTER XVI.

FAREWELL TO MY TENT.

A Strange Procession—An Ample Dinner—Scenery—The Graves of “the Forty”—Stronghold of “the Father of Tuaks”—Encouraging Advice—Contempt for Nazarenes—Settlement of Accounts—Farewell to my Tent.

WE were seated in a large whitewashed vaulted chamber of the government house before the walls of Hammamet, the windows of which command a fine view of the sea, and from them we could see all that either entered, or came out of, the gate of the town. The servants, placed at our disposal by the vice-governor, spontaneously resolved to make us acquainted with all the *élite* of the place, so that when any went in or came out of the gate, they readily volunteered to tell us the name, the family, and indeed the whole history of every individual. Fortunately but few made their appearance. What did we care whether a man's name was Mohammed or Ali, whether he owned the white house with a bench before it, and had a large garden on the Naabel road, &c., &c.?—Nothing. But, as we gave these domestics credit either for extreme good-nature, or for being actuated by a desire to do us some service for the anticipated gratuity, we suffered ourselves to be victimised, and patiently submitted to be instructed in “Who's who” of Hammamet. Presently, however, our turn came for actually seeking information from them. The sound of vocal and instrumental music became gradually more and more audible, and presently a procession

issued from the city gate of so strange a character, that we were at a loss to tell whether it was intended as a demonstration of mirth or of mourning—whether it was a marriage or a funeral procession.

On the shoulders of eight men a kind of palanquin, covered with red shawls, was moving on at the same measured, and rapid, pace with which the charitable and masked brethren of the *misericordia* hasten their fellow-creatures to their last resting-place. But this cannot possibly be a funeral, I said to myself, for on such occasions the Moslems chant only solemn dirges, and have no instrumental music; nor can it be a bridal procession, for, though it is accompanied by music, it looks too much like a funeral. One never loses by asking; and if we wish to learn, we ought never to be ashamed to ask. This is self-evident, and I resolved to act accordingly.

But I called in vain either for Mostafa, Ismain, or Hassan, who, it appeared, had scampered off, unnoticed by us, to join the mysterious train on its emerging from the town. But just then the vice-governor himself entered, and he willingly enlightened me on this point.

It appeared that the famous Moslem sect, the *Aisaweah*, one of whose menageries I have already noticed, have a stronghold here also. The day before our arrival at Hammamet they had one of their extraordinary meetings, or feeding reunions, during which the different animals feasted according to their peculiar inclinations. After such a display, it seems, it is customary for the governor to give them a treat more adapted for rational bipeds than thorns, wood, glass, and iron can be. His under-excellency presented them with some enormous dishes (about three feet in diameter) of *coscoso*, prepared according to the most approved fashion, and crowned them with a plentiful supply of meat. It was this gift which was carried in triumph from the governor's house in town to the grave of one

of their eminent saints, at a short distance from the house in which we were lodged. "There feasting and music," the governor said, "is to be kept up to a very late hour."

He laughed heartily when I told him what I had surmised, and then added :—

"After all, you were right, for what is a marriage but mirth, and they are going to make themselves merry; and what is a funeral but gloom; and if they reflect that they are feasting in the abode of death, they will be gloomy. A marriage and a funeral are thus combined."

The bustle and shouts of the servants, the rattling of plates, and the slamming of doors, clearly indicated the approach of our dinner, or rather supper. Presently the door of our vaulted room was thrown open, and in tottered Mustapha and Ismain, bearing a table, ready spread, and groaning under the weight of the amply charged dishes, surmounted with their conical straw hats, or national dish covers. Hassan followed with a basket of bread, &c.; and the whole banquet was to be served under the direction of our jovial Said. The vice-governor himself superintended the placing of the table, the height of which did not exceed one foot from the ground. The straw hats were now removed from the different dishes to exhibit their contents; and these clearly proved that his excellency had determined to gratify us. We had asked for fish, and fish our host certainly gave us. Here was fish soup, boiled fish, stewed fish, fried fish, broiled fish, and some other kinds of fish—another edition of the Irishman's favourite meal—boiled pork, roast pork, pig's head, and another piece of pork. We had here variety and choice enough to satisfy appetites like ours, which had been so repeatedly tantalised on this journey. We made a very hearty supper, which evidently gave great satisfaction to our generous entertainer, who, I may add, continued very affable to the last moment of our stay at Hammamet.

Starting from this town, we traversed again the sandy belt in its immediate vicinity ; and emerging from the gardens and plantations, we entered upon very picturesque and bold mountain scenery. Its real beauty, however, only commenced beyond the *Wad Elfowara*, a small stream which, when we crossed it, contained but little water. The ascent, through a regular forest, for nearly two hours, is occasionally intersected by wild ravines ; but the traveller is all the time entertained by very fantastically shaped hills, on his right and on his left, some of whose red-coloured rocky tops, rent and torn into every conceivable form, give them the appearance of being crowned by ruined feudal castles. So perfectly true to reality does this seem, that the illusion is only discovered when within a few hundred yards of them.

Towards the highest point of this ascent the scenery gradually softens down, and here we meet, on the different gentle slopes, with numerous patches of cultivation. From the summit we have the view of which Agathocles took the strategic advantage which proved so disastrous to his enemy.

These hills and wild ravines formed probably the boundary between Zeugitania and Byzacium ; for Pliny states, that after Neapolis (the modern Naabel) "commences the second division of Africa, properly so called ;" and adds, that those who inhabit this second division, or "Byzacium, have the name of Liby-Phœnecians."*

Descending into the plain, we passed over the ruins of what must have been a large town, but nothing besides the foundations of numerous houses are now left. Its position in a plain facilitated the removal of its stones and the marble, with which it might have been ornamented, for building and embellishing houses, and palaces, in the towns near it, as well as in the present capital of this country. May this not be the Siagitana, or Siagol, about which we have heard so much ?

* Hist. Nat., lib. v. c. 4.

We found this vast plain well cultivated, and greatly enlivened by being studded over with numerous clusters of tents, or small encampments, varying from three to twenty "hair houses" each. But there was one spot in this plain which had more attraction about it than the rest; and as our baggage horses appeared somewhat fatigued from the rugged ascent, we resolved to halt here a couple of hours on their account, and to take a sketch of *Elarbaain*, "The forty," its proper name.

Elarbaain is so called from its containing "forty" graves; but whether of the "forty thieves," or forty saints, seemed some difficulty to settle. Mr. Ferriere maintained the former; but in this he was strenuously opposed by Said, who, though always cheerful and merry, was nevertheless a staunch true believer. I proposed to compound the difference; but against such a compromise Said strongly protested.

"*Moad Allah! Allah forbid!*" he exclaimed; "who ever heard of saints being thieves? *Naal eschaitaan!* cursed be Satan! for such an idea. Come, O Moslem!" he continued, addressing himself to our veteran *hamba*, "come, explain to him who *the forty* were; you know I am an illiterate man, and cannot do it. Don't suffer him to remain in error; and don't let him be under the impression that *the forty* were partly saints and partly thieves."

Having adjusted his cloak, and thrown the encumbering portion over his left shoulder, so as to have the right hand free, while with the left he grasped his sword, the stately veteran complied with the invitation, and spake on this wise:—

"Before his demise, the prophet commissioned his associates to propagate the truth, and to proclaim to the uttermost parts of the earth that there is no other Allah besides Allah, and that Mohammed is his apostle. The infidels resisted the armies which consecrated themselves to accom-

plish what the prophet had enjoined, and involved them in numerous bloody conflicts. The supporters and advocates of false religions congregated in vast hosts to oppose the progress of Islaam; and those inveterate haters of light, those dogs of Jews, aided, and abetted, every kind of error in opposition to the true religion. Urged on by the Jews, the people who had the dominion in this country mustered an army of millions, with the determination to annihilate the true believers; and it was in this immense plain that the two parties, the defenders of truth and the defenders of error, met.

"When the faithful beheld the vast hosts drawn up in battle array, they became faint-hearted, and their courage failed; for they were only as a drop in the sea compared to the enemy ready to engage them.

"'Think you it is your might that has thus far conquered?' said lord Okba, addressing the Moslems. 'Was it not the strong arm of Allah which has made you hitherto victorious? Has he not made us vanquish the Jews in Khaibar, throughout Arabia, and in Egypt? And are you now terrified because you see a multitude of idolaters, headed by a few obdurate Jews? Is the power of Allah restricted? Can he only conquer by means of large armies? Is he not equally potent when but few are on his side? Moslems! rise to a man, and let us show this vast multitude of infidels the overwhelming power of the true religion. Follow me! and, in the name of the prophet! we shall vanquish them.'

"But of the whole army of the faithful, only forty rose to defend the standard of the prophet, and these manifested such prodigious prowess, that the infidels began to retreat. On the sight of this the Moslem army perceived that it was indeed Allah who fought for them, and their courage revived. They charged the enemy with an astonishing ardour. A terrible slaughter ensued, and the true believers obtained a sanguinary, but a complete, victory.

"After the battle the commander of the faithful desired to reward the forty for their zeal in the cause of Allah; but they could nowhere be found. Diligent search was made for them, which resulted in their bodies being discovered on this spot, among immense heaps of unbelievers, whom they had slain.

" 'Bury them,' said the commander of the faithful, 'where they were found, and let their united graves be a monument of their valour to future generations, and an incentive to true believers. Allah has taken their souls to himself, to reward them according to their true merit. Their deeds and their example, I feel confident, have gained us thousands of such valiant warriors and champions for the true faith. Bury them, with due honours, on the spot where they fell and where they were found.'

"The forty were accordingly buried here; and these stones, as well as these palms, indicate the precise locality where their mortal remains are deposited. May the portion of the faithful be ours!"

Near "the forty" are some ancient remains, but very little of these is seen above ground. The foundations of a small theatre, and of other buildings, can be distinctly traced.

On leaving the tombs of the militant missionaries of Mohammed, I mounted the seventh horse on this journey; and as I desired to try his paces, I started in advance of our party. An olive grove, into which I galloped, separated us entirely; and as I observed a pile of attractive ruins to my left, I rode in that direction. In the grove I observed two Arabs, engaged with their hatchets in lopping the branches of trees. Just then I found my progress impeded by thick hedges of cactus. I, therefore, approached the men to ask of them whether there was not a way by which I could enter to inspect those ruins. Having supplied me with the desired information, one of them added—

"We never go there, for the place is full of wild boars ;

but if you wish to risk your life, the path we indicated will conduct you to the *Kherbaat*, the ruins."

Following the path, I came to a narrow opening in the hedge, and with difficulty I contrived to get my horse through it, without either his or my being wounded by its protruding thorns. These hedges are indeed effectual barriers, and are a much better protection than even stone walls. The latter can be battered down or scaled; but the cactus, whether standing or prostrate, presents nearly the same obstacles. The present hedge was about fifteen feet in height, and as many in thickness.

I certainly did not consider my trouble repaid, for I found that what appeared from a distance an imposing mass of ruins, was only of Saracenic origin, built partly of Roman materials, and partly of brick. I noticed on the ground several broken marble shafts, and two graceful composite capitals; but the different structures were so overgrown, or rather encumbered, with cactus, that, with the exception of a lofty round brick tower, built on a base of square cut stone, I could form no conception of their nature.

But though this spot offers no great gratification to the archæologist, it ought to prove very attractive to the sportsman. On passing by one of these impenetrable clusters of the prickly pear, as it is called, I distinctly heard the grunting of a whole family of boars. So far, therefore, what the woodmen said is true. The boars have ensconced themselves among these ruins, but they did not molest me. If the Moslem teaching be correct, then I may presume that the "father of tusks" understood full well that I was peaceably disposed, and that the revolver in my hand was a defensive weapon against malicious bipeds, who are far more to be dreaded than grunting parents tending their grunting progeny.

It was to this very neighbourhood that my excellent friend, Mr. George Bishop, during his stay with me at Carthage,

went to a boar hunt, in company with some officers belonging to the squadron of the late lamented Lord Lyons. Their time being limited, my friend's proverbial generosity operated effectually upon the Arab's cupidity, and the prospect of additional presents of *floos* (money) increased their activity to such an extent, that they soon succeeded in proving to the Nazarenes that the bristly monster was in the vicinity.

Anxious to be placed in a good position, so as not to miss the boar, Mr. Bishop primed one of the natives with a canister of the best English gunpowder—the most acceptable gift that can be offered to an Arab.

"Follow me," said the delighted sportsman, "and I shall show you the spot where the animal is sure to pass."

Having brought him to the place, the man added—

"The *khaloof* will, to a certainty, traverse this ground. Last year I stationed a countryman of yours also here; and he did, as I feel sure you will, find my words true. The 'father of tusks' rushed furiously out from this very jungle, and, in his terrible rage, he lacerated the Nazarene most fearfully. Keep your post, and mind be on your guard!"

After this encouragement, and admonition, the man ran off to attend to his duty with the rest of the beaters.

The hunt not only proved successful, but my friend managed to avoid the dangerous encounter to which the hunter of the previous year was exposed. A lieutenant of the "Royal Albert" shot two boars, and Mr. Bishop not only escaped falling a victim to the *khaloof*, but he brought back to Carthage a very acceptable portion of "a venerable mother of tusks."

When I re-entered the olive grove, I found our old *hamba* galloping about in search of me; and when he observed me, the old man exclaimed—

"*Binnabi*, by the prophet! you are a *said errejaal*, a lord of men. What courage! neither to dread savage man, nor the madness of wild beasts. Verily, I had serious mis-

givings about you, for I heard from those men yonder [the woodmen], that no one ever attempts to enter this place—*Binnabi*! you are courageous. *Sahait, sahait!* Well done, well done!”

This dreaded place, the stronghold of the “father of tusks,” is called *Hansheer Jadedah*, and is situated a little way to the left of the road between *Elarbaain*, “the forty,” and the village *Forka*.

Passing through the last-named village, we soon reached Grumbalia, which is only three miles distant. The sheikh of this village was absent; however, the individual who was in charge was willing to act for him. But he placed such a miserable hovel at our disposal, that, with all our readiness to rough it, we were compelled to enter a protest against such quarters. He then took us to a large, well-furnished room, and said—

“You may have this, if you like; but none of your Moslem attendants must enter it.”

“And why do you object to our servants entering it?” I inquired.

“On account of the women,” was the reply.

I understood his meaning. Upon the principle that beasts of burden may enter the consecrated mosque without defiling the sacred edifice—upon the same principle may unbelievers, and slaves, look upon Moslem women without causing any infringement upon the prophet’s prohibition. A Moslem woman is not to be seen by men, unless they are her nearest relatives; but, according to orthodox Moslem teaching, neither a Nazarene, a Jew, a Pagan, nor a slave, is a man; he may therefore look at her in the same way as the true believer’s despised animal, the dog, does. But upon such terms the well-furnished room had no charms for us. We ordered our tents to be pitched on a green sward, between the moral deadness of the living, and the *jebana*, “the cemetery,” the abode of the dead.

My mentioning the word *slave* may convey the erroneous impression, that slavery is still prevalent in this country. Slavery is abolished, but its existence is not yet obliterated from the memory of the inhabitants, who sincerely regret the cessation of the institution. It was abolished mainly through my own instrumentality; secretly, however, slaves are still found in the country: and on this very journey I learnt that certain parties, holding prominent Government employments, have been concerned in the traffic within the last year or two. Agents were actually sent to Ghedames, and the slaves were brought to the capital, by way of *Jereed*. For obvious reasons, I withhold the name of my informant.

As *Grumbalia* was our last station, I resolved to settle all little accounts with our servants, so as to put an effectual stop to future *grumbling* about money matters. Every one communicated orally what he had disbursed; but when Said's turn came I found, to my great surprise, that he had recourse to papers, and had not, like the others, depended on the powers of memory.

"I never knew that you were able to write, Said. Who taught you this accomplishment?" I asked.

"I taught myself," he replied, and laughing merrily he handed me his account, of which this is an abstract:—

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Finding that it puzzled me, he repeated his ringing laugh; and when he regained his equilibrium sufficiently to enable him to speak, he said—

"You see, after all, I know something that you are ignorant of."

He then explained the mysterious characters. The perpendicular lines merely divide the days; the circles signify piastres, the half circles half-piastres; and the dots, caroobs, sixteen of which go to a piastre. He only taxed his memory with the names of the places where the different items were disbursed.

About the wretched city of Tunis, for which we made our way by Hammam Elenf, it is needless to detain the reader. As the capital of this country it certainly affords ample scope for dissertations on its passive ruler, its Mamlook government, its domestic and foreign policy, its anomalous position with reference to the Porte, its withering administrative elements, its legitimate destiny, and its probable fate. But these topics can only prove interesting to the few who have it, to a great extent, in their power either to uphold or to suffer to decay, to save or to retard the doom of such petty states. To the general reader, however, they are not of sufficient interest, and to the notice of the few alluded to such subjects ought, of course, to be presented in a different form.

What just then concerned me more than Tunisian politics was to see my tent struck for the last time. The comfort this canvas "house" afforded us on this often tedious, hazardous, and cheerless journey, had endeared to us every stitch of its frail walls. It was a home in a strange land. In the dreary desert, and in the verdant dale; in the arid waste, and in the luxuriant mountain recess; on the barren heights, and in the romantic ravine; in the wild and expansive plain, and in the gentle, and lovely, valley it was our home—a constant and yet an ever-varying home. Amidst wretchedness and desolation, misery and destitution, we were not deprived of the consolation of a home. Pitched near dens of savage beasts, and surrounded by the abodes of inimical, and ferocious, men, our tent cheered us with the charms of a home. During the prevalence of the cruel, bleak, and piercing gales from the north, and the raging of the merciless burning blasts from the south, we were not without the shelter of a home. The sunshine and the deluging African rains found us alike provided with a home. It was a primitive home, undoubtedly, but for a traveller resolved to rough it, and whose wants are but few, the canvas house afforded all the

attractions of a homely home. But, let me add, a tent is not a mere covert from the inclemencies of the weather, and a simple rude home,—it has fascinations, and enchanting allurements peculiar to it, which the gorgeous and stately edifice does not possess. It is not like the ponderous mansion, a perpetual fixture, but by being readily shifted from one locality to another, it presents its migrating inmates with ever-varying views and constant changes of scene: and, moreover, no habitation can convey to its owners such a complete, and so perfect, an idea of true and manly independence as tent life does. It was, therefore, with reluctance and great regret that I bade farewell to my tent and returned again to civilised life, with its houses of iron, wood, stones, bricks and mortar.

APPENDIX I.

INSCRIPTIONS REFERRED TO IN THIS WORK.

No. 1.—*From Jugar.*

. . . . RORISH TOTIVSQVE DIVINAE DOMVS
EIVS CIVITAS ZYCCHARA FECIT ET DEDICAVIT.

No. 2.

. IREGINAE
. OSALV.E
. . . . IFDIVINER.AE
. . . NTIF MAXIM
. . OSVISIMPENSIS

No. 3.

. . VMMVLI . PLIC SIPICVNI

No. 4.—*From Elcharoob.*

D. M. S.
MIVLEVS
SERVANIA
NVSFLPP
VIRHONES
TVSVIXIT
ANNISLXXVI
MENSESV
H.S.E.

APPENDIX I.

No. 5.

.
 . VSTISSVFFRAGIISA—DICRE
 . ICDIC IMO
 . MIO

 . OVAMEFFI.IEMPRONMO..
 . VBVSRESTITISFLAVIO . . .
 . CAVPODIOSVBVEXIT
 . DVLICISPARENSCAVBVSET
 . AMABILISPATRIAEGRECIAM
 . OFFICIISVIINPERPETVYMAF . IS
 . CVLORYMOTESTATAMEMORIAM

No. 6.—*From Ain Furnah.*

D. M. S.
 PERELLIAL
 FILAIAIOR
 PIAVIXITAN
 NISLXXXVI
 H.S.

No. 7.—*From Moghrawa.*

MIT
 . . FILARI
 PVIXITAN
 NISXXXV

No. 8.

D. M. S.
 XVALERIVS
 . FILEXTRICA
 TRICATVSPIVS
 VIXITALVIIHSE

No. 9.

CA . SARI . . .
 SACRI

No. 10.—*From Hammam.*

D. N. PLAVALENTI
 NIANUS . . . AUG . .

No. 11.

. . . . OVITAROSVAL SO
 ACERTIS
 SABINVSERAT
 MINVSICITUM
 MATVSMVTI. MA. . . .
 RECAVDA
 NANS
 MD. A . . SIIADVMBRAS
 VVENISMVNIRIDECO . .
 SV. PRIMO.
 CENVITFINIT.
 . . . BBASEPVITVM

No. 12.—*From Mokthar.*

GIVLIO. PROCVLO. FORTVNATIANO. PATER
 FILIO. MEMORIAE. TITVLVM. SIBI. EREDIO. REDDID . . .
 IN. ANNIS. VIGINTIDVOBVSQVOSPARCE . . . RA . . . NTEDITO
 INNVMERISVITAE LAVDIBVSOMNEMAETATEMREDDIT
 NAMPVERPVBERTATISEXEMPTIAOPTVMABENEVIVENDODEDIT
 PVBERTATISINITIA. IVVENILI. CORDE. EDIDIT
 IVVENTVTIS. VITAM. MAXVMA. EXORNAVIT. GLOR.
 SIC. NAMQVE. VT. IN. EXIGVO. TEMPORE. MVLTH. ANNIS. VIXERIT
 PVER. INGENIO. VALIDVS. PVBES. IVDICVS. IVVENIS. ORATORFVIT
 ET. PVBLICAS. AVRIS. TOGATAS. STVDIIS. DELECTAVIT. SVIS
 IN. PARVO. ITAQVE. TEMPORE. VITA . . . IS. LAVDIBVS
 IN. QVESTIO. PATRIO. OBERE. IVVE . . . S. VT. SENEX
 PERPETVA. QVIESCIT. REQVIE. CONDITO . . . RATO. SPIRITV

No. 13.

IM RI . . VI . . VA . . FAM. TRAJANO. OP. IMO. AVG . . .
 GE . . . ICOPARTHICO. PM . . . ES. XX. IMP. XII. COS. VI
 SEIM . . OS. DEDIC. D. D. P. P

No. 14.

IMPCAESARIDIVIHADRI
ANII. DIVII

No. 15.

COCCIIAE
BASSVLAE
NVMISIAE
PRÆVLAE
M. MVNAT
POPILIA
NI DD
PP

No. 16.

D. M. S.
AVRELIVS
HONORAT
VSVIXAN
IIMVI
DV

No. 17.—*From Medad.*

FELICISSIMOLAECVLODOMINORVMNOSTRORVMCAVRVA.. ERIB..
..... MELVALERICONSTANTIET
... ISSIMORVMCAESE.. CONSILVMQVORVMVIRIE.. PROVIDE..
OMNIAINME.VSRITORMAN.VRPORTICVMCMARCVSVOQVAEFORO
[AMBIENDODE. RAT
ASOIOCAEPIAM... PRAV.. ARISTOBVLVSVCPROCOSAFRICAEPER
[INSTA... MACRINISOS
SIANTCVI.CVMEODEMEDICAVTC.RANTE D.D.P.P.

No. 18.—*From Thala.*

ANTONIAA
MIAPIAVIX
SITANNIS
LXXXX
H.E.S.

No. 19.

The next forms part of a garden-wall—

. LIAAMATA
SACERDOS. M
AGNA. V. A. C*
H.S.E. IIFELIX*
IISVERVNT

No. 20.

Over a doorway and surmounted by a crescent—

L. VALERIV
S. BLANDV
S. L. F. VIX.
ANIS. XXV
H.S.E.

No. 21.

The following formed a corner-stone in another garden-wall—

DIIS MANI
BUS SAC
MAGNIAPRI
MAPIAVIXS
ITANNISXVII
H.S.

No. 22.

And from a prostrate, and partly fractured, stone to S.S.W., where remains of sarcophagi are also found, and where, probably, was the necropolis, I copied—

SARON
V. A.
LXV

No. 23.—*From Hansheer Kokaash.*

ARRANIVSAVGVSTALIS . . .
RARISSIMITITVLOSINPOSVIT

APPENDIX I.

No. 24.

.....
 IA VN
 ATVS. V XIIIH. S. E.
 ARRANIVS . . . VSTALIS
 FILIOHOMMIVIRO

No. 25.—*From Hydra.*

CVPPI

 . . CO
 . . HA
 . . OCISFELICISII. VADE . .
 VALE. . S. . OVEP. .

No. 26.

IMP. CAES. L. SEPTIMO. SEVERO. PERTINACI. AVG. P. M.
 TRIB. POT. III. IMP. V. COS. II. P. P. PARTHICO. ARA
 BICO. ET. PARTHICO. AZIABENICO. D. D. P. P.

No. 27.

IMPCAESL. S.
 PERP. . . ALISAVG. .
 C. P. P. M. P. P.
 P. P.

No. 28.

D.M.S.
 . . . ANNIVS
 MAXIMVS
 VIXITANNISLIII
 MANSIEBVS
 H.S.E.
 IVLIA. STOIIS
 MARITO . .
 POSVIT

No. 29.

VICTORIA
AVG. SAC
MARCELLINVS . . *
DONATVSSA
CERDOS. V. S
L A

No. 30.—*From Tebessa.*

. . . AMENTO. CORNELI EGRILIANI
PRAEF LEG XIII GEMINAE QVO TESTAMEN
T. EX HS CCL MIL. N ARCVN CVM STATVIS
. . . . EN TETRASTYLIS DVOBVS CVM STATVIS
. . . . T MINERVAE QVO IN FORO FIERIPRAE
. ETER ALIA HS CCL MIL. N. QVAE. REI. P. ITA. VT
. MNASIA POPVLO PVBLICE IN THERMIS PRAE
. D KAPITOL. ARG. LIB. CLXX ID EST LANCES IIII
. RI LIB XIII ID EST PIHAL. III SCYPHOS II
. . . OM. . M SECVNDVM VOLVNTATEM EIVS IN CON
. CORNELI FORTVNATVS ET QVINT. FRATRES ET
. O SIGNAVERVNT ET OPVS PERFECERVNT

No. 31.

DIVO. PIO. SEVERO. PATRI
IMP. CAES. M. AVREL. SEVER. ANTONINI
PII. FELICIS. AVG. ARAB. ADIAB. PARTH. MAX. BRIT
MAX. GERM. MAX. PONT. MAX. TRIB. POT. XVII. IMP. II
COS. III. PROCOS. PP.

No. 32.

IVLIAE DOMNAE. AVG. MATRI
CAST . . . M. ET. AVG. ET. SEN.
ET. PATRIAE.

No. 33.

IMPCAESAR
DIVINERVENEOS
DIVITRAIANIPARTHICIF.
TRAIANVSHADRIANVS

* The italics show that in that part the inscription is illegible.

APPENDIX I.

AVG. PONT. MAX. TRIB.
 POT. VII. COS. III
 VIAMACARTHAGINE
 THEVESTEMSTRAVIT
 PERLEG. IIIAVG.
 P. METELLIOSECVNDO
 LEG. AVG. PR. PR.*

No. 34.—*From Cassareen.*

M. FLAVIVS SE
 CVNDVS FILIVS
 FECIT
 L FLAVIO SECVN
 DO PATRITIO
 VIXIT. ANN. CXII H. S. E.
 FLAVIAE VRBANAE
 MATRI PIAE. VIX.
 ANN. CV. H. S. E. &c.

No. 35.

COLONIAE. SCILLITANAE.

Q. MANLIVS. FELIX. C. FILIVS. PAPIRIA. RECEPTVS. POST. ALIA.
 [ARCVN. QVOQVE. CVM. IN. SIGNIBVS. COLO . . .
 SOLITA. IN. PATRIAM. LIBERALITATE. EREXIT. OB. CVIVS. DEDI-
 [CATIONEM. DECVRIONIBVS. SPORTVLAS. CVRIIS. EPVLA . . .

No. 36.

CLEMENTIA. TEMPORIS. ET. VIRTUTE
 DIVINA. D. D. N. N. CONSTANTINI. ET. LICIMINVS . . .
 SEMP. AVG. ORNAMENTA. LIBERTA. RESTITVTA. ET. VETERA. CIVI
 TATIS. INSIGNA. CVRANTE. CEIONTO. APRONIANO. CV.
 A. PATRO. CIVITATIS.

* This inscription is from the MS. to which reference has been made. Its unknown author says, that this "columna traída de Carthago en el baño del Bey dicho St. Leonardo." But the column has since disappeared.

No. 37.—*From Feryana.*

IMPCAESM
AVRELIVSSE
VERVSANTONI
NVSPIVSAVG
PARTICIMAXBRT
MAXAFR . . MAX
TRI LX
M III
PP

No. 38.

D.M.S.
QVINTAIVPA
EVIXITANE
XXXMIII

No. 39.—*From Sailla.*

D.D.N . . PR . . . V . . . PMAX
INVIC SA . . . GF . . EM . . CONSTANTIO . . MAXIMIANO
BISSIMIS . CAESARIBUS . P.D.N VGVSTO
ISTICINPROVIN . . ISVA TVTO . .

No. 40.

. . . ONS . VIAPI PR . . .

No. 41.

. IVIPI NI . .
. . . DIV . . . RVAPRONEP R . .
. . . INO . . . DO . . NTMAX . . . IIPP . .

No. 42.

. . IVIANTONI
NI . AVG
PP . F . DD . PP .

APPENDIX I.

No. 43.

IMPCAESARAVG
 ONIN

 . . SVFFETVLENTIVM . . .
 . . HANCEDIFICAVERVNT
 ETDD. PP.

No. 44.

M. C. LINARIOPROCONS. . .
 REIPVBLICAE . . . ROMAEOB
 PIETATEMETOBEDIENTIAM .
 DD. PP.

No. 45.

. IVI NI
 . . . DIV . . RVEPRON . . . R
 . . . NO . . BRITMAX . . PP

46.

. . . IVE . . O . . IE
 FE
 SA
 DONA

47.

M. AELIOAV
 RELIOVERO
 CAES. COS. II
 IMI . . . AESIAE
 I. HADRIANI
 ANTONINIAVG
 PIL. PP F. DD. PP.

48.—*From Cairwaan.*

..... ANTONIN . . . FIL
 VREL . . . ANTONINI
 DIVI NERVAE ADNEPOTIS
 TAE . . . DEDICAVERYNT

49.

HIC MAXIMI . . I
 RATORIS CAESAR
 DIVI TRAIAN IADNEP .
 CAE . . . D . . FEC. RV.

50.—*From Hammamet, or from Kasr Zaita (doubtful).*

“VICTORIAE ARMINIACAE PARTHICAE MEDICAE AVGVSTORVM
 A. SACRVM CIVITAS SIAGITANA DD. PP.”

51.

“ET PRO SENATV POPVLOQVE SIAGITANO CELE IMLICONIS
 GVLISSAE F. SVFFES.”

52.

“CIVITAS SIAGITANORVM DD. PP.”

At Casareem	Bar. Aneroid,	27-24 10ths.	Therm. Fahr. scale,	at 5 p.m.	67		Light N.W. wind, and rain.
" Kerat Elkelb	"	27	"	6-15 p.m.	67	"	Light N. wind.
"	"	26-9	"	"	54	"	Ditto.
" Feryana	"	27-4	"	"	84	"	Calm.
"	"	27-3	"	"	62	"	Calm and clear.
" Shaitla	"	27-7	"	"	77	"	} Calm.
"	"	27-6	"	"	59	"	
" Gilna	"	28-1	"	"	61	"	N. wind.
"	"	28-3	"	"	68	"	Calm and clear.
" Haajeb Elayoon	"	28-5	"	noon	83	"	} A gentle N. wind.
"	"	29-5	"	"	92	"	
" Cairwaan	"	29-4	"	"	99	"	A S.W. breeze.
" Zamala of the Savasa	"	29-3	"	"	72	"	Gentle S.E. wind.
" Eljem	"	29-1	"	"	74	"	Northerly wind.
" Kesar-Saaf	"	29-5	"	"	72	"	Calm, heavy rain at night.
" Mehedeah	"	29-6	"	"	72	"	Calm, and occasional showers.
" Monasteer	"	29-7	"	"	72	"	Showery.
"	"	29-6	"	"	74	"	Fine and calm.
"	"	29-6	"	"	74	"	Fine.
" Susa	"	29-6	"	"	75	"	Hot S.E. wind (sirocco).
" Hercla	"	29-5	"	"	80	"	Sirocco.
" Hammanet	"	29-7	"	"	74	"	Light S.E. wind.
" Arbasin	"	29-7	"	"	74	"	Occasionally cloudy.

III.

LIST OF BIRDS.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
<i>Gyps fulvus</i> , <i>Sav.</i>	Griffon vulture.	Vautour griffon.
<i>Vultur monachus</i> , <i>L.</i>		
<i>Vultur nubicus</i> , <i>H. Smith.</i>	Nubian vulture.	
<i>Neophron percnopterus</i> , <i>Sav.</i>	Egyptian vulture.	Catharte alimoche.
<i>Gypsaetus barbatus</i> , <i>Tem.</i>	Lammergeyer.	Gypsaète barbu.
<i>Aquila chrysaetos</i> , <i>Br.</i>	Golden eagle.	Aigle royal.
<i>Aquila heliaca</i> , <i>Sav.</i>	Imperial eagle.	Aigle impériale.
<i>Aquila naevia</i> , <i>Br.</i>	Spotted eagle.	Aigle criard.
<i>Aquila rapax</i> , <i>Tem.</i>	Tawny eagle.	
<i>Aquila Bonellii</i> , <i>Tem.</i>	Bonelli's eagle.	Aigle à queue barré.
<i>Aquila pennata</i> , <i>Gm.</i>	Booted eagle.	Aigle botté.
<i>Haliaetus albicilla</i> , <i>Sav.</i>	Sea eagle.	Pygargue.
<i>Pandion haliaetus</i> , <i>Sav.</i>	Osprey.	Balbusard.
<i>Circus gallicus</i> , <i>Vieill.</i>	Short-toed eagle.	Aigle Jean le blanc.
<i>Buteo tachardus</i> , <i>Vieill.</i>	African buzzard.	Buse Africain.
<i>Pernis apivorus</i> , <i>Cuv.</i>	Honey buzzard.	Bondrée commune.
<i>Milvus regalis</i> , <i>Br.</i>	Kite.	Milan royal.
<i>Milvus niger</i> , <i>Br.</i>	Black kite.	Milan noir.
<i>Milvus egyptius</i> , <i>Gr.</i>	Parasitic kite.	Milan d'Egypte.
<i>Elanus melanopterus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Black-shouldered elanus.	Élanion.
<i>Falco sacer</i> , <i>Schl.</i>	Sakk'r falcon.	Faucon sacre.
<i>Falco lanarius</i> , <i>Schl.</i>	Lanner.	Faucon lanier.
<i>Falco barbarus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Barbary falcon.	Faucon de Barbarie.
<i>Hypotriorchis eleonora</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Eleanora's falcon.	Faucon Éléonore.
<i>Hypotriorchis subbuteo</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Hobby.	Hobereau.
<i>Hypotriorchis æsalon</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Merlin.	Emerillon.
<i>Erythropus vesperinus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Red-footed falcon.	Faucon Kobez.
<i>Tinnunculus alaudarius</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Kestrel.	Cresserelle.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
<i>Tinnunculus cenchris</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Lesser kestrel.	Cresserellette.
<i>Accipiter nisus</i> , <i>Pall.</i>	Sparrow hawk.	Épervier.
<i>Circus aeruginosus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Marsh harrier.	Busard des marais.
<i>Circus cyaneus</i> , <i>Bois.</i>	Hen harrier.	Busard Saint Martin.
<i>Circus cinerascens</i> , <i>Cuv.</i>	Montagu's harrier.	Busard Montagu.
<i>Circus pallidus</i> , <i>Sykes.</i>	Pallid harrier.	Busard blafard.
<i>Athene meridionalis</i> , <i>Riss.</i>	Southern little owl.	Chevêche meridionale.
<i>Scops zorca</i> , <i>Gm.</i>	Scops eared owl.	Hibou scops.
<i>Bubo maximus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Eagle owl.	Hibou grand duc.
<i>Bubo ascalaphus</i> , <i>Sav.</i>		Hibou ascalaphe.
<i>Syrnium aluco</i> , <i>Sav.</i>	Tawny owl.	Chouette hulotte.
<i>Otus vulgaris</i> , <i>Flem.</i>	Eared owl.	Hibou moyen duc.
<i>Strix flammea</i> , <i>L.</i>	Barn owl.	Chouette effraie.
<i>Caprimulgus europæus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Night-jar.	Engoulevent ordinaire.
<i>Caprimulgus ruficollis</i> , <i>Temm.</i>	Red-necked night-jar.	Engoulevent à collier roux.
<i>Cypselus melba</i> , <i>Ill.</i>	Alpine swift.	Martinet à ventre blanc.
<i>Cypselus apus</i> , <i>Ill.</i>	Swift.	Martinet de muraille.
<i>Upupa epops</i> , <i>L.</i>	Hoopoe.	Huppe puput.
<i>Oxylophus glandarius</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Great spotted cuckoo.	Coucou geai.
<i>Cuculus canorus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Common cuckoo.	Coucou gris.
<i>Yunx torquilla</i> , <i>L.</i>	Wryneck.	Torcol ordinaire.
<i>Picus numidicus</i> , <i>Malh.</i>	Numidian woodpecker.	Pic de Numidie.
<i>Gecinus Vaillantii</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Vaillant's woodpecker.	
<i>Alcedo ispida</i> , <i>L.</i>	Kingfisher.	Martin-pêcheur.
<i>Merops apiaster</i> , <i>L.</i>	Bee-eater.	Guépier.
<i>Coracias garrula</i> , <i>L.</i>	Roller.	Rollier.
<i>Troglodytes europæus</i> , <i>Cuv.</i>	Wren.	Troglodyte ordinaire.
<i>Certhia familiaris</i> , <i>L.</i>	Creeper.	Grimpereau.
<i>Sitta europæa</i> , <i>L.</i>	Nuthatch.	Sittelle torchepot.
<i>Parus major</i> , <i>L.</i>	Great tit.	Mésange charbonnière.
<i>Cyanistes ultramarinus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>		Mésange d'Algérie.
<i>Melanocorypha calandra</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Calandra lark.	Alouette calandra.
<i>Alauda calandrella</i> , <i>Bonell.</i>	Short-toed lark.	Alouette calandrelle.
<i>Alauda deserti</i> , <i>Licht.</i>	Desert short-toed lark.	
<i>Alauda arvensis</i> , <i>L.</i>	Skylark.	Alouette des champs.
<i>Alauda arborea</i> , <i>L.</i>	Woodlark.	Alouette lulu.
<i>Galerida cristata</i> , <i>Boie.</i>	Crested lark.	Alouette cochevis.
<i>Galerida abyssinica</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Abyssinian lark.	
<i>Galerida macrorhynca</i> , <i>Tristram.</i>	Long-billed crested lark.	

LATIN.	ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
<i>Galerida isabellina</i> , Bp.	Isabel lark	Alouette Isabelline.
<i>Certhilauda desertorum</i> , Bp.	Desert long-billed lark.	Alouette bifasciée.
<i>Agrodroma campestris</i> , Bp.	Tawny pipit.	Pipit rousselina.
<i>Anthus pratensis</i> , Bechst.	Meadow pipit.	Pipit farlouse.
<i>Anthus arboreus</i> , Bechst.	Tree pipit.	Pipit des buissons.
<i>Budytes cinereocapilla</i> , Bp.	Ashy-headed wagtail.	Bergeronette à tête grise.
<i>Budytes flava</i> , Bp.	Yellow wagtail.	Bergeronette printanière.
<i>Pallenura sulphurea</i> , Bp.	Grey wagtail.	Bergeronette jaune.
<i>Motacilla alba</i> , L.	White wagtail.	Bergeronette grise.
<i>Ixos obscurus</i> , Bp.	Dusky ixos.	Turdoide obscur.
<i>Turdus viscivorus</i> , L.	Missel thrush.	Merle draine.
<i>Turdus musicus</i> , L.	Song thrush.	Merle grive.
<i>Turdus torquatus</i> , L.	Ring ousel.	Merle à plastron.
<i>Turdus merula</i> , L.	Blackbird.	Merle noir.
<i>Crateropus numidicus</i> , Math.		
<i>Locustella rayi</i> , Gould.	Grasshopper warbler.	Becfin locustelle.
<i>Drymoica striaticeps</i> , Tristram.		
<i>Calamoherbe turdoides</i> , Bp.	Thrush-like warbler.	Becfin rousserolle.
<i>Calamoherbe arundinacea</i> , Bp.	Reed warbler.	Becfin de roseaux.
<i>Aedon galactodes</i> , Boie.	Rufous warbler.	Becfin rubigineux.
<i>Cisticola schoenicola</i> , Bp.	Fantail warbler.	Becfin cisticole.
<i>Calamodyta phragmitis</i> , Mey.	Sedge warbler	Becfin phragmite.
<i>Calamodyta aquatica</i> , Bp.	Aquatic warbler.	Becfin aquatique.
<i>Cettia sericea</i> , Bp.	Cetti's warbler.	Becfin bouscarle.
<i>Luscinola savii</i> , Bp.	Savi's warbler.	Becfin des saules.
<i>Hippolais salicaria</i> , Bp.	Melodious willow wren.	Becfin à poitrine jaune.
<i>Hippolais pallida</i> , Gerbe.	Pallid willow wren.	
<i>Phyllopneuste trochilus</i> , Bp.	Willow wren.	Becfin pouillot
<i>Phyllopneuste rufa</i> , Bp.	Chiff-chaff.	Becfin véloce.
<i>Phyllopneuste bonellii</i> , Bp.	Bonelli's warbler.	Becfin natterer.
<i>Melizophilus provincialis</i> , Bp.	Dartford warbler.	Becfin pitchou.
<i>Sylvia melanocephala</i> , Lath.	Sardinian warbler.	Fauvette mélanocéphale.
<i>Sylvia curruca</i> , Lath.	Lesser whitethroat.	Fauvette babillarde.
<i>Sylvia cinerea</i> , Lath.	Whitethroat.	Fauvette grisette.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
<i>Sylvia conspicillata</i> , <i>Marm.</i>	Spectacled warbler.	Fauvette à lunettes.
<i>Sylvia subalpina</i> , <i>Bonelli.</i>	Subalpine warbler.	Fauvette passerinette.
<i>Curruca atricapilla</i> , <i>Briess.</i>	Black Cap.	Fauvette à tête noir.
<i>Curruca hortensis</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Garden warbler.	Fauvette des jardins.
<i>Curruca orphea</i> , <i>Br.</i>	Orphean warbler.	Fauvette orphée.
<i>Philomela lusciniæ</i> , <i>Br.</i>	Nightingale.	Rossignol.
<i>Rubecula familiaris</i> , <i>Blyth.</i>	Robin.	Rubiette rouge gorge.
<i>Ruticilla phænicara</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Redstart.	Rubiette de murailles.
<i>Ruticilla tithys</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Black redstart.	Rubiette rouge-queue.
<i>Ruticilla Moussieri</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Moussier's warbler.	Rubiette de moussier.
<i>Petrocincla saxatilis</i> , <i>Vig.</i>	Rock thrush.	Merle de roche.
<i>Petrocosyphus cyaneus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Solitary thrush.	Merle bleu.
<i>Dromolæa leucura</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Laughing chat.	Traquet rieur.
<i>Saxicola stapazina</i> , <i>Koch.</i>	Stapazine chat.	Traquet stapazin.
<i>Saxicola aurita</i> , <i>Temm.</i>	Eared chat.	Traquet oreillard.
<i>Saxicola lugens</i> , <i>Licht.</i>	Mourning chat.	Traquet leucomèle.
<i>Pratincola rubetra</i> , <i>Mey.</i>	Whinchat.	Traquet tarier.
<i>Pratincola rubicola</i> , <i>Mey.</i>	Stonechat.	Traquet rubicole.
<i>Muscicapa atricapilla</i> , <i>L.</i>	Pied flycatcher.	Gobemouche bec-figue.
<i>Butalis grisola</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Common flycatcher.	Gobemouche gris.
<i>Hirundo rustica</i> , <i>L.</i>	Swallow.	Hirondelle de cheminée.
<i>Hirundo cahirica</i> , <i>Licht.</i>		Hirondelle de bois- soneau.
<i>Cotyle rupestris</i> , <i>Boie.</i>	Rock martin.	Hirondelle de rocher.
<i>Cotyle riparia</i> , <i>Gould.</i>	Sand martin.	Hirondelle de rivage.
<i>Chelidon urbica</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	House martin.	Hirondelle de fenêtre.
<i>Oriolus galbula</i> , <i>L.</i>	Golden Oriole.	Loriot.
<i>Telephonus tschagra</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Hooded shrike.	Piegrèche à capuchon.
<i>Lanius meridionalis</i> , <i>Tem.</i>	Great southern shrike.	Piegrèche méridionale.
<i>Lanius dealbatus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Pallid shrike.	Piegrèche pale.
<i>Enneoctonus rufus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Woodchat shrike.	Piegrèche rousse.
<i>Garrulus cervicalis</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Algerian jay.	Geai de Numidie.
<i>Pica mauritanica</i> , <i>Malh.</i>	Numidian magpie.	Pie de Numidie.
<i>Corvus corax</i> , <i>L.</i>	Raven.	Corbeau noir.
<i>Corvus monedula</i> , <i>L.</i>	Jackdaw.	Corbeau choucas.
<i>Sturnus vulgaris</i> , <i>L.</i>	Starling.	Étourneau.
<i>Sturnus unicolor</i> , <i>Maen.</i>	Black starling.	Étourneau unicolore.
<i>Cynchramus miliaris</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Common bunting.	Bruant proyer.
<i>Emberiza hortulanus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Ortolan bunting.	Bruant ortolan.
<i>Emberiza cirrus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Cirl bunting.	Bruant zizi.
<i>Emberiza cia</i> , <i>L.</i>	Meadow bunting.	Bruant fou.
<i>Schœnicola arundinacea</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Reed bunting.	Bruant de roseaux.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
<i>Fringilla spodiogena</i> , Bp.	Algerian chaffinch.	Pinson d'Algérie.
<i>Passer italia</i> , Bp.	Cisalpine sparrow.	Moineau cisalpin.
<i>Passer salicicola</i> , Bp.	Spanish sparrow.	Moineau espagnol.
<i>Chlorospiza aurantii-ventus</i> , Cab.	Algerian greenfinch.	Verdier d'Algérie.
<i>Carduelis elegans</i> , Bp.	Goldfinch.	Chardonneret.
<i>Serinus meridionalis</i> , Bp.	Serine finch.	Grosbec cini.
<i>Loxia curvirostra</i> , L.	Crossbill.	Bec-croisé ordinaire.
<i>Linota cannabina</i> , Bp.	Linnet.	Linotte ordinaire.
<i>Bucanetes githagineus</i> , Bp.	Vinous grosbeak.	Bouvreuill githagine.
<i>Palumbus torquatus</i> , Bp.	Ringdove.	Colombe ramier.
<i>Columba livia</i> , Briss.	Rock dove.	Colombe biset.
<i>Columba ænas</i> , L.	Stock dove.	Colombe colombine.
<i>Turtur auritus</i> , Ray.	Turtle dove.	Tourterelle.
<i>Turtur senegalensis</i> , Bp.	Palm dove.	Tourterelle d'Égypte.
<i>Pterocles arenarius</i> , Tem.	Common sandgrouse.	Ganga unibande.
<i>Pterocles alchata</i> , Bp.	Pintail sandgrouse.	Ganga cata.
<i>Caccabis petrosa</i> , Bp.	Barbary partridge.	Perdrix gambra.
<i>Coturnix dactylisonans</i> , Mey.	Quail.	La caille.
<i>Turnix andalusicus</i> , Gm.	Andalusian hemipode.	Turnix Andaloux.
<i>Otis tetrax</i> , L.	Little bustard.	Poule de Carthage.
<i>Hubara undulata</i> , Bp.	Houbara bustard.	Outarde Houbara.
<i>Œdicnemus crepitans</i> , Tem.	Stone curlew.	Œdicnème criard.
<i>Charadrius pluvialis</i> , L.	Golden plover.	Pluvier doré.
<i>Charadrius morinellus</i> , L.	Dotterel.	Pluvier guignard.
<i>Charadrius hiaticula</i> , L.	Ringed plover.	Pluvier rebaudet.
<i>Charadrius minor</i> , Mey.	Little ringed plover.	Pluvier gravelotte.
<i>Charadrius cantianus</i> , Lath.	Kentish plover.	Pluvier à collier interrompu.
<i>Vanellus cristatus</i> , Mey.	Lapwing.	Vanneau huppé.
<i>Cursorius isabellinus</i> , Mey.	Cream-coloured courser.	Courvite isabelle.
<i>Glareola pratincola</i> , Tem.	Collared pratincole.	Glaréole à collier.
<i>Himantopus melanopterus</i> , Tem.	Stilt.	Échasse à manteau noir.
<i>Recurvirostra avocetta</i> , L.	Avocet.	Avocetta.
<i>Machetes pugnax</i> , Cuv.	Ruff.	Combattant variable.
<i>Calidris arenaria</i> , Ill.	Sanderling.	Sanderling des sables.
<i>Totanus glottis</i> , Tem.	Greenshank.	Chevalier aboyeur.
<i>Totanus calidris</i> , Tem.	Redshank.	Chevalier gambette.
<i>Totanus ochropus</i> , Tem.	Green sandpiper.	Chevalier cul-blanc.
<i>Totanus glareola</i> , Tem.	Wood sandpiper.	Chevalier sylvain.
<i>Actitis hypoleucos</i> , Bp.	Sandpiper.	Chevalier guignette.
<i>Numenius arquata</i> , L.	Curlew.	Courlis cendré.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
<i>Numenius tenuirostris</i> , <i>Vieill.</i>	Slender-billed curlew.	Courlis à bec grêle.
<i>Pelidna cinclus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Dunlin.	Bécasseau brunette.
<i>Tringa minuta</i> , <i>Leist.</i>	Little stint.	Bécasseau échassés.
<i>Tringa Temminckii</i> , <i>Leist.</i>	Temminck's stint.	Bécasseau tammia.
<i>Scolopax rusticola</i> , <i>L.</i>	Woodcock.	Bécasse.
<i>Scolopax gallinago</i> , <i>L.</i>	Snipe.	Bécassine ordinaire.
<i>Scolopax gallinula</i> , <i>L.</i>	Jack snipe.	Bécassine sourde.
<i>Grus cinerea</i> , <i>Mey.</i>	Crane.	Grue cendrée.
<i>Anthropoides virgo</i> , <i>Vieill.</i>	Numidian crane.	Grue demoiselle.
<i>Ciconia alba</i> , <i>Bel.</i>	White stork.	Cigogne blanche.
<i>Ardea cinerea</i> , <i>L.</i>	Heron.	Héron cendrée.
<i>Ardea purpurea</i> , <i>L.</i>	Purple heron.	Héron pourpré.
<i>Egretta alba</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Great white heron.	Aigrette.
<i>Garzetta egretta</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Little egret.	Garzette.
<i>Bubulcus ibis</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Buff-backed heron.	Héron garde-bœuf.
<i>Buphus comatus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Squacco heron.	Héron crabier.
<i>Ardeola minuta</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Little bittern.	Blongios.
<i>Botaurus stellaris</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Bittern.	Grand butor.
<i>Nycticorax griseus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Night heron.	Bihoreau.
<i>Phoenicopterus antiquorum</i> , <i>Tem.</i>	Flamingo.	Flammanant.
<i>Platalea leucorodia</i> , <i>L.</i>	Spoonbill.	Spatule blanche.
<i>Falcinellus igneus</i> , <i>Rupp.</i>	Purple ibis.	Ibis falcinelle.
<i>Rallus aquaticus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Water-rail.	Râle d'eau.
<i>Ortygometra porzana</i> , <i>Lath.</i>	Spotted crake.	Râle marouette.
<i>Ortygometra baillonii</i> .	Baillon's crake.	Râle Baillon.
<i>Crex pratensis</i> , <i>Bechst.</i>	Corn crake.	Râle de genet.
<i>Porphyrio hyacinthus</i> , <i>Tem.</i>	Purple gallinule.	Talève sultana.
<i>Gallinula chloropus</i> , <i>Lath.</i>	Water-hen.	Poule d'eau.
<i>Fulica cristata</i> , <i>Gm.</i>	Crested coot.	Foulque à crête.
<i>Fulica atra</i> , <i>L.</i>	Coot.	Foulque macroule.
<i>Podiceps cristatus</i> , <i>Lath.</i>	Great crested grebe.	Grêbe huppé.
<i>Podiceps rubricollis</i> , <i>Lath.</i>	Red-necked grebe.	Grêbe jou-gris.
<i>Podiceps auritus</i> , <i>Lath.</i>	Eared grebe.	Grêbe oreillard.
<i>Podiceps minor</i> , <i>Lath.</i>	Dabchick.	Grêbe castagneux.
<i>Puffinus cinereus</i> , <i>Cuv.</i>	Ashy shearwater.	Puffin cendré.
<i>Puffinus anglorum</i> , <i>Tem.</i>	Manx shearwater.	Puffin Manks.
<i>Thalassidroma pelagica</i> , <i>Less.</i>	Storm petrel.	Pétrel tempête.
<i>Larus fuscus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Lesser black-backed gull.	Goéland brun.
<i>Larus argentatus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Herring gull.	Goéland à manteau bleu.
<i>Larus canus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Common gull.	Goéland cendrée.
<i>Larus tenuirostris</i> , <i>Tem.</i>		Mouette à bec grêle.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.	FRENCH.
<i>Larus melanocephalus</i> , <i>Natt.</i>		Mouette à capuchon noir.
<i>Larus ridibundus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Black-headed gull.	Mouette riense.
<i>Larus minutus</i> , <i>Pall.</i>	Little gull.	Mouette pygmée.
<i>Rissa tridactyla</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Kittiwake.	Mouette tridactyle.
<i>Thalasseus caspius</i> , <i>Boie.</i>	Caspian tern.	Hirondelle de mer Tsche-grava.
<i>Thalasseus cantiacus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Sandwich tern.	Hirondelle de mer cangek.
<i>Thalasseus affinis</i> , <i>Bp.</i>		Hirondelle de mer voyageuse.
<i>Sterna hirundo</i> , <i>L.</i>	Common tern.	Hirondelle de Pierre garin.
<i>Sterna minuta</i> , <i>L.</i>	Least tern.	Petit hirondelle de mer.
<i>Hydrochelidon nigra</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Black tern.	Épouvantail.
<i>Hydrochelidon leucop- tera</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	White-winged black tern.	Épouvantail leucoptère.
<i>Hydrochelidon hybrida</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Whiskered tern.	Épouvantail moustac.
<i>Phalacrocorax carbo</i> , <i>Cuv.</i>	Cormorant.	Grand cormoran.
<i>Microcarbo pygmaeus</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Pigmy cormorant.	Cormoran pygmée.
<i>Cygnus olor</i> , <i>Viell.</i>	Mute swan.	Cygne tubercule.
<i>Anser segetum</i> , <i>Mcy.</i>	Bean goose.	Oie sauvage.
<i>Anser ferus</i> , <i>Temen.</i>	Grey-lag wild goose.	Oie cendré.
<i>Casarca rutila</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Ruddy sheildrake.	Canard casarka.
<i>Tadorna bellone</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Sheildrake.	Canard tadorne.
<i>Anas boschas</i> , <i>L.</i>	Wild duck.	Canard sauvage.
<i>Anas strepera</i> , <i>L.</i>	Gadwall.	Canard chipeau.
<i>Anas clypeata</i> , <i>L.</i>	Shoveller.	Canard souchet.
<i>Anas querquedula</i> , <i>L.</i>	Garganey.	Sarcelle d'été.
<i>Anas crecca</i> , <i>L.</i>	Teal.	Sarcelle d'hiver.
<i>Anas acuta</i> , <i>L.</i>	Pintail duck.	Canard pilet.
<i>Mareca penelope</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Widgeon.	Canard siffleur.
<i>Fuligula cristata</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Tufted duck.	Morillon.
<i>Fuligula marila</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Scaup duck.	Milouinan.
<i>Fuligula ferina</i> , <i>Keys.</i>	Pochard.	Milouin.
<i>Fuligula nyroca</i> , <i>Keys.</i>	White-eyed duck.	Canard nyroca.
<i>Fuligula rufigula</i> , <i>Keys.</i>	Red-crested whistling duck.	Grand siffleur huppé.
<i>Clangula glaucion</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	Golden-eye.	Garrot.
<i>Erismatura mersa</i> , <i>Bp.</i>	White-headed duck.	Canard couronné.
<i>Mergus albellus</i> , <i>L.</i>	Smew.	Harle piette.

The above list is compiled from the birds obtained in Numidia at different seasons by Lord Lilford, Rev. H. B. Tristram, and Sign. V. Bogo. When there are two French vernacular names, the one in ordinary use among African sportsmen has been preferred.

IV.

INSCRIPTIONS FROM THE SPANISH MS. REFERRED TO IN THIS WORK.

I. From Tuburbo, the modern Tuburba—

1. PRONEP. Taelio HADRIAN
RVM GENTIQUE MVNICIPIVM AELIUM AVIT.
PROCOS ET Q. EGRILIO PLARIANO LEG. PR.

Near the above place—

2. SEXTO CAEL FILIO . Q . F.
QVSS . CRECEN
VOLVSIANO PRAEFEC
FABIO SACERDOTI CVRIONI
SACRIS FACIENDIS ADVO
CATO FISCO ROMAE PROCVR
XTER AB EPIST
VICARII ANTONINI AB EP.
ISTVI AVGVSTORVM PA
TRONO MVNICIPII . D . D . PP.

II. From Mezaz Elbab on the banks of the Bagrada—

3. IMP . C . S . T . S . M . AVRELIO
PONT . MAX . TRIB . POT . XXIII . M.
4. SALVIS AC PROPITIIS DDD . NNN.
GRATIANO VALENTINIANO THEO
DOSIO INVICTISSIMIS PRINCIPIBVS
PP . PACI EX MORE CONDITO DECRETO.

APPENDIX IV.

III. *From Esloghea, the ancient Hidelbiensis—*

5. IMP. CAES. DIVI M
 ANTONINI PII GE
 NEP. DIVI HADRIANI
 PRONEPOTI DIVI
 TRAIANI PAR. AB
 NEPOTIS DIVI NERVAE
 SEPTIMO SEVERO
 PERTINACI AVG. ARA
 N. PP. PONT. MAX. TRIB
 POTEST. IMP. VII. COS. II.
 HIDELBIENSIS.

In the same municipality—

6. IMP. CAESAR
 MARCO AVRELIO
 PROBO
 PIO
 FELICE
 AVG.

On a column at a short distance from the above—

7. SOLI INVICTO
 CAES. MAVRELIH PROBI PII
 DOMVS EIVS MVNICIPIVM CIIII

Among the ruins of a temple—

8. IOVI OPTIMO
 MAXIMO AVG. SAC.

And among those of another—

9. H. DIANAÆ AVG. SAC.

Also this votive to Bacchus—

10. PRO SALVTE IMP. C
 Q. MARTIVS FELIX
 DEI LIBERI PATRIS

Likewise the following—

11. T. FL. VAN
CONSTAN
NOBILIB
CAESARIB NVMI
NI FORVM
- CATISSIMA
SVA PECVNIA
MVNICIPI CHIDIBB.

IV. *From Testoor, the Mizado of antiquity, the MS. has—*

12. DD. NN. FLAVII F.
VALENTINIANO ET
VALENTI PII FELICES VIC.
SEMPER AVGG.
MVNIMIZADO
TERENI

On a column—

13. IMP. CAES. C.
VALERIVS
DIOCLETIANVS
PIVS FELIX
AVG.

Likewise the following is given from Testoor—

14. FORTISSIMO
IMP. ET
PACATORI
ORBIS M CLA
VDIO TALI
TO PIO FEL
AVG.

Also—

15. MERCVRIO
. . . SARMAT. DIVI COMMODIFR.
ET ADNIPOTIS M. AVRELII ANTONINI
. SEPTIMVM

V. From Tunca, the ancient Thignica, we have—

16. ANTONINI PII
 CASTRORVM
 THIGNICA DEVOTVM.
17. ALTISSIMO SÆCVLO DDD. NNN
 ORI HOLITORI INDVLTA PAC
 CIPII THIGNICENCIS PROCON
18. CONSTANTINI MAXIMI V
 NIA AFVNDAMENTIS ET S
 VLATV DO. DOMITICENIO FILIO

VI. The following are from Tubursuk, the Thibursica and Bisica Lucana of the ancients—

19. D.N. IMP. VALERIO LICINIA
 NO LICINIO AVG. MAX.
 SARMATICO MAX. GERMA
 NICO MAX. TRIBVNICIA POTES
 TATE X. CONS. V. IMP. X. PATER PATRIÆ PRO
 CONS. COLONIA BISICA LVCANA DEVOTA NVMINIBVS
 MAIESTATIQUE EIVS.*

Also—

20. SALVIS DOMINIS NOSTRIS CHRISTIANISSIMIS ET
 INVICTISSIMIS IMPERATORIBVS IVSTINO ET SOFIA
 AVGVSTIS HANC MVNITIONEM THOMAS EXCELEN
 TISSIMVS PREFECTVS FELICITER AEDIFICAVIT.
21. POLLENTES IN FINE IMPERIO
 DD. NN. HONORII ET THEODOSII PPS IMP. AVG.
 ADMINISTRANTE FELICE INNODIO.

* The author of the MS. says respecting this inscription: "Esta colonia presumo que sea la que Ptolomeo llama Tigiba Colonia de Thibursica que oi llaman Thabersoc [or rather as above, or Toborsok] concureda i los grados de latitud i longitud que señala, novandistantes dedte parecer. Presumo que la fondaron los Lucanos que habitaron en la Provincia de Abruzzo del Reyno de Napoles, i es cosa mui racional siendo la derivacion tan inmediata."

VII. *From Thugga, the Dugga of the present day—*

22. IMP. CAES. DIVI
 NERVAE NEPOTI
 TRAIANI DACICI
 PARTHICI FIL. LTRA
 IANO HADRIANO AVG.
 PONTIF. MAXI. TRIBVN.
 POTES. COS II. PP.
 CIVITAS THVGGAE. DD. PP.

On the architrave of a temple—

23. L. MARCVS SIMPLEX ET L. MAR
 CELVS SIMPLEX REGILIANVS. S. P. F.*

On a wall near this temple—

24. CLAVDIO CAESARI AVG.
 MAXIMO TRIBVNICIA POT.
 R. CRASSVS AEDIL ORNMT. R.M.
 TI VIR AVGV. IL VIR QVINQVE
 C. FAR PERPETVVS SACERI
 VS PAGI THVGGENSIS NOM
 DT PERPETVI ARCV.

VIII. *From Sbeitla, the Sufetula of antiquity—*

25. IMP. CAES. AVG.
 SVFFETVLENTIVM HANC
 AEDIFICAVERVNT.
 E. TDD. PP.

Among the ruins of a temple—

26. DIVI MARCI SACRYM.

On a stone—

- M. C. LINARIO PROCONS.
 REIPVBLICAE . . . ROMAE OB
 PIETATEM ET OBEDIENTIAM.
 DD. PP.

Near this—

27. DIOCLETIANI ET MAXIMIANI ET

* The author of the MS. conjectures that the Regilianus in this inscription is the ancestor of the emperor of the same name, who was elected in place of Gallienus, and was soon after murdered by his soldiers.

IX. *From the city and municipality of Beisa, "now called Beissones," a locality with which I am unacquainted, the MS. has—*

28. PRO SALVTE IMP ANTONINI AVG PII ET
LIBERORVM SVORVM
CINCIVS ET VICTOR AD LAVDANDAM.
29. MAGNIS ET INVICTISSIMIS DDDD. NNNN.
DIOCLETIANO MAXIMIANO PERPETVIS
AVGG. ET CONSTANTINO MAXIMIANO NOBB. CAESARIBVS
RESPVBLICA BEINSIVM DEDICAVIT.
MARCO IVLIO PROCONS. PA MAIESTATIQVE EORVM DICATO.

X. *"Thirty miles distant from Tunis are the ruins of the municipal town Giufitano, where, among others, there is on one marble this inscription" (Spanish MS.)—*

30. PII IMP. V. COS. P. I
PROCOS MVNICIPI
VM GIVF DEVOTVM
NVMINE MAIESTATI
QVE EIVS DD. PP.

On a marble base of a column—

31. LICINIAE SATVRNI
NAE AVRELII
DIONISI PATRO
NI CONIVGI
MVNICIPES
MVNICIPII AVRELII
ALEXANDRIANI
AVGVSTI
MAGNI GIVFITANI.

XI. *At a place "they now call"—que llamam oi—Bujobsa, we have the following—*

32. IMP. CAESAR
M. AVRELIVS
ANTONINVS
AVG. PON. MAX.
TRIBVNICIA POTES
XIIII. COS. IIII PP
RESTITVIT
LVIII

XII. At "Mansu, the ancient Maranzana," we have this—

33. D. M. S.
CARI ROMANI ET AVG.
PARENTVM MEMORIA.

XIII. At Tunis, on a column brought from Carthage, is the inscription which will be found in Appendix I. under number 33. The MS. then informs us that in the "Baño de la Trinidad," which occupied the site of an ancient edifice, on a column since transferred to "a tavern," we have this inscription—

34. IMP. CAES. C. VIBIVS
TRABONIANVS GALLVS
PIVS FELIX AVG. PONT.
MAX. TRIB. POTES.
COS. II. . . . ESIC. PP.
ET IMP. CAESA. C.
AFINIVS
VOLVSIANVS . . .
PIVS FELIX AVG.
PONTIF MAX. TRIB
POTES. II. COS.
P.P. PROCONS
RESTITVERVNT.

XIV. The following two are the last, but it is not stated where they were found.

35. INVICTISSIMO FELICISSIMOQVE IMPERATORI IVLIO
AVGVSTO CAESARE ORBIS PACATORI MVSTICENSIVM DD.*

36. VRBI ROMAE ETERNAE AVG.

* Shaw gives the greater portion of this inscription, and if he is right in saying that it is found at a place called Sidy Abd Elabas (where he states there is "a beautiful triumphal arch," to which he thinks it might have belonged), then that place must occupy the site of Musti. My own opinion, however, is that we must look to Masodi, N.E. of Kef, the ancient Sicca Veneria, for the remains of Musti.

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